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SOME DAY.

You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of time,
Nor count on years of faultless prime
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among these heavy locks of mine;
Ay, laugh as gayly as you may,
You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!

Some day I shall not feel, as now,
Your soft hand move about my brow;
I shall not slight your light commands,
And draw your tresses through my hands;
I shall be silent and obey—
And you—you will not laugh that day—
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger in these glossy bands,
When you shall weave my latest crown
Of their thick masses, long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray
Adorn their shining length that day—
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress,
And leave the rest to silentness—
Remember that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again some day—
Some day!"

—*Florence Percy.*

HOLMBY HOUSE.

As he fed and watered them, and littered them carefully down, and patted the good animals, of which none but a sportsman, or a soldier, or a highwayman, none but he whose life depends upon the merits of his horse, knows the real value, they seemed to be sleeker and fresher than usual, less wearied with their long journey, smoother in their coats, brighter in their eyes, and cooler in their legs, than was customary. Many healths conscientiously emptied are apt to have this effect of enhancing the good qualities of our possessions, and Dymocke, as he departed from the stable and proceeded towards the house, was in that frame of mind which sees everything in its brightest hues, and in which our weaknesses—if weaknesses we chance to have—are, as was once observed by an Irishman, at the strongest. Now, Dymocke, though an elderly man, or what he would himself have called in the prime of life, was, as we have already stated, still a bachelor, and like all other bachelors, of whatever age, an admirer of the fair. Marriage is somewhat apt to damp the woman-worship which sits so well upon the stronger sex, more's the pity! but Hugh being still unmarried, was more susceptible to the fascinations of beauty than would have been supposed by those who only contemplated his lean austere looking face, and were not aware that, like a rough and wrinkled walnut, he was kernel all through. It was therefore with a grim smile, and a sensation entirely pleasureable, that he met the pretty Puritan Faith in the outer court, and assisted that good-looking damsel to carry a certain ponderous clothes-basket from the washing green into the house. Ladies'-maids were not above hard work in the seventeenth century, and had not as yet arrived at the pitch of refinement now so essential to the dignity of the *second table*; and so much in character with low evening dresses, white gloves, satin shoes, and short whist.

Faith, too, although a Puritan, had no objection to make the most of those personal charms with which she was blessed by nature. Though her hair was prudishly gathered beneath a little lace cap, it was sleek and glossy as the plumage of a bird. Her gown, though sad-colored in hue, and coarse in texture, fitted her full shape with coquettish accuracy, and was pulled through the pocket-holes so as to display her bright stuff petticoat to the greatest advantage. Her trim ankles were covered by the tightest and best fitting of scarlet hose, and her high-heeled shoes protected a pair of neat little feet that many a well-born lady might have envied. She looked very nice, and Hugh Dymocke was thoroughly convinced of the fact, so it was no unpleasant reflection to remember that he was not immediately about to pursue his journey, and that the horses he had just been caring for would reap the full benefits of the comfortable stable in which they were housed. He was a grave man, and he said as much with a staid air, balancing the clothes-basket the while, and interposing his long person between the admiring damsel and her destination. Faith was nothing loth, too, for a chat, like all women, she was a hero-worshiper, and were not Bosville and his domestic heroes for the nonce? But womanlike, she of course dissembled her gratification, and assumed the offensive.

"The sooner the better, Master Dymocke," observed this seductive damsel, pertly, in allusion to the departure of her solemn admirer which he informed her was to be postponed *sine die*. "Soldiers only hinder work; and I've got my young lady's things to attend to, and no time to stand here gossiping with you. Not but what you're a well-informed man, and a sober, Master Dymocke, and too good for your evil trade, which is only murder in disguise, and for your comrades, which is men of Belial, and miserable sinners, one worse than another."

"By your leave, good Mistress Faith," answered Dymocke, "this is a subject I should be happy to explain to you, and one on which, with good will, I shall enter on during our journey—for you and I are to be fellow-travellers, I understand—for our mutual improvement and advantage."

"Journey, good lack!" exclaimed the waiting-maid, clasping her hands in well-feigned astonishment; "and where be you about to take me, Master Dymocke, and have you the King's authority to do what you will with us all? Forsooth, and I have a mind of my own, as you shall shortly find out!"

"His gracious Majesty," replied Dymocke, with the utmost gravity, "when he thought fit to despatch myself and Captain Bosville on this important duty, confided to me, through an old friend of my own, now a yeoman in his guard, that I was to take charge of the ladies of this family, doubtless accompanied by their kinsman, Lord Vaux, to his right royal court at Oxford, where I shall make it my duty to place ye in safety and good keeping till these troublous times be overpast."

"And were you entrusted with the charge of my young lady as well as myself, Master Dymocke?" asked Faith with extreme *naivete*, "or was there no word of the captain, your master, in those marchings and counter-marchings, of which you soldiers make so little account?"

"My master's youth and inexperience in the ways of womankind would make him a bad guide without myself to counsel and assist him," was the reply; "but take comfort, Mistress Faith, for your lady's sake, at least. The lad is a good lad, and accompanies us to the Court."

"And well pleased my lady will be!" burst out Faith, clapping her hands. "And a sweet pretty couple they make as does one's heart good to see. A soldier and a soldier's daughter. Well, it's a bad trade, but 'like will to like,' Master Dymocke. Good lack! it is all vanity."

"Like will to like, as you observe, and it is vanity," replied Dymocke, without moving a muscle of his countenance; but the clothes-basket had got by this time set on end in the narrow passage they were just entering; and there seemed to be some difficulty, and a good deal of shuffling of feet ere Faith could get past the obstacle. When she did succeed, however, in effecting this manœuvre, she passed the back of her hand across her mouth, and set her cap to rights in a somewhat flurried manner, strongly in contrast with the staid demeanor from which Dymocke never wavered an instant. The latter was something of a herbalist, and it is probable that he had been practically impressing on her the botanical fact, "that the gorse is in bloom the whole year round."

CHAPTER XI.

MERTON COLLEGE.

Old Oxford never looked more picturesque and beautiful than late on an autumnal evening of the year of grace 1643, when its spires and towers, its stately halls and splendid colleges, formed the court of an unfortunate king, and a refuge for the flower of England's aristocracy. The western sky, aflame with the departing glories of a gorgeous sunset, tinged with a crimson glow the domes and pinnacles of those stately edifices looming gigantic in the dim haze of evening, already creeping on. Here and there a light twinkling through the gloom shone out starlike over the porch of some lodging where the noble of a hundred manors and a score of castles was content to take up his abode, or from some window where high-born dames, flowers and ornaments of the English court, now looked down like caged birds from their aviary over the busy street below. Groups of cavaliers, warlike retainers, peaceful citizens, grave and reverend churchmen, soldiers trained to war, and soldiers armed for the first time, from loyalty or necessity, filled the town to overflowing. Scarfs and feathers waved and fluttered, spurs jingled, brocades rustled, and steel clanked in the once peaceful resort of study and the arts. The clatter of troop-horses, the ring of the smithy, the joyous peal of the trumpet-call, and the ready chorus of reckless voices shouting some Cavalier ditty, mingled strangely with the solemn swell of an organ in a neighboring chapel, and the toll of a death-bell from a distant cathedral tower. Stanch in her loyalty to the last, the old University town had willingly outraged all her own habits of discipline and decorum for the sake of her king, as she afterwards mortgaged her revenues and pawned her plate in the same failing cause. She was now filled to overflowing, for the Queen, accompanied by her own separate and special court, had lately joined her husband in the only refuge left to them, and still the Cavaliers were pouring in to offer their homage and their swords to the devoted monarch.

A party on horseback have just arrived, and are alighting at the door of the lodging already provided for them. They are dusty and travel-stained, as though they had come a considerable distance, and the old man clad in a dark sober dress, who rides at their head, seems weary and ill at ease. Lord Vaux would fain rest from his labors, and be allowed to stay quitely at home. Not so Grace Allonby, whom Bosville assists from her horse and places in her father's arms, for Sir Giles, safe and sound, smiling and unscathed, is waiting to receive his daughter, and thanks Humphrey for the care he has taken of her and greets them all, including Faith and Dymocke, with his usual soldier-like cordiality. Grace is delighted with the bustle of her arrival as she has been pleased with the events of her journey. All is new to her, and there is a varnish over everything she sees just now, which brings it out in its brightest colors. She pats the sorrel with a grateful smile as she wishes his owner goodbye. He has performed his duty, and must take his leave for his own quarters, but whilst they inhabit the same town the chances are that they will often meet again. He shakes hands with her cordially, and looks straight into her face with his honnest hazel eyes; but when in turn he lifts Mary Cave off her horse, who has been riding somewhat in the rear, those eyes are averted and downcast, his color comes and goes, and though he lingers long over the pressure of that hand offered so frankly and would fain put it to his lips, he releases it abruptly, and walks away like a man in a dream.

Honest Dymocke, with a mysterious grin, whispers Faith; and the waiting-maid, who is convinced she has won a convert, bids him farewell with a warmth which nothing apparently but the publicity of the occasion tones down to the necessary degree of reserve and decorum. Our sedate friend has clearly made a conquest, but our business is at present with his master.

Humphrey Bosville strides absently up the street, and revolves in his own mind the events of the last few weeks, and the change that has come over him. He ruminates long and earnestly on one of the companions of his late journey. With the one-sided sharpsightedness of love, he has totally ignored that which any other but himself must have detected, the interest he has created in the gentle heart of Grace Allonby; but he has keenly felt that in Mary Cave's thoughts there are depths which he has never sounded, aspirations in which he has no share, regrets which he is powerless to console. She has been charming and winning in her manner towards him, as it is her nature to charm and win all mankind; she has vouchsafed both himself and the sorrel far more attention than he had any right to expect; and yet there was something with which he was discontented—a want somewhere unfulfilled, a longing unsatisfied. It worried him—it goaded him; manlike, it made him think about her all the more.

As he strode moodily up the street a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and Effingham, paler and sterner than ever, stood before him; those wild eager eyes looked kindly as was their wont upon his comrade.

"Welcome, young one," said George, in his deep stern tones; "welcome to the city of the plain! If ten righteous men could have averted the doom from Sodom, it may be that one honest heart can save Oxford. I have looked for it here in vain, unless you, Humphrey, have brought it with you."

Bosville returned his greeting warmly, and questioned him eagerly as to the numbers of the Cavaliers. Effingham's answers showed the desponding view which he at least entertained of the success of his party. "It is a sinking ship, Humphrey," said he, in a low melancholy voice, "and the crew are drugging themselves into apathy before they are engulfed in the waves With every wound of our bleeding country coming afresh, nothing is thought of here but riot and wassailing, dicing and drinking, and masking and mumming, and the Frenchwoman dancing over the ruins of her husband's kingdom and the death of its bravest supporters, even as the daughter of Herodias danced to the destruction of John the Baptist. Oh! it is a sickening struggle, and we are fighting in a wrong cause! Day by day the conviction grows stronger in my mind; day by day I feel that I am acting against my conscience and to the loss of my own soul! Can such men as Goring and Wilmot and Lunsford be on the side of truth? Will God prosper the cause of a faithless wife, with her bevy of minions, such as Holland and Jermyn and Digby? Shall good men strive in the battle, and toil in the march, and leave home and duties and peril their lands and lives, nay, their very salvation, to be bought and sold by a painted traitress like Carlisle? Must we have two courts, forsooth, one opposed to the other? and shall we serve both to be rewarded by neither, and give our all to a master who is himself subjected to the Jezebel of our day? Verily, 'a house divided against itself shall not stand,' and I am sick and weary of it, and would fain that it was over. But judge for yourself, Humphrey, by what you will see to-night. The Queen holds her accustomed reception at Merton College. You will attend, as in duty bound, to kiss her hand, after so gallantly affording a convoy to these ladies who have come to join her court. Judge for yourself and may God give you clearsightedness to choose the right path." With these words Effingham turned abruptly from his friend and strode rapidly away.

But Humphrey was torn by none of these doubts and misgivings as to the side which he had adopted in the great struggle of the day. He was a true cavalier, and a characteristic type of the party to which he belonged. All the enthusiasm of a chivalrous nature was enlisted on behalf of the unfortunate monarch and of his beautiful and fascinating Queen. All the veneration which prevailed strongly in his disposition prompted him to reverence the old sentiments of loyalty in which he had been brought up, the prestige of a crown for which his ancestors had been ready to suffer and to die. What mattered it to him that Goring was a profligate and Lunsford a mercenary? The reckless prodigality of the one and the determined bravery of the other shed a halo even over their worst deeds, and he could not in his heart entirely repudiate the dashing courage as akin to his own, which checked at no obstacle and hesitated for no results. If Jermyn was an intriguer, and Holland, with his handsome face, a mass of duplicity, and Digby a most unworthy successor to the true and generous Falkland, there was a charm in their kindly polished manners, a dignity and chivalrous grace in their bearing, that forbade his youthful admiration from judging them too harshly; and even if Henrietta had sacrificed her husband's interests to her own caprices, had given him the most injudicious advice at the worst possible time, and had proved at all junctures and under all circumstance a clog round his neck and a difficulty in his path, was it for him to judge one who united the charms of a woman to the dignity of a queen, who, with the ready tact of her nature, had already won his heart at a review of Colepepper's brigade by a judicious compliment to his own horsemanship and the beauty of the sorrel he bestrode? Above all, was not the idol of his heart a stanch Cavalier—a partisan, ready and willing to make any and every sacrifice for the royal cause? Had not many a sentiment of loyalty dropped from her in chance conversation during their journey, and been garnered up in his heart as we garner up alone the words of those we love. They sink deeply, and we ponder on them long and earnestly. God help us! we forget them never in a lifetime.

So Mary Cave being a Cavalier, of course Humphrey Bosville was a Cavalier too (there are reasons for political as well as for other sentiments), and so it was but natural that he should don his most magnificent attire, and present himself at Merton College to pay his homage to his Queen. Sir Giles and Grace Allonby would surely be there, and it was probable that Mary, notwithstanding the deep and bitter grief under which he could not but see she was laboring, would accompany her kinsfolk to the court.

So his heart beat quicker than it had ever done in action, when he found himself pacing through the double rank of guards, furnished in rotation by the noblemen about the court, who lined the passages and entrance of Merton College, and we think that as he entered the crowded reception-rooms it would have been almost a relief not to have been aware, as he intuitively was, of the presence of his lady-love.

It was indeed a gay and gorgeous assemblage, and could not fail to strike even one so preoccupied as Bosville with interest and admiration. Like a diamond set in a circle of precious stones, Henrietta herself formed the centre of the sparkling throng, and cast her brilliance on all around, as, with the wit for which she was so remarkable, she scattered amongst her courtiers those graceful nothings which cost so little, and yet buy so much. Small in person, with fairy feet and beautifully formed hands and arms, with radiant black eyes and delicate features, it was not difficult to understand the fascination which she exercised over the most loving and devoted husband that ever wore a crown; nor were the liveliness of her manners, and the toss of her small well-shaped head, out of keeping with the *piquante* and somewhat theatrical character of her beauty. Even as Bosville entered, she had taken Lord Holland aside into a window, and by the well-pleased expression which pervaded the handsome face of the courtier it was obvious that, not only was he flattered by the attention, but that he was yielding most unreservedly to the request, whatever it might be, of his beautiful Sovereign.

Harry Jermyn stood by, apparently not too well pleased. Handsome Harry Jermyn, who would never have been distinguished by that epithet had he not been a Queen's minion, certainly did not at this moment show to advantage, a threatening scowl contracting his features, and a paleness, more perhaps the result of dissipation than ill-health, overspreading his somewhat wasted face. A woman's tact saw the pain that a woman's pity was too ready to alleviate, and a woman's wit was at no loss for an excuse to break up the interview with Holland, and release her favorite servant from his uneasiness. Beckoning him to her side with a kind smile, of which she knew well the power, she pointed to Bosville, who had just entered the presence chamber, and bid him inquire the name of the young Cavalier. "I remember his face," she said, fastening her eyes on Jermyn, "as I never forget a face that pleases me, and I will have him brought up and presented to me. I will be personally acquainted with all my comrades, for am not I too a soldier myself?" And she pointed with her little hand, and laughed her sweet silvery laugh, and Harry Jermyn looked as if the sun was shining once again for him like the rest of the world.

So Humphrey was led to the Queen, and kissed her hand, and performed his obeisance, and Henrietta made a graceful allusion to the conduct of his brigade at Newbury, and bantered him on "his new character," as she was pleased to term it, of a "Squire of Dames," and beckoning to Mary Cave, bid her reward her guardian for the care he had taken of her by now placing him *au fait* to all the gossip of the Court, "in which no one is better versed than thyself, *mechante Marie*," added the Queen, and so turned away to her own intrigues and her own devices, having made at least one heart happy amongst her courtiers, and bought his life-long devotion at the price of a little ready tact and a few light words.

Mary could not but be sensible of the influence she was rapidly obtaining over the young Cavalier captain. Women are usually sufficiently quick-sighted in these matters, and she was no exception in this respect to the rest of her sex. Grieved and unhappy as she now was, her every hope destroyed, and the light of her life, as she felt, darkened for ever, there was yet something soothing and consolatory in the considerate and unselfish devotion of this brave enthusiastic nature. She never considered that what was 'sport to her' might be 'death to him;' that whilst she was merely leaning on him, as it were, for a temporary support, lulled and flattered by the romantic adoration which she felt she had inspired, he might be twining round his heart a thousand links of that golden chain which, when it is torn away, carries with it the lacerated fragments of the treasure it enclosed, might be anchoring all his trust and all his happiness on a dream, to wake from which might be a life's misery, might even be madness or death. "Children and fools," saith the proverb, "should not meddle with edge-tools." Are not all mankind more or less children, rather more or less fools? Why will they persist in cutting their own fingers; always ready to run the risk, however averse to paying the penalty? Mary thought but little of these things. If such a reflection did cross her mind, she saw in her victim a glorious instrument in the Cause—the Cause for which Falkland had died, the Cause to which she had vowed her life, her energies, her all! In the intoxicating atmosphere of a Court, amongst all the glitter of rank, and fame, and beauty, it seemed so natural to be wooed and idolized, so pleasant to possess the charm that subjugates all mankind, so noble to use it for a patriotic cause. They were placed in the embrasure of a window, somewhat apart from the throng. She was seated with her head resting on one rounded arm, over which a ringlet of her nut-brown hair fell to the dimpled elbow; he was standing by her side leaning over her, and trembling in every fibre to the notes of her silvery voice; he, a stout swordsman, a gallant soldier, a young, strong, hearty man, and yet his cheek paled, and he withdrew his gaze every time she lifted her soft blue eyes to his face.

"We cannot fail," she said, "with such men as these on our side. See, Captain Bosville, look around you, the noblest names in England are gathered here to-night, and there is not one of them that will not risk his all, ay, and lose it, too, contentedly, for the King. You men are strangely prejudiced," she added, looking up at him with a smile, "but you are very devoted to your prejudices; if women are accused of being wilful, commend me at least to a man for obstinacy!"

"And does not perseverance deserve to be rewarded?" asked he, with a somewhat faltering voice. "If a man will devote himself body and soul, heart and energy, to the attainment of any one object, ought he not to prosper? Does he not always succeed?"

"Generally, if he is sufficiently obstinate," answered Mary, with a laugh, at which her companion's face brightened into a pleasant smile. "But self-devotion is indeed the noblest quality of a man. If there is one I admire more than all the rest of the world, it is he who can propose to himself a glorious end and aim in life, and who can strive for it through all obstacles, whatever be the danger, whatever the difficulty; who never takes his eyes from off the goal, and who if he dies in the pursuit, at least dies staunch and unconquered to the last!"

"And such a one," exclaimed Bosville, with flashing eyes and quivering lip, "such a one could command your admiration, could win your love?"

"I said not that, Captain Bosville," she replied, but her countenance never changed color, and her eyes never drooped, as they would once have done at words like these. He might have known then that she did not love him, that hers was the master-mind of the two; but he was blind, as those always are blind, who see through the glasses of their own wilful affections. "I said not that, but yet I may say that I never could care for one who lacked these qualities, and that if ever I could give my heart away, it would be to one such as I have described." She sighed heavily while she spoke, and turned her head away. He did not hear the sigh, his blood was boiling, and his brain confused. He did not see the cold, rigid face of the dead at Newbury; he did not see another sweet pale face looking at him from her father's side in the very presence-chamber, singling him out from amongst the crowd of courtly gallants and beauteous dames, from the mass of silks and satins, and rustling brocade and flashing jewellery; a pale sweet face, with a mournful smile and a reproachful expression in its dark fawn-like eyes. No, he had thoughts but for one, and the fingers that closed upon his sword-hilt were white with the pressure of his grasp, as he spoke almost in a whisper.

"And could such lifelong devotion win you, Mary, at the last? Will you accept life and fortune, and all, to give in return but one little word of kindness, encouragement, and hope?"

She smiled sweetly up at him; how could she do otherwise? She must have been more or less than woman not to feel at least gratified by such admiration as his, and yet it was the smile of pity rather than affection, such a smile as wreathes the lips of those who have lived out their life of passion here.

"Hush," she said, "Captain Bosville. Loyalty before all; the King! the King!"

Even as she spoke a silence succeeded to the rustling of dresses and the hum of voices that had hitherto pervaded the presence-chamber, and a lane, formed by the bowing crowd, and extending from the large folding-doors up to the Queen herself, heralded the approach of royalty. A lane formed of the noblest and the best-born in England, of whom not one man or woman that bent the head in loyal reverence, but would have laid that head willingly to rest in the field, or forfeited it on the scaffold, for the sake of the unfortunate monarch, who now paced up the hall, returning the obeisance of his subjects with the dignified and melancholy sweetness which never, even in his worst misfortunes, for an instant deserted him.

Bosville was not familiar with the person of his Sovereign; he had now an opportunity of studying the aspect of that man—a mere man like himself, after all, whose rank invested him with a magical interest that commanded the fortunes and the lives of his subjects. Charles bore on his whole exterior the impress of his character—nay, more—to a fanciful observer there was something in his countenance and manners that seemed to presage misfortune. Of no stately presence, he had yet a well knit and graceful figure, hardened and trained into activity by those sports and exercises in which he had acquired no mean proficiency. Few of his subjects could vie with their monarch in his younger days at the games of balloon, rackets or tennis; could handle the sword more skilfully, or ride "the great horse" with fairer grace and management; even at middle age, despite the trifling and scarcely perceptible malformation of the limbs, his pedestrian powers were such as to inconvenience to a great extent those dutiful courtiers who were compelled to keep pace with him in his walks, and although in his childhood of a weakly constitution, he had acquired before he grew up a firm and vigorous physique that was capable of sustaining, as he afterwards proved repeatedly in his unfortunate career, not only the extreme of bodily fatigue and hardship but what is infinitely more hard to bear, the gnawing and destructive anxieties of daily failure and disappointment. But in Charles's face a physiognomist would too surely have discovered the signs of those mixed qualities which rendered him the most ill-fated of monarchs as he was the most amiable of men. There was ideality without comprehensiveness in the high narrow forehead, there was vacillation in the arched and elevated eyebrow, the full, well-cut eye was clear, and open, and beautiful, but its expression was dreamy and abstracted, the gaze of a sage, a philosopher, or a devotee, not the quick eager glance of a man of action and resource. His other features were well formed and regular, but the upper lip was somewhat too curled and full for masculine beauty, whilst the jaw lacked that expression of power and firmness which is never absent from the face of a truly great man. His long, dark locks curling down upon his shoulders, his bushy moustache and pointed beard, added to the pleasing yet melancholy expression of his countenance, and with his rich attire, his magnificent lace collar, and jewelled 'George' hanging about his neck, perfected the ideal of a chivalrous high minded monarch, who was worthy of the position he occupied and the devotion he commanded, who was no unfit centre around which grouped themselves the proudest, the bravest, the noblest, the most enthusiastic aristocracy that ever failed to save a sovereign.

They were thronging about him now. The chivalrous and princely Newcastle, who lavished fortunes for his monarch's entertainment as ungrudgingly as he poured forth his blood in his service; splendid in his apparel, stately in his person, magnificent in his bearing, a true specimen of an English noble man; a Paladin in the field, a grand *seigneur* in the drawing-room, kindly, and frank, and hearty in each; wooing the Muses with no contemptible success during the intervals of his eventful career, and charging the parliamentary troopers with a resolute energy that made the "silken general," as they were pleased to term him, the terror of all. Respected by the Prince of Wales, whose boyhood had been committed to his care, trusted by the Queen, who found in him all those noble sentiments she most admired and looked for in vain amongst her other favorites, and beloved by Charles himself, who recognized in him the more splendid qualities of Buckingham without Buckingham's selfishness, recklessness, Protean vacillation of character. And we are best acquainted with Newcastle now as the author of a folio book upon horsemanship!

The scientific Leicester, skilled in classic lore, and a better mathematician than a soldier, as indeed the certainty of results exacted by the one is far removed from the haphazard readiness of resource indispensable to the other. Somewhat jealous, it may be, and displeased that his appointment to the Lieutenancy of Ireland had been cancelled, yet faithful in his heart to the Sovereign, and bearing next that heart a panacea for all bitterness and ill-feeling in a letter from his loving Countess, whose devoted attachment to the Earl was as proverbial in a Court more notorious for complicated intrigue than fidelity, as was that of the celebrated lady whose lord was alone qualified to drink out of the 'cup of gold' which stood on King Arthur's round table, and which, if we are not to believe the scandal of the old romances, spilt its contents over every beard save that of Caradoc, so rare in those days was the crown which virtuous women place upon the brows of their husbands.

The courtly Wilmot, a professed wit, a finished gentleman, addicted to wine and debauchery, but a cool and scientific soldier, continually laboring under some imputaton against his courage, which he was continually wiping out by daring strategy and brilliant achievements. Looked upon with dislike by the Court, which yet feared him for the sting of his ready tongue, and mistrusted by the King who nevertheless employed him on the most important duties, he seemed to rely solely on himself; and whilst his serene visage and equable demeanor totally repudiated all romance and enthusiasm, the repose and self-confidence of his bearing denoted the man who was all in all to his own requirements, *totus teres atque rotundus*, impassable as a Stoic and contented as an Epicurean.

Different indeed from his next neighbor, who was describing to him, with a vast amount of action and energy, completely thrown away upon Wilmot's unresponsive apathy, a new-fashioned handle for that goodly weapon, the pike. Sir Jacob Astley was no cool philosopher, no sneering cynic, but a warm-hearted, warm-blooded, bold, hearty and God-fearing man. A devoted soldier, an active and judicious officer, a conscientious counsellor; whatever his hand found to do, that did he with all his heart and all his soul. Threescore winters and more had shed their snows upon his head, and wherever hard blows were going he had taken fully his share, yet his eye was bright, his cheek was ruddy, and his frame was still square and strong. A good conscience is a wondrous specific for longevity; and who but a soldier with a good conscience could have offered up Sir Jacob's famous prayer at the head of his column before the battle of Edgehill—"Oh Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee do not thou forget me. March on, boys!"

Tottering over Sir Jacob's grey head, his eagle eye wandering far away into the distance, looking beyond that courtly web of silk and satin, and his tall figure resting on his long straight sword, stood Prince Rupert—the fiery Hotspur of his day, the cavalry officer whose charge was always victorious, and whose victory always terminated in defeat; of whom it has been said that he never failed to win "his share of the battle," yet whose success, by some fatality, invariably led to the discomfiture of his friends. The active partisan, whose element seemed to be war, and who had buckled on a sword and ridden side by side with distinguished generals and fierce troopers at an age when most boys are flying a kite or trundling a hoop; who, failing employment on land, was fain to seek bloodshed and fighting at sea, embarked on the duties of an admiral with the same bold recklessness that had equally distinguished him at the head of a column of iron-clad cavalry, or charging with a handful of Cavaliers in his shirt; and who, when the sea refused to offer him opportunities of distinction, as the land had long ago failed to give him scope for his ambition, could sit down contentedly in a peaceful capital, and occupy himself with the gentle resources of chemistry and painting.

His high aquiline features, according so well with a stature which, though light and sinewy, approached the gigantic, his broad, clear, restless eye, and his wide, massive brow, shaded as it was by a profusion of somewhat tangled hair, denoted the man of courage and action, the gallant spirit that knew no calculation of odds, the indomitable heart that acknowledged neither failure nor reverse. Sir Jacob had better have been talking to the Prince about his pike handles, for Rupert, like every real soldier, took a lively interest in them, as he had a thorough knowledge of details; but in his heart the old man thought the young one somewhat hot-headed and inexperienced, so he would rather not enter upon a discussion in which he would feel tempted to disagree with his Sovereign's nephew. He had seen him tried too, and he could not but acknowledge that "the lad," as he called him, was brave and active, a zealous captain and a shrewd tactician, but he had one fault which elderly men are apt to consider unpardonable, in their juniors, although it is a fault which improves every day—he was *too young*.

So Prince Rupert stood musing all alone amongst that brilliant assemblage; gazing in his mind's eye, on many a scene of rout and confusion, many a fancied skirmish and remembered victory; the broken enemy, the maddened troopers striking right and left with the savage recklessness of fiends; the compact columns of the reserve sweeping up like some strong wave to complete the destruction which has been commenced by its predecessors; the wild hurrah of victory rising loud and stirring above the ringing pistol-shots, and the tramp of squadrons, and the groans of the fallen; the loose chargers with streaming reins, galloping at random here and there; the plumes, and scarfs, and glittering steel of the Cavaliers waving and flashing through the smoke; all the fierce reverie and confusion of the battle he was picturing in his day-dream. Suddenly he started, and turned round to address one after his own heart, to greet him with the frank cordiality peculiar to men of the sword. Sir Ralph Hopton, maimed and disabled, scorched and scarred by the explosion of a powder-barrel at the Battle of Lansdowne, and only just capable of hobbling on crutches to pay his respects to the King, stood close to the Prince's elbow, and the dream of battle vanished, and the reality of warfare became more tangible as the two staunch, keen soldiers plunged into a deep and interesting discussion on the one absorbing interest of their lives.

And again Prince Rupert started, and the color rose to his high broad forehead, and the eagle eye moved restlessly in its orbit. And to Sir Ralph's question upon the new cavalry formations lately introduced on the Continent, he returned an incoherent answer that hugely astonished the practical soldier; for the Queen, with her bevy of ladies moving through the hall; and as she approached the spot where her husband's nephew had stationed himself, one of the fair dames in attendance shot a glance at Prince Rupert that confused him far more than could have done a volley of small-arms; and the beautiful Duchess of Richmond passed on like some fairy vision, and Rupert was restless and uneasy for the rest of the night.

Yes; if the King was surrounded by a band of high minded and sincere noblemen, ready to risk life and fortune in his cause, the Queen, too, on her side, had provided herself with a body-guard of beauty, none the less stanch and uncompromising in the politics they espoused, that for push of pike and sweep of swordblade they used the more fatal weapons of grace and fascination with which they were familiar, dissolving alliances with the flutter of a fan, and scattering coalitions with the artillery of a glance. Merry Mrs. Kirke was there with her sparkling eyes and her dimpled smile, passing her jest, somewhat of the broadest, and laughing her laugh, somewhat of the loudest, with the daring freedom and conscious immunity of an acknowledged beauty. There, too, was lovely Lady Isabella Thynne, whose dignity and grace, and sweet romantic charms, were said by the voice of scandal to have made an impression even on the true uxorious heart of Charles himself. That Henrietta felt no jealousy of this dangerous lady, no mistrust in her hold over the affections of her doating husband, may be gathered from the confidence with which she encouraged her about her person, and the opportunities of unreserved intercourse she afforded her with the king. Was the lively Frenchwoman a stranger to this feminine feeling of jealousy? or was she like Queen Guenever, who was willing to concede the liberty she exacted, and who, lenient

To human frailty, construed mild,
Looked upon Lancelot, and smiled?

And there too, in her weeds for her gallant young husband, moved the graceful form of Kate, Lady D'Aubigny, the young and interesting widow, who was weeping for the untimely fate of her chivalrous lord, yet whose witty sallies flashing occasionally through the gloom that overshadowed her, argued her not altogether inconsolable, and who was lending an ear already, with something more than a mere courteous interest, to Hawley's tender whispers and respectful adoration.

And fair "Mistress Watt" stood by and seemed not to listen, and refrained, with congenial hypocrisy, from what she would have termed the offence of "spoiling sport." Pretty Mistress Watt! who had often herself been indebted to such consideration on the part of others, and whose charming face and lively manners and matchless impudence had conferred upon her a station at court and an influence amongst courtiers to which neither her birth nor her attainments would have entitled her had she simply been demure and virtuous, instead of charming and good-for-nothing.

But of all intriguers of the gentle sex—of all traitresses in love, friendship, and politics who could compare with the soft, quiet, innocent-looking woman who now stood next the Queen, and to whom Henrietta confided the inmost counsels of her husband, as she did the dearest secrets of her own heart? Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, with her dove-like eyes and her sweet angelic smile, was formed by nature to have deceived the very serpent that tempted our mother Eve. How madly had ambitious Strafford loved that calm, fair face! how had the harassed statesman, the impeached and fallen minister, rested on the love she had professed for him, as a solace for all his sorrows, a refuge from all his dangers. For her he toiled, for her he was ambitious, for her he was long triumphant—and she betrayed him—first in love, then in politics; betrayed him into the hands of the enemy, and transferred her affections to his destroyer. Who shall say that the bitterest drop in his cup, deserted as he felt himself by his sovereign, and deceived by his peers, was not poured into it by the hand of the woman he had adored!

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel;
And the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Now drank the life-drops from his bleeding breast.

So she sacrificed him ruthlessly, and abandoned herself to the caresses of his enemy. And there was something about this woman that could subjugate even a busy voluptuary like Pym, one who combined in his own person the two most hardened of all characters—the professed politician and the confirmed sensualist. He was as devoted to her as his natural organization would allow of his being devoted to anything; and when she had thoroughly won him and subjugated him, and he trusted her, why, she deceived him too. And so she followed out her career of treachery, disloyal as a wife, heartless as a mistress, and false as a friend. Yet of all the ladies about the Court, the Countess of Carlisle had most influente with the Queen, was most conversant with her innermost thoughts, her secret intentions; was the busiest weaver of that web of intrigues and dissimulation in which Henrietta, to do her justice, took as much delight as any Arachne of her sex.

And all this glitter and pageantry, these beautiful women, these noble and distinguished men, passed before the eyes of Humphrey Bosville like a dream. Young as he was, scarcely a thrill of conscious pride shot through him to be recognized and kindly accosted by Prince Rupert as the daring soldier whose value was readily and generously acknowledged by the frank and outspoken Prince. Not an inch higher did he hold his head, to be conscious that amongst all these heroes and warriors he was of them as well as with them; that he, too, had a station and a name, and a chance of distinction that might raise him to a level with the proudest. Nay, when old Colepepper brought him up to the sacred circle of which Majesty itself formed the centre, and with a glow of good-natured gratification on his scarred visage recalled him to the monarch's memory, and Charles pleasantly reminded him of their last meeting at his simple bivouac, the day after Newbury, scarcely a flush of gratified vanity colored the cheek of the young Cavalier. And no courtier of twenty years' standing could have sustained with a more unmoved air the favoring notice of the King, and the still more confusing glances from the bevy of beauties that surrounded the Queen, and on whom Humphrey's handsome exterior made no unpleasing impression.

"Who is he?" whispered Mr. Hyde to Lady Carlisle, bending his stiff and somewhat pompous figure to approach that dame with the air of a finished gallant—an air the lettered and accomplished historian much affected with indifferent success—an air that somehow is less easily caught by the brotherhood of the pen than those of the sword. "Who is he, this imperturbable young gentleman, who seems as little affected by his Majesty's condescension as by the glances of your ladyship's dazzling and star-like eyes?"

Lady Carlisle laughed under the skin, but she was civil and conciliatory to all. It was part of her system never to throw a chance away; so she professed her ignorance with a gracious sentence and a sweet smile, and such a glance from the eyes he had praised as sent Mr. Hyde away delighted, and convinced that he had made a conquest. Truly, "the wisest clerks are not the wisest men."

And yet Humphrey had his dream too. Was he not young? and is it not the privilege of youth to lay up a store of disappointment for maturity? His dream was of distinction truly, and of laurels to be gathered, and honors to be gained; but it was not selfish distinction; and the honors and the laurels were but to be flung at the feet of another. Add then the dream was to have a happy conclusion. Peace and repose, and happiness he hardly dared to fancy, after he had done his duty and completed his task. A home of Love, and Beauty, and Content; a pair of blue eyes that would always smile kindly upon him—that would always make his heart leap, as it leaped to meet them now. A form that he adored entrusted to his guardianship, sleeping and waking to watch over and care for, and cherish to the end. After that, a purer and holier, a more lasting but not more ardent love, in another and a better world.

Dreams! dreams! Yet of all the dreamers that left Merton College that night—the scheming statesmen, the ambitious warriors, the intriguing courtiers—perhaps Humphrey was the one whose vision most elevated his moral being; whose awakening, unlike that of the others, bitter as it must be, would leave him, if a sadder, at least a wiser and a better man.

CHAPTER XII.

"NIGHT-HAWKS."

From time immemorial—long ere poetry had sung of bright haired Endymion sleeping on the mountain bathed in the lustre of his goddess-love, or told how gentle Romeo sighed, and longing Juliet leaned and listened to his vows, the moon has been the planet especially consecrated to the worship of lovers and lunatics. "*Arcades ambo*," which is the greater insanity of the two? To sit in a cell, a straw-crowned maniac, peopling the moonbeams as they stream in through the grated windows with visions of pomp and splendor and royalty, and all the picturesque pageantry of a madman's brain? or to wander at large a harmless and pensive idiot, bareheaded, defiant of rheumatism, breathing sighs into the night air, and identifying all the glories of the universe, the mellow beauty of earth, and the brilliant infinite of heaven, with the image of a mere two-legged animal like himself, no whit loftier nor better than the rest of her kind, and exalted by the monomania of the worshipper alone into an idol, of which to his distempered fancy, the very stars of heaven do but glimmer in faint and envious rivalry?

Humphrey Bosville paced thoughtfully along the quiet streets; he marked not how the clear cold moonlight silvered the shafts and pinnacles of many a gothic edifice defining in bold relief the massive buttress and the stately tower, the deep embrasure of the arched and pointed window, the delicate tracery of the elaborate and florid scroll; shimmering over belfry and chancel, and quivering as it lost itself amongst the dark foliage of the lofty elms that nodded and whispered over all; or if he did turn his face ever and anon from the cold smooth pavement on which his eyes were bent, and draw a full breath of the fresh night air, and feast his sight upon the lustrous heaven, it was but to relieve a heart over-charged with its late happiness; to recall in the beauty of nature the magic of that witching face which was fast becoming heaven and earth, and all besides, to him.

He was in the mood for which solitude is an absolute necessity, and yet which chance excitement or adventure can drive into the wildest extremes—a mood in which the heart seems incapable of supporting the weight of its own happiness, and seeks relief even in tears from the intensity of its bliss. Does it not argue that the child of man is born to sorrow rather than joy, thus to be forced to acknowledge that there is suffering in an excess of the latter—that poor weak human nature can but weep after all when it is best pleased? But take comfort; such tears are not those which we are too often called upon to shed; and he has not lived in vain who has known what it is to weep for joy—ay, if it be but once in a lifetime!

Nevertheless, as honest Iago says, or rather sings—

A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier drink!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—A young Italian, who had been deceived and robbed by an elder brother, recently committed suicide in Rome. This brother was a married man and had a boy. Now, the younger brother, from the moment that his elder brother deceived and robbed him, knew no peace of mind for an intense temptation to kill his brother's child. To escape this temptation he determined to kill himself. And kill himself he did. He went to bed one night with a bottle of ether and a wine glass at his bedside. He began by taking one wine glass of the ether, and then wrote his impressions. He thought that perhaps he would repent of his wish to kill his brother's child. But, on the contrary, in proportion as he doubled his doses the wish increased; and at the end of each phrase he repeated, "I have still a greater wish to kill my brother's child." This continued till the twelfth glass, when he wrote, "May this be the last. I can write no more." He died.

—When you lift a cup of fragrant coffee to your lips just remember that horse chestnuts, acorns, wheat, red earth, carrots, parsnips, oak bark, tan, mahogany sawdust and Venetian red are said to be used by coffee roasters to adulterate your drink.

—*Puck* has ascertained that the man who finds a pocketbook with cash in it doesn't look in a paper for three weeks.

A THRILLING STORY.

How a Runaway Locomotive Was Stopped in the Nick of Time.

(San Francisco Call.)

After all, we may station telegraph operators are not without our little bit of romance occasionally, and I think I can show that we are not entirely without a certain amount of responsibility; but it is seldom if ever recognized, unless one of our number by carelessness suddenly plunges a train in to destruction by failing to understand orders. The time of which I write was one pleasant afternoon in autumn, the 22nd day of September, 1876, and as the occurrence has made a deep impression on my mind, I cannot forget the day, which was Friday. At that time I had been agent and operator on the ——— railroad a little while over two months. The line was directly through parts of Indiana and Illinois, and some of the stations had no telegraph office, consequently the order distance was somewhat lengthy, and there was but one office between mine and Cowans, twelve miles west. On this day I was quietly puffing my meerschaum in the little bay window of my office and wishing for something to relieve the monotony, when the operator at Cowans called the train dispatcher and said an engine had sprung her throttle with 140 pounds of steam on and gone east, while the fireman had gone to lunch, and the engineer, who was oiling around, had no time to get on. All was still as death for a minute, when the dispatches began to call G———, the only office between mine and Cowans; for full five minutes he called him, using the signal "23," which means death, but still no answer, and still the monotonous click of the armature; presently he answered in a dazed, hurried manner, and when asked about the engine, said it had passed there at a fearful rate of speed at 4.14, with no person visible. It was only six miles more to me, and an excursion was on its way west with a heavy load of picknickers, and had actually left a station only eight miles east of me, the first telegraph office, at two minutes past 4. The dispatcher called me furiously, and being at hand and expectant, I answered him immediately, when he said, "Turn your switch and wreck engine No. 11, going east wild." I replied quickly, "I cannot without an indemnity order," and after a hasty consultation with the superintendent, as I afterwards learned, he went ahead with an order, whose unusual form and wording aroused many a lazy "brass sounder," from a dose. It was like this:—

"To operator:—Wreck wild engine No. 11 at your eastern switch gate to save collision. Company will defend and uphold you.

"D. R. B."

I immediately returned my "13" or "understanding," received my "correct at 4.18 p. m.," and turned to look for the engine, when, although the conversation between myself and the dispatcher had consumed but four minutes, I saw her coming at the greatest rate I ever witnessed, and snatching my order I ran to the switch gate, about 150 feet, and when I had unlocked and thrown the rail the roaring monster was only about 100 feet away. I had my watch in my hand and stepped quickly back out of harm's way, when at exactly twenty minutes past four she went over, and such an unearthly crash I hope I may never hear or see again. The dirt and stones flew fifty feet in the air, the engine turned clear over and stopped on her side, pushing a splinter of the cab on the whistle valve, and there she lay a seething, hissing, screeching mass of rubbish. But above the din and rattle I heard one wild despairing shriek for help, but when I could get close enough to see anything I found what, had it not been for the face, would never have been recognized as a man in the crushed and bleeding mass of flesh that lay under one huge driver; but the face was without a scar, and by that was recognized as an escaped madman, who, it seems, had climbed on the engine at Cowans unobserved, and pulling the throttle open had started on a wild, awful ride to the gates of death. When the excursion train came up ten minutes later they said they found me standing by the engine, gazing at the bloody driver and my written order still tightly clasped in my hand. I was unconscious of everything save the fact that I had obeyed orders, and had therefore taken a life. They say I fainted, but I knew nothing from the instant I discovered that white, bloodless face until four days after, when I awakened apparently out of a dream. My first question was, "Did the excursion train get in safely?" The coroner held an inquest as soon as I could be examined, and the verdict was: "We, the jury, find that Albert Long came to his death by being crushed beneath a locomotive which was wrecked by J. L. B., an operator on the ——— Railroad, according to the order of D. R. B., his Superintendent and superior officer. And we find further, that no blame can be attached to said J. L. B., D. R. B., or the said railroad company, as the engine was wrecked to save a heavily loaded excursion, and said Albert Long, being a madman, was on the engine in direct opposition to the company's orders." I have that order and a copy of the verdict side by side in my dairy, where they shall always remain.

Often in my dreams I see an unrecognizable mass of quivering flesh and broken bones beneath a huge driver, and a white unscarred face presents itself to my gaze. A sudden shriek will almost craze me, and I am tempted to go where railroads are unknown, where the hissing and screeching cannot reach me.

EUROPEAN ARMIES.

Military Strength of Various Continental Countries.

(Vienna cor. of the London Standard.)

The recent newspaper war between Germany and Russia having given rise to many speculations concerning the offensive and defensive power of several European States, some particulars respecting various armies which have been furnished to me on good authority may be read with interest at this moment. To begin with Germany, the reorganization of that army was fully carried out in 1866, since which time the annual recruiting has produced 1,300,000 men. After making due deductions for dead, sick, etc., the strength of the German army may now be fairly put at 1,250,000 men of the line, and the reserves and the First Landwehr, all of whom had been thoroughly drilled and ready to enter the field at any moment. These men are of various ages, from 20 to 32 years. Besides these, the German Government can call out the Second Landwehr and the Landsturm, which include all the drilled soldiers from 32 to 50 years of age. These would, after making due deduction, number 1,300,000 men. All these 2,550,000 soldiers can be marched in 24 hours after their being called out, as all the Quartermaster's arrangements are made in time of peace to enable this to be done. From this total must be deducted 200,000 for the fortresses, 150,000 for the coasts and against Denmark, and 150,000 for depots; so that 2,100,000 men are available for real warfare, and the last of whom would only require a fortnight as the most to be on the frontiers. The border fortifications on the French side are completely finished and are fully armed. They are furnished with large stores of provisions, and communicate with the interior of the country by means of good railways. France has, of course, good fortresses also on the German frontier, and these are strengthened by smaller barricading forts, but in addition to the fact that they will not be completed and in thorough working order before 1881, Germany has the advantage of a convex frontier which would facilitate concentric attacks, such as are regarded by military authorities as the most successful. The strength of the French army is, on paper, 3,600,000 men, but Sir Garnet Wolseley, as well as other, authorities, calculates it as only about 1,800,000, among whom are more than 600,000 undrilled men. Besides this, the state of the territorial army and the Garde Mobile is so doubtful that France is considered to have ready for the beginning of a war not more than 1,000,000, of whom 400,000 must be deducted for garrisons, &c., leaving 600,000 really available for action. Russia's force, although given on paper at 1,800,000 men, cannot, as was explained at the beginning of the recent dispute, exceed 400,000 men on the German frontier.

BUDGET OF HUMOR.

—A man with a boil on his nose is apt to keep it out of other people's business.

—Talk about a woman not having a strong stomach. Think of the poet Laura-ate.

—Sin produces fear, fear leads to bondage, and bondage makes all our duties irksome.

—If you are fishing for a good reputation you had better bait your hook with good deeds.

—A gentleman in conversation said that his dogs were A1. Shouldn't they have been rated K9?

—Preserve the privacy of your house, marriage state, and heart from relatives and all the world.

—To make the world better, lovelier and happier, is the noblest work of man or woman.

—When alone watch your thoughts; in family your temper; in company your tongue.

—Preserve us unscathed, ye powers of bounty, from the man who is all argument and no reason.

—Bicycle-riding has been compared to skating; hard to learn, but easy to do after half your ribs are broken.

—It was very properly said of a scandal-monger that he never opened his mouth but at somebody's expense.

—When fades from out the forest
The pensive robin's note,
Then from the average back doth fade
The breezy linen coat—
Till next year.

—The woman who cannot possibly find a husband in this country may make a tolerably fair missionary to China.

—Iowa has a paper which has for its motto: "We Love All Men." The female publisher give herself dead away at the start.

—Tears are to be looked at not as a proof of very deep sorrow, but as a gracious relief to the killing intensity of such grief.

—It is a mistake to set a man playing accompaniments who can't distinguish between a bucket of tar and concert pitch.

—Forty pairs of boots and forty fans, to correspond with different costumes, form a part of a bridal trousseau just received from Paris.

—The oars of resolution and the sails of discretion are necessary to make headway up the swift, opposing current that everyone must face to secure success.

—It was in the sixteenth century that wood yard men first discovered how to pile the sticks crossways in the box, and larrup a customer out of one-eighth on every cord.

—The man who snores, and who knows that he snores, and yet who won't put a clothespin on his nose when going to bed has the blood of an army contractor in his veins.

—There is a man over on Long Island who has been asleep six days. This would be all right if it were not for the fact that he snores so loudly as to prevent other folks in the street from sleeping.

—"They say I snore. Did you hear me last night at the hotel in the room opposite yours?" asked he. "Hear you," asked the casual acquaintance—"not only that, but could feel you."

—This has been a very diversified year for circus clowns. One has been killed, four overhauled by deserted wives, two fallen heir to heaps of money and one left on the bottom of the Ohio River.

—Young lady: "John, how long shall you be, as I want to practice?" Gallant young gardener (with a noisy lawn mower): "Oh, goo yeouw on, Miss Amy—goo yeouw on, I shan't mind yar noise."

—No, Jane, it is useless to think of having a turkey gobbler stuffed for your new fall bonnet. Nothing larger than an ordinary Shanghai rooster is suitable for wearing on the hats of this season's importations.

—Bismarck says that "before doing anything in a critical movement I ascertain the will of Providence," which would indicate that, among his other autocratic privileges, is that of personal intimacy with the Deity."

Good-by, if it please you, sir—good-by.
You are here and away—I care not why.
This is a world where a man has his will,
A world where a woman had best be still.
Good-by—good-by—good-by.

—When a balloon comes down in Pennsylvania the farmers gather, cut it to pieces and divide up the ropes for bed-cords and clothes-lines. If the balloonist comes down, too, they divide him up—if he has mush to say.

—They were soon to be married. He had vague ideas of house furnishing, and he asked her what kind of carpets he should get for the parlor. She answered, "Axminister." And then he warmly protested it was none of the minister's business.

—The boy who substitutes a living for a dead hornet in the collection of a near-sighted entomologist, and asks the man of science to show him where the insect's sting is located, should be be held responsible for any irreligious sentiments the victim may advance.

—A pert young man, who thought himself a wit, once said to Mr. Foote, "What would you give, sir, to be as young as I am?" The wrinkled genius looked at the intruder with a flashing eye for a moment and then answered, "I would almost be willing to be as foolish."

—Magistrate: "It seems, prisoner, that you took fifteen pence from the prosecutor's till. Now, I put it to you seriously: Was it worth your while to risk your character, your liberty, your whole future, for such a trifle?" Prisoner: "Certainly not, your Worship; but I did not know there was not more in the till—I took all there was."

ALMOST AN ARGONAUT.

'Twas in the fall of 'forty-nine
The gold fever broke out,
'N I'd hev bin a pioneer
Without the slightest doubt;
But Molly, here, took on 'n said,
"Argonaut, dearest Joe!"
I thought I'd argy not with her,
So, boys, I didn't go.

—"This, dear children, is a shoe of a Chinese lady; see how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon ———'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost," was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket and requested the school to sing "Pull for the shore."

—The little girls who roguishly parade in their mother's finery will soon be in style. In Paris it has been discovered that the larger the hat the prettier the wearer; the higher the frill the whiter the throat; the longer the mittens the sweeter the arms; so that we men are not like kernels in big nutshells—every garment they put on is too large for them.

—A gentleman, prompted by curiosity, lately went into the empty store of a merchant, and looking about inquired, "And pray, sir, what do you sell here?" The shopkeeper, thinking to be very witty, replied laconically, "Asses' heads, sir." The stranger, turning to go, added, "Yes, yes, my friend, I see now, and I see also that you have only one left."

—London *Truth* says that our "ancestors were satisfied with washing only their hands and their faces; that Louis XIV, of France, took only one bath in his life; that Louis XIII is not recorded as having ever taken any, and that Mme. de Longueville, with her dirty clothes, smelt sour." Yes, and we fear it is a sad fact that if the matter was investigated there are some at the present day who are very little better than their ancestors in this respect.

—"Ain't you young ones cute," said the fond mother as she watched her darlings sporting upon the lawn in innocent, gleesome mirth. Just then a croquet mallet came ricocheting across the ground and executing a graceful curve knocked a sixty-two and a half cent back-comb from her head into infinitesimality. "There, you horrid brats, see what you've done. March into the house every one of you!" was the peroration of what was originally intended as a complimentary allusion to juvenile pleasures.

We met,
And yet,
E'en as we met
The time had come for parting;
The train
That was to bear me off again
Was starting.
She grasped my hand and murmured low,
"Oh, how I longed to see you, Joe!"
And, in a voice deep and profound,
I said, "Why don't you pass 'em round?"
And then she rose
Upon her toes,
While I did fondly hover,
Upon the steps above her.
In vain;
That train—
If I may mention it again—
Was starting.
Oh, why should fate so interpose
Itself between us and our bliss?
Her kiss
Lit on my nose.
Such was our parting.

—The weather in certain parts of Europe has been exceedingly unpropitious this summer. Hotel-keepers have been on the verge of lunacy and tourists have patronized umbrella-makers more than ever before. One is reminded of the lines that were scratched on the window pane of a Scottish inn:

Scotland! thy weather's like a modish wife,
Thy winds and rains forever are at strife;
So termagant awhile her thunder tries,
And when she can no longer scold she cries.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS, Madoc.
1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

G. D. RAWE,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,
TORONTO.
L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH. Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday. *ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.*

GREAM & HENDERSON,
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARIES, Attorneys, Conveyancers, &c., Madoc. *OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.*

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada. BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A.M. PETERSON, B.A. C.W. PETERSON, B.A.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Cheap Bread!
8cts. PER LOAF,
AT
JNO. HARPER'S.
WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
FAMILY GROCERIES,
FLOUR, FEED,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
J. HARPER.
Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1879. 66

MONEY TO LOAN!
THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.
To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:
Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?
APPLY TO
The Canada Landed Credit Company.
EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST
and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.
For further particulars apply to
A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.
Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1
Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.
A. F. WOOD.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 9, 1879.

GRAIN.

As the season advances naturally the interest in the prices of grain increases. So far barley has ruled low, but other grains as we mentioned in our last week's article have been above last year's prices. Good fall and spring wheat are worth $1.05, rye, 53c, peas, 53c, oats, 30c. Last year all the above grains were worth considerable less in this market: wheat, 75c to 80c, rye, 45c, peas, 45c, and for oats there was almost no price. Barley, however, seems, like the Indian's beaver skin, to be the central object at which those who are watching the grain markets first look. Since our last issue barley has "gone up" and "gone down." In Belleville it is now quoted as follows: weighing 48 lbs., 55c; 47 lbs., 53c; 46 lbs., 51c; 45 lbs., 49c; 44 lbs., 47c; or 2 cts. off for each lb. of short weight, and 2 cts. on for all above 48 lbs. It is stated that the neighborhood of Toronto is producing barley weighing 49 lbs. and 50 lbs. to the bushel.

It is hard to predict prices for the future. There is nothing to warrant us in expecting an advance in the price of barley except it may be that it can't well be lower. We know that advices from Oswego say "buy so as to meet 75 cts. for mixed barley." From 75 cts. deduct the American duty, 15 cts., 4 cts. freight from Belleville, ½c. insurance, ½c. for elevating, and you leave the Belleville buyer without a margin of profit.

One thing we are pleased to see, that the old notion of colored barley is exploding—not much attention paid to color, but if grain is sound it is judged by weight. This is as it should be. We see that they have adopted this plan in the warehouse in Madoc, and by this system every man gets the value of his grain. Farmers can see how important it is that the grain should be clean. We have been shown grain at the warehouse when two samples, so far as appearance and plumpness are concerned, were equal, but when put into the half bushel, owing to one being clean and the other not, a difference of 3 lbs. to the bushel was shown, which means that there was 6 cts. difference in the price. The refuse taken from the grain can be used by the farmer for feed. Then why should he deteriorate the value of the market article by mixing it in the grain? With reference to colored grain, it is but just to say that a "bright" sample weighing 48 lbs. is preferred to the same weight of colored.

The supply of grain at the warehouse has been increasing, reaching some days to the neighborhood of 1,000 bushels—the narrow margin between this and Belleville, 3 cts. on barley, making it undesirable to take it out on wheels.

On Monday morning last Mr. Wood shipped three carloads of barley and rye and has another loaded. A cash market here for grain is a change most acceptable for all parties concerned.

THE Toronto and Ottawa Railway two hundred thousand dollar bonus by-law was voted on in the city of Ottawa on Tuesday last, and carried by a majority of 537. There was little excitement during the day, but considerable work was done by both sides in a quiet way. When the result was known a good deal of enthusiasm was manifested throughout the city.

AN Ottawa despatch says: "It is currently reported that the mother of the murderer, Clark Brown, attempted to take her own life at West Winchester a few days ago. Much indignation is undoubtedly manifested against this woman in connection whith the recent horrible murder. Many residing in the locality openly express their belief that the worst has not seen the light of day. If all that is said be true, a chapter in crime is soon likely to be written that will be without a parallel in Canadian criminal history.

THE Montreal Telegraph Company on Monday last reduced their rates by no less than twenty per cent. Ten-word messages, which have hitherto cost twenty-five cents, are now taken for twenty cents at all the company's offices in Ontario and Quebec, and their offices in Buffalo, Detroit, Oswego, and Ogdensburg. This reduction will, we have no doubt, be thoroughly appreciated by the public, and will tend to increase largely the business of the Company. We may add, however, that this reduction was brought about by the fact that the Dominion Telegraph Company had reduced their rate to 20 cts. for ten-word messages.

A PUBLIC meeting was held at Bobcaygeon a few evenings ago for the purpose of taking steps to impress on the government the importance of constructing the Trent valley canal without delay. One speaker, in the course of his remarks, stated that the estimated cost of the canal from Trenton, on the bay of Quinte, at the head of the St Lawrence, to the Georgian Bay on Lake Huron was under $3,000,000, "a sum which was a mere flea bite when compared with the imperial importance of the project." The following resolution was unanimously carried which goes to show that the people are at least in earnest in the matter: "That a Committee be appointed to act in conjunction with Committees at Trenton, Peterborough, Fenelon, and other places, to take all necessary steps to press the matter on the Government, and act as delegates when necessary and that Mr Boyd, Mr Stewart and Mr Reed be the Committee."

A Campbellford man was lately arrested and committed for milking his neighbor's cow. That's meanness for you.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

The Editor of the Tamworth *Echo* says he likes his new home and is content with his prospects in that place.

Husking bees are all the rage in the vicinity of Eganville at present. Very profitable amusement, we should say.

The Eganville *Enterprise* says two large wolverines were killed in the township of Wilberforce a short time ago. These animals are very plentiful in that neighborhood.

A By-law granting a bonus of $10,000 to the Napanee, Tamworth, and Quebec Railway will be voted on by the ratepayers of the township of Sheffield on Wednesday, 22nd inst.

The Tamworth *Echo* says within a short distance of that place there is an iron mine competent to support the projected railway of itself, and that other mines are also convenient.

Mr Hannaford, chief Engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, inspected the Grand Junction last week and found it in a very satisfactory state. Mr Bickford was highly complimented upon the manner in which the work had been done.

The little girl Kemp, spoken of last week as having been so badly burned in Rawdon, died from the effects of her injuries on Monday last. The attending physician stated that he had never before seen such a severe burning accident, the poor little thing being almost literally roasted from her knees to her shoulders.—*News-Argus.*

The Picton *Gazette* says:—"It certainly must be gratifying to the exhibiters, as it undoubtedly is to the people of the county, that an excellent record was given of Prince Edward fruit at the late Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa. There were only two exhibitors of fruit from this county, and these were successful in carrying off fifteen prizes on apples and pears."

The Eganville *Enterprise* says:—"The rare metal Molybdenum has been found in some quantity in the Ottawa valley district. It is used as a test for phosphates and also in calico printing. Specimens have been placed in the Geological Museum. A bed of fluate of lime, the source of fluoric acid so useful in etching and engraving on glass, has also been discovered."

Stirlingites are developing a new amusement—dog poisoning. The *News-Argus* calls the parties who indulge in this pastime "vagabonds," but if Stirling is infested with as many worthless curs as the average rural village then we say the person who rids them of the largest number should become the most popular individual in the community.

At Marlbank last Sunday evening, so we are informed, a man by the name of Wells was attacked by a man by the name of Allen. It appears Wells tried to make his escape from his antagonist but could not, and in the tussle he drew his knife and struck Allen in the arm and side, cutting him badly. The knife seems to have passed through the arm or glanced and struck the side, a rib arresting the knife.—*Echo.*

The *News-Argus* says a cruel joke was perpetrated on a new-made "dad-da" not a thousand miles from Stirling. His wife's nurse, it appears, had a child of her own only a few weeks old, and when the other little new-comer arrived she placed the two together and then invited the excited head of the house to "look at his twins." He did so with what feelings can be imagined, and it was some time before he discovered that his home had not really been doubly invaded.

A person giving his name as C. C. Howard, a patent medicine vendor by occupation, presented a cheque on the Merchants' Bank, on which was the signature of L. W. Younans & Co., of Belleville, in payment of his hotel bill in Stirling, a short time ago. Suspicions were aroused by the cheque being dated on Sunday, and on the above firm being communicated with they pronounced it a forgery. The man was arrested and committed to gaol to await his trial.

The Colborne *Express* says:—"Mrs. Richardson, the wife of a farmer residing near Castleton, died on the 23rd inst., after a week's terrible suffering from the effects of ivy poisoning. She was attended by Dr. Douglass, who ultimately called to his assistance Drs. Thorburn and Gould, but their combined skill could afford no relief. It seems that the unfortunate woman picked the ivy in mistake for a similar-looking herb known as sarsaparilla, with the intention of making a syrup for a sickly neighbor."

Four Stirling "sports" went out hunting in the township of Rawdon the other day. One of the party soon succeeded in losing himself in the wilderness, and spent the remainder of the day in the laudable endeavor to find out where he was. He eventually succeeded, and then learned that some of his companions had been enjoying themselves for some hours looking for him also. Finally all got together and joyfully wended their way home, mutually congratulating each other on the day's sport. They are going out again soon.

Mr. Henry E. Filliter informs us that a short time ago at his farm in Thurlow one of his hounds gave birth to four pups, which when a few days old were taken possession of by a large Brahma hen, which drove their mother away after a hard fight and sheltered the pups beneath her wing. Strange to say the unnatural affection of the hen was returned by the puppies, which seemed to prefer her society to that of their mother. Being deprived of their natural nourishment one of them died, and the others were returned to their parent, but the hen had to be locked up in order to prevent her breaking in again on the interesting family circle. The case is one of the most curious and amusing which has ever come to our knowledge. It seems that the hen was determined to sit, and no eggs having been placed under her, she transferred her affections to the pups and would have fought to the death for them.—*Intelligencer.*

A later number of the same paper states that the hen escaped from her confinement, drove the mother of the pups away, and killed another of them by too much kindness, an order for her execution was immediately issued.

YORK RIVER ITEMS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since my last letter the weather has changed and it has been very warm, the last few days being quite a return of summer with warm nights. During the past week the Methodist congregation held a tea-meeting in their little church on the hill, in aid of their pastor, Rev. J. A. Wood. As far as the "bill of fare" and "number present," it was a great success. And notwithstanding so many bad colds the music was good, but I cannot say much for the orators. Might I suggest that these gentlemen would expatiate less upon the dangers and fatigue they personally experience in coming amongst us—if it entails such hardships to reach here we do not want our miseries brought ever before us on these occasions. I was surprised to see a whole and entact "beaver" lettue cleft by one ivy gentleman. We all know that our roads are not so very bad when the trip from Madoc here can and has been done in one day by a waggon and team if urgently desired, a distance of fifty miles. When a person has been back here more than once they need not pretend not to know the difficulties. Settlers look forward to these little enjoyments, and travel long distances to be present, and they can appreciate something enlightening and practical.

A social was held the night following the tea-meeting, when a pleasant time was spent.

Mr. J. Nosworthy, of Belleville, is hunting and fishing in this neighborhood, and has met with some success.

I could recommend any good and industrious shoemaker who desires work, especially one with a family, to strike for this place, as there is work enough to keep one busy.

FIAT LUX.

October 6th, 1879.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. HENDERSON
HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS are hereby warned against purchasing or trafficing for two Notes for $32.00 each, drawn by me in favor of Alex McDonald, and due, one in January, 1878, the other in January, 1879, said notes having duly been paid by me.
GEO. D. McDONALD.
Montcalm Valley, Sept. 30, '79. 132-3t

HARNESS! HARNESS!
P. SINCLAIR
HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO
DALE'S BLOCK!

MONEY! MONEY!
TO FARMERS
Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing
Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,
the undersigned offer
EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.
Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
N.B.—Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 132

IN CHANCERY!
CLOTHIER VS. HAZZARD.
PURSUANT to a decree of the Court of Chancery made in this cause, the creditors of Joseph Hazzard, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died in or about the month of June, A. D. 1871, are, on or before the 20th day of October, '79, to send, by post prepaid to Morgan Jellett, Esq., of Belleville, in said County, the Solicitor for the plaintiff, their christian and surnames; addresses and description; the full particulars of their claims; a statement of their accounts; and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers in Shire Hall on Church street, in said City of Belleville, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of October, 1879, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.
Dated at Chambers this 30th day of September, A. D. 1979.
(Signed) S. S. LAZIER, Master.

MAIL CONTRACT.
TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 14th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, two times per week each way, between
BRIDGEWATER AND MADOC,
and once per week each way between
Bridgewater and Queensboro',
from the 1st January next.
Conveyance to be made on horseback or in a vehicle.
The Mails to leave Bridgewater every Tuesday and Saturday at 7 a.m., and to arrive at Madoc at 11.15 a.m.; to leave Madoc, same days, at 1.30 p.m., and to arrive at Bridgewater at 5.45 p.m.
To leave Bridgewater every Thursday at 7.30 a.m., and to arrive at Queensboro' at 9 a.m.; to leave Queensboro' at 10 a.m., and to arrive at Bridgewater at 11.30 a.m.
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Bridgewater and Queensboro'.
R. W. BARKER,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Kingston, 3rd Oct., 1879. 132-3

Canadian Pacific RAILWAY.
TENDERS FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:
Emory's Bar to Boston Bar.....29 miles
Boston Bar to Lytton.....29 miles
Lytton to Junction Flat.....23½ miles
Junction Flat to Savona's Ferry.....40½ miles
Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.
No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. 132

Land For Sale.
TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."
Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned.
CHARLES GREAM.
Madoc, September, 1879. 131

FARM TO RENT.
FOR a term of years, the east ½ of lot 8, 6th con., Madoc. A house and barn on the premises. Apply to
DANIEL ROSS,
Madoc Village,
or to JNO. ROSS, on the premises.
Madoc, Oct. 1st, 1879. 131.

Private Boarding House
PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

Land for Sale.
WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

FOR SALE.
WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to
A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,
or to the undersigned proprietor,
JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.
Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

TO BE LET.
LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, L Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

GRAIN! GRAIN!!
THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for
RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,
Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.
J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

WANTED!
50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,
For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the
NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,
at Madoc Station.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

1879. GRAIN! 1879.
GRAIN!
The proprietors of the
North Hastings Grain Warehouse,
At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.
Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1879. 127

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Boots and Shoes.
ALL KINDS OF
HOME-MADE WORK
FOR SALE,
OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,
—AT—
MORRICE'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.
Terms in Future Strictly Cash.
All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS
in all the different styles and sizes.
CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.
D. MORRICE.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and you need no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.
PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.
Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.
Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned.
JAS. O'HARA, Jr.
Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

MADOC
MODEL SCHOOL.
All Books Required at this Institution for sale,
At Publishers' Prices,
AT
C. G. WILSON'S,
Drug Store.

N. D. PETERS
NOW OFFERS IN THE
"O'FLYNN BLOCK,"
—AT—
LOW PRICES FOR READY PAY
A good stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Crockery, Glassware,
Groceries, Confectionery,
School Books, Wall Paper, etc., etc.
Madoc, October 1st, 1879.

U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

DON'T FAIL
TO SEE OUR NEW STOCK OF
Mantles!
JUST OPENED,
THE LARGEST VARIETY!
EVER SHOWN IN MADOC.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Oct. 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!
Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.
PRICES VERY LOW!
Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,
at Low Prices
AT
JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

JAS. WHYTOCK,
Grocer & Provision
DEALER,
Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of
CHOICE GROCERIES
AND
PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,
Which will be sold at the
LOWEST CASH PRICES.
Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.
DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

FARM FOR SALE.
THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
25-6m Shannonville.

This Space Will be Occupied
BY
Gray & McGregor,
DEALERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY
GROCERIES!
ETC., ETC., ETC.
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

New Dry Goods House!

FOSTER & REID, of Belleville,

Beg to announce to the citizens of Madoc and vicinity that they have opened a Branch of their Belleville Establishment in Madoc, where they will show the largest and most attractive stock of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ever shown in this place.

New and Attractive Dress Goods, Black and Colored Cashmeres, a large stock of Black and Colored Silks. An immense stock of Winceys, very cheap. Good value in Black and Colored Kid Gloves, at 30c., 50c., and $1.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF LADIES' JACKETS EVER SHOWN IN MADOC, RANGING FROM $2.50 TO $18.00.

NEW PATTERNS IN PRINTS. OUR STOCK OF TWEEDS IS IMMENSE.

MILLINERY.—Our Millinery Department is now open, in charge of a first-class Milliner, where will be found all the latest New York and London Patterns. Remember the place—in Mr. E. D. O'Flynn's old stand.

FOSTER & REID, Madoc and Belleville.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

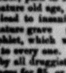
Commission Agency.

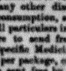
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.

Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.


TRADE MARK.


TRADE MARK.

Before Taking. After Taking.

The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 694,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 32.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 33.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139, O. Y. B.

A SPECIAL meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc,

On Thursday Evening, October 9th,

at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Oct. 13th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Oct. 28th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

Read O'Flynn & O'Hara's new advt.

The Tudor Fall Show yesterday was a very successful one. Report and prize list next week.

DEANS will receive next week a fine stock of rare and delightful Perfumes, to sell by the bottle or ounce.

Grapes.

A basket of grapes, of the very choicest kind, a present from Mrs. Daniel Ketcheson, of Madoc, was received by us last week. We beg to return our own and the thanks of our entire staff for the kindness.

Do you want Money?

If you do Messrs. Peterson & Peterson, barristers, of this village, can supply you with any quantity, and on such terms that will, no doubt, exactly suit your case. See their advt. in another column for particulars.

Fire.

A frame house belonging to Mr. Jacob Bailey, on the town line just inside the corporation, occupied by a family named Murray, was burned to the ground about 12 o'clock on Monday night. A small quantity of their bedding and furniture was saved. The fire is supposed to be accidental.

Accident.

Two or three weeks ago, as Mr. C. Thrasher of this village was going out of the door of his residence, after dark, leading two of his children, the steps having become removed in some way, he was thrown violently forward, falling with his left shoulder against a stone. Although suffering severely, he did not have it examined until last Thursday, when Dr. Sutton was called in and found that one of the bones between the neck and shoulder had been broken.

The Grand Junction.

The regular operation of the Grand Junction Railway has at last become a settled fact, the Grand Trunk Company having, in connection with the North Hastings line, leased the road for a considerable time. Regular trains between Belleville and the village of Hastings commenced on Monday last, leaving the latter place in the morning and returning in the evening. A combined time table for the G. J. and B. & N. H. Railways has been issued, the train we notice leaving Belleville at 3.30 p.m. instead of 3 o'clock as formerly, connecting with Madoc train at the Junction. Mr. R. Luttrell, a gentleman of ability and experience, late of the Intercolonial Railway, has been appointed General Superintendent of both roads, and as he appears to possess the necessary qualifications of energy and push, we have no doubt he will make them both permanent and profitable institutions.

CONFECTIONERY.—French Cream Caramels, Louise and Lorne Chewing Candies, Chocolate do., Mottoes, Conversation Lozenges, Sugar Peas and Wheat for cake trimming, at Deans' Drug Store.

Village Council.

The Council met on Monday evening, but the bill of fare was very meagre. There were present the Reeve and Messrs. Dale and Sutton. The cheque of Messrs. Peterson & Peterson, barristers, for $130, being the amount of back taxes on the Russel estate collected by that firm, was received. J. Dale & Son's account, $18.10, was laid over to next meeting. An account from Peterson & Peterson was ordered to be paid, as was also that of O'Flynn & O'Hara, $10.20., B. C. Sills, $3, and the Street Surveyor, $109.53. The Council then adjourned.

N. H. Teachers' Association.

Our readers are requested not to forget the meeting of the above association to be held in the Model School here to-day and to-morrow. Among the names on the programme are J. Coyle Brown, P.S. Inspector for Peterboro'; R. Dawson, B. A., Belleville; and J. Johnston, P.S. Inspector for South Hastings. A public meeting will be held to-night in the School, (instead of the Town Hall as formerly announced), at which addresses on educational topics will be delivered by the above gentlemen, the resident clergymen, and others. The proceedings will be worthy of attendance.

Our Chief as a Detective.

Chief Sills' work in the above line is extending. On Thursday last he received a hint, as only detectives receive, that a quantity of dress goods had been abstracted from Foster & Reid's store, and immediately set to work to discover the thief. Before night he traced and recovered the goods in a house a mile or so from the village on the Marmora road, but the light-fingered Frenchman who took them there (whose name not being in the spelling book we are unable to reproduce it here,) was not to be found. We understand a broom was also stolen from Brooks' store the same day.

Temperance Lectures.

We have great pleasure in announcing to our readers that Mr. T. W. Casey, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T., of Canada; and well known as one of the most eloquent and powerful advocates of the temperance cause in the Dominion, will spend a few days in this section next week. His object is to endeavor to re-organize the Lodge in this village, and also, we believe, to establish Lodges in the adjacent villages, as well as to revive the temperance feeling generally. He will address a meeting in the Town Hall, Madoc, on Wednesday evening next, 15th inst., Marmora on the 16th, and Stirling on 17th, assisted by Rev. Mr. Macfarlane, of this village, and probably also by Mr. E. D. O'Flynn and other leading temperance men of the community. Mr. Casey is an earnest, thorough worker in the cause, and we hope that every assistance possible will be given him in this village and neighborhood in his praiseworthy effort to promote a much needed temperance revival.

Madoc Model School.

The following is the attendance for the months of August and September:

	Miss Crepar.	Miss Riddell.	Miss McKay.	Mr. Kirk.	Total.
Number of pupils present during August	78	57	36	23	194
" of pupils late during August	17	5	4	7	33
Average for August	65.8	40.3	22.71	20.4	149.21
Number pupils admitted during Sept.	4	1	5	2	12
" left during Sept.	0	2	3	0	5
" registered at close	82	56	35	32	205
Average attendance for Sept.	62.43	44.7	28.81	26.1	161.94
Number late during Sept.	34	18	29	24	105

C. M. Relief and Extension Fund.

The Canada Methodist Church was filled by a large audience on Thursday evening last to hear the rev. gentlemen announced to speak on that occasion on behalf of the above fund. The object of the meeting was to raise money to assist in wiping off the Missionary debt of the church, and to raise a fund for the further extension of missionary usefulness. Rev. Mr. Macfarlane occupied the chair, and on the platform were Revs. E. R. Young, Willoughby, and Locke, Rev. Dr. Potts having been obliged to return to Toronto. The chairman briefly explained the nature of the scheme which was known as the "Methodist Church of Canada Relief and Extension Fund," the object being to raise, if possible, the sum of $150,000, $75,000 to pay off the missionary debt, and the balance to be applied to the extension of the mission work and the increase of the superannuated ministers' fund. Rev. Mr. Willoughby entered more fully into an explanation of how the scheme originated, the success it was meeting with, and how it was proposed to carry it through, his address being a most forcible and eloquent one. Rev. Mr. Locke spoke very briefly, but intimated the pleasure it would give him to again visit Madoc at some future time and deliver an address. Rev. Mr. Young, who spent nine years among the Indians of the North-West, was then introduced. He narrated many scenes of interest during his sojourn in that distant land, explaining some of the difficulties and hardships the missionary had to undergo in prosecuting his work, and concluding with a most touching appeal for aid for the conversion of those pagan tribes. The collection was $8.45, and the subscriptions amounted to about $116.

FRESH SPICES.—Nutmegs, Mace, Mustard, White Mustard Seed, Cayenne, White and Black Peppers, Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Allspice, *ground* and *unground*, at Deans' Drug Store.

A Beautiful Remark.

An exchange makes the following beautiful remark:—"As to the fine point, what is news and what is advertising we would say that whenever a 'notice' or 'local' is calculated to prove of peculiary benefit to any individual, such notice or local should most unquestionably be regarded as an advertisement."

New Buildings.

Two other new brick buildings now in course of erection in this village escaped our memory last week. Mr. W. H. Dingman is putting up a neat story-and-a-half residence on Elgin street, east of the Model School, a portion of the village, by the way, which is being rapidly built up. Mr. Jas. Thompson is also erecting a two-story building on the corner of Wellington and St. Lawrence streets which fills a vacancy in that locality. The Madoc House is also to undergo extensive improvements during the next few weeks, Mr. R. Simmons having determined to enlarge it to about double its present capacity. A three story brick addition will be built on the north side, making the frontage on Durham street 66½ feet. Mr. Chas. Fox has the contract, the Messrs. Johnston, of Belleville, doing the brick work, and will have it completed about the 1st of December. The change will no doubt be as pleasing to the public as it will extend the popularity of the house. We propose, as soon as the information can be gleaned, to publish a list of the new buildings and improvements that have been completed in the village within the last couple of years. Those of our readers whose property has undergone a change for the better will confer a favor by furnishing us with the particulars.

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Before proceeding further I must call attention to an error which appeared in your publication of my last letter. Speaking of the Division Court at L'Amable, I was made to say there were nearly two hundred cases, when it should have been only *one* hundred, and as many of your readers suppose that these cases are all from Dungannon and Faraday, it really makes us appear a race of beings compared to whom the ancient Ishmaelites, Huns, or Scythians were a mild and pacific population. It must be borne in mind that this Division Court comprizes the *whole* of the back townships, and that there are only some four or five cases from our municipality at each Court; but I know, Mr. Editor, that there is every excuse for the error, for my letter only arrived at your office a very short time before it was published.

The piece of new road some three miles in length betwixt Umfraville and L'Amable is now finished and open for traffic. I believe, Mr. Editor, you once paid a visit to L'Amable, and you must remember that the Hastings Road for three or four miles north of D. Kavanagh's was fearfully rough, for here it strikes the rocky "back bone" (badly dislocated) of this back country. Avoiding this, Mr. D. Kavanagh, in making the piece of new Hastings Road a short distance north of his house, has turned to the right and made an excellent road which is comparatively level and free of stone, and a marvellous improvement on the old one. A marsh and three swamps are crossed, and here especially the work is of first-class order, all the timber used in the construction being cedar (excepting the most northerly one, which is tamarack). The logs are laid solid, then covered with brush and black muck, and lastly a layer of sand and gravel over all. The work is of a permanent character, and all travellers will feel grateful for the excellent job Mr. Kavanagh has made of it.

Sept. 23rd the bridge over the York Branch opposite P. Kavanagh's was finished. It is a handsome and substantial structure, and Mr. J. Aylsworth, who had the job of building it, with a "just sense of the fitness of things," liberally celebrated the event by giving a supper and ball to the surrounding inhabitants. Proceedings commenced in the evening when a procession was organized, headed by the gang who built the bridge and their cook, "old George," leading a young pet bear they have in their camp, marching to the music of a piccolo and drum (played by J. and T. McCabe) over the bridge and some distance up the Hastings Road. They returned to the bridge where cheers were given for the Queen, Government, &c. At night-fall a huge bonfire was lighted on the north side of the bridge.

A most excellent supper was served by Mr. P. Kavanagh at his house, where the ball also took place, commencing at sunset and being kept up without intermission till sunrise; the house was crowded, upwards of one hundred being present.

Oct. 1st the Agricultural Fair was held at L'Amable. There was a good show of grain, roots, and cattle, and a large attendance, many coming from a considerable distance to attend.

Oct. 2nd a tea-meeting was held under the auspices of the Wesleyan Methodists at their church at York River. Excellent addresses were delivered. The refreshments supplied by the lady committee were of a first-rate description, and a rich treat was afforded to the lovers of music by the excellent manner in which the selections were rendered by the York River choir, assisted by Messrs. Swales, A. Power and others. The meeting was a most successful one, the building being filled to its utmost capacity.

Oct. 4th a new bridge was completed at L'Amable. The bridge and approaches on each side are several feet higher than in the old structure, a change which will be appreciated by every one crossing it. The bridge is an excellent one, forming quite an ornament to L'Amable, and reflects the highest credit on Mr. J. Aylsworth under whose superintendence it was built.

My letter is unusually long, but I must insert one more item. A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers relative to a gigantic pumpkin raised in Manitoba. We can beat it here; Mr. H. Bentley raised one on his farm near the Monk Road, Faraday, measuring 4 feet 5 inches, and weighing 47 pounds.

SYLVANUS.

Faraday, Oct. 6th, 1879.

Any person ordering *THE DAILY* or *WEEKLY MAIL* between this date and the 1st of JANUARY, 1880, and paying one year's subscription, will receive the paper so ordered to the end of 1880.

ADDRESS "THE MAIL," TORONTO.

The Weekly Mail.

THE GREAT *DOLLAR* NEWS-PAPER.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will be sent to any Post Office in Canada or the United States, or to any address in England, Ireland, or Scotland, postage prepaid for

$1.00 PER ANNUM,

or The DAILY MAIL for $6 per Annum.

It is nearly eight years since THE MAIL was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publisher takes pleasure in announcing that THE WEEKLY MAIL has met with a very large measure of success in the year just closed, and that notwithstanding the general depression in business, and the consequent falling off in the circulation of almost every other paper in Canada, THE MAIL, both Daily and Weekly, has made a very great advance.

Special Editors have been engaged for the various Departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper INTERESTING AND RELIABLE.

THE MAIL will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of such additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the Conservative cause. All the old Departments of

Telegraphic News, Political Intelligence, and Editorials

WILL BE CONTINUED WITH UNABATED VIGOR.

During 1880 the following Departments will receive special attention:—

Agriculture in its various branches. Special prominence being given to correspondence from Farmers on Agricultural Subjects. Illustrations will be used wherever they will make the subject clearer or in any way increase the practical value of the letter-press.

Our Market Reports will be a speciality; we will use every means to secure complete reliability. The Market Reports of THE MAIL are noted as the most reliable in Canada.

Our Literary Department will be a leading feature. Stories both short and continued from the pens of the best authors, and in many cases illustrated.

The Ladies' Department, under charge of Ladies of experience, will, we have no doubt, prove an interesting and valuable feature. Fashions, Household, Culinary Matters, the Care of Children, &c., will be included in this department.

Health in the Household, under charge of an able medical man, will add to the value of THE WEEKLY MAIL.

THE CANADIAN FARM ANNUAL FOR 1880,

ILLUSTRATED WITH 140 ENGRAVINGS,

containing valuable information and practical suggestions for the Canadian Farmer, will be presented to every subscriber of THE WEEKLY MAIL.

CONTENTS:

Design for a Handsome Country Residence.—Front view, side view, perspective view, and two plans. Full specifications and descriptions. 8 Engravings.

Two Designs for Cheap Dwelling Houses.—Front views, plans, sections, descriptions and specifications. 8 Engravings.

Design for Country Church with description, &c. 1 Engraving.

Design for Country School House. 3 Engravings.

Fences.—Board and Rail Fences compared, Seasoning, System in Splitting, Laying out the Fence, Post and Rail Fence, Cattle Fence, Post and Board Fence, Slab Fence, Conformation of the Ground, the Fence for the Farm. 34 Engravings.

Wheat.—Soils, Varieties, Preparation of the Soil, Rotation, Fallowing, Manures, Preparing Old Soil, Harrowing, Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Diseases and Enemies, Winter Killing, Smut, Rust, insects, The Midge, The Hessian Fly, The Grain Weevil, &c. 16 Engravings.

Management of Hedges.—Preparing the Soil, Selecting Plants, Cultivation, Underdraining, Cutting Back, Pruning, Laying, &c. 10 Engravings.

Contrivances in Rural Economy.—Bag Holders, Thistle Digger, Horse Cleaner, Wood Carrier, Drawing Posts, Snow Plough, Removing Trees. 10 Engravings.

Garden Insects.—The Onion Fly, the Centipede, Parsnip and Parsley Worm, Flat-backed Centipede, Cut Worm Moth, Striped Flea Beetle, the Garden Flea, Cabbage Moth, Cabbage Aphis, Cucumber Squash Bug, Squash Coccinella, Asparagus Beetle, Tomato Worm, Potato Beetle, Snapping Beetle, Wire Worm. 34 Engravings.

Art Needlework.—12 Engravings.

Besides a quantity of other matter now being prepared.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman. Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut ftee of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house. Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

GODFREY GEBAL,

104 York River P. O.

TIES! TIES!!

50,000 WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,

49-tf. Madoc.

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT.

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!

WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

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THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Preserving Grapes.

One of the desirable things that as yet people in general do not succeed well in doing is to keep grapes so they will be fresh and good the latter part of the winter. One plan is to carefully pluck the stems, and after removing every imperfect berry place them in small boxes, carefully filling up the interstices between the grapes with the baked sawdust of some wood that will not impart an unpleasant flavor to the fruit. The sawdust is made thoroughly dry by drying or baking in ovens. Another plan is to pick the grapes on a dry day and place the fruit in stone jars in layers, care being taken not to break the skin in any instance. Soft dry paper is placed between the layers. Then dig a trench in dry soil, where the water never stands, six or eight inches deeper than the height of the crocks; the crocks are placed therein and covered loosely, so as not to exclude the air, until frost comes. When winter sets in the trench is covered with litter to prevent very hard freezing and not too soon, lest the temperature should not be maintained evenly. The grapes can be taken out at any time before the frost goes out of the ground. By this method grapes have been preserved until even late in the spring. The Chinese method is to take out the inside part of large pumpkins and place the grapes in the chamber thus made and keeping them in a dry, cool temperature.

It has been suggested that the fruit may be kept indefinitely by packing in rye straw cut very fine and keeping in a dry cool room. In all these methods the aim is to maintain an even temperature, rather cool, and at the same time have a good absorbent present to take up any exhalation of moisture.

Improved Seed.

The Royal Agricultural Society, of England offer two prizes of £25 and £10 each for distinctly new varieties of wheat which shall combine the largest yield of grain and straw per acre with improved form and size, smooth and thin skin, full and white kernel, and high specific gravity in the seed, and with bright, firm and stiff straw. One sack must be delivered to the society by each competitor, together with a sample bundle of straw before October next. A portion of each sample will be kept for comparison, and the remainder divided in equal portions, will be cultivated next year in four localities differing in respect of soil and climate. The prizes will be awarded for the best varieties of the crop of 1880 thus cultivated under the society's auspices, if in the opinion of the judges they possess qualities which entitle them to distinction. The produce of the experimental crop of 1880 will be the property of the society, and will be offered first to the competitors who submitted the seed. The society also offers prizes of £25 and £10 for newer and improved varieties of wheat upon the same conditions as those enumerated before, except that the sample sacks shall be delivered by October, 1882, thus giving time for the development of an uniform and permanent variety. There is an example in the above which Agricultural Societies in this country would do well to imitate. As a rule the prizes offered for grain are altogether too small as compared with those given for stock and other articles.

Breeding Grades.

One of the most fatal mistakes in breeding up stock among those who know but little about the correct principles of breeding, is that so long as the sire is better than the dam, the improvement is sure. True enough, but at what cost? At the cost of breeding back to what impure blood the sire contains. This is not all. Suppose we start with two half breed animals, the produce is again a half blood, precisely like that of the sire and dam. Start with a thorough bred and a cold blooded animal, and the produce is a half breed animal. Cross this again with a pure blood and the produce is three-quarters bred. We next cross with a pure blooded sire, which gives a seven-eights bred, the next cross fifteenth-sixteenth, and the cross after, thirty-one thirty seconds of pure blood. The person breeding might have continued breeding indefinitely from his two half bloods without improving his stock. Suppose again the breeder started with cold blooded dams on the one side and a half blood sire on the other, the produce would be but one quarter bred. Following this line it is easy to trace how long it would take to breed up to even a respectable strain of stock. This is not all. The cold blood in the animals predominating the progeny are far more apt to take after this predominant blood than the other. In other words the bad qualities of the ancestors being in excess will be intensified. This will be perpetuated more and more the longer it is persisted in, so the improvement will be scarcely noticed. The gist of the whole matter is simply here. A bull for instance is sufficient, if rightly managed, for a herd of 50 cows. Suppose he costs $100, the increased cost of each calf over and above that of a sire costing $50 is simply the interest on $50 a year, with 10 per cent. on $50 added for deterioration as age grows on the animal. The calves are certainly worth $5 each more than from the inferior bull. It would seem that this was a proposition that should commend itself to every farmer in favor of good breeding. Yet how many look at it in this light, nevertheless this is the only way in which it can be estimated.

Sheep Husbandry.

Colonel Tom. Crutchfield, of Chattanooga, Tenn., in an article written for a work on sheep husbandry, now being prepared by the Commissioner of Agriculture of Tennessee, makes the following suggestions about the care he devotes to his flock: "Annually, at shearing time, I cull my flock, and take out all ewes and lambs that are less perfect in form and fleece, or in any respect inferior, and place them with the sheep, keeping to breed from none but the best. I give my flock good attention. They have access to an open shed, and salt all the time. I change their grazing ground often, and endeavor to keep them in uniform condition, as that makes uniform wool. Any sudden change from a fat to a poor condition, and *vice versa* strengthens or diminishes the fibre of the wool, which detracts greatly from the fibre of the wool, frequently rendering the long wool valueless as combing wool. If the sheep becomes poor when the fleece is about half grown, and then fatted, the wool inevitably tells it, as at that point where the poverty of the sheep is shown, so will it be shown in the wool, being much weaker than the other portions of the fibre grown while the sheep was in good condition; this same cause, as also any other cause from which they may have had fever, will cause them to shed their wool. I have heard it said that the feeding of corn to sheep makes them shed their wool. No doubt it is true—as the corn brought them rapidly from poverty to flesh—the sudden change causing the shedding of wool, which rightfully is attributed to the corn.

Level Culture.

At the beginning of farm-life, in order to learn the most improved methods I employed a first class farmer and gardener, fresh from England. He persisted in a mode of cultivation precisely the reverse of what I had been used to see—allowing the mangels and sugar beets, the corn, potatoes, peas, beans, cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, cabbages, etc., to go without any hilling up. The mangels and sugar beets stood high above the ground, the bulbous parts exposed to the sun, many of the mangels falling over and growing crooked. The part of the cucumbers above ground which I insisted was rather a root than a stem, and should be surrounded by earth, was left entirely exposed to the sun. I thought the sun would parch the roots, and they would break or be injured when they should fall from the upright to a horizontal position. The Englishman would have his way, but agreed I should treat some of each sort of plants my own way. So a *few* of all sorts were hilled up, and fully as well worked in other respects as his, during the season. For a few weeks mine grew as well as his, and the cucumbers, peas, etc., bloomed as early. After one gathering of cucumbers, peas, etc., and the dry season set in, mine perished, while his continued to bloom and bear; and so of the melons. My potatoes made about half a *crop* of small tubers, dug from dry hills. His yielded bounteously of large ones, dug from moist earth, at the same time, in the same field. So with the mangels, sugar beets, etc. The hilled peas beans, etc., fired early in the season and succumbed to the drought. Without this experience, if one had said that hilling up growing plants would kill them, I should have joined the responses of a million farmers, denouncing it as false and contrary to experience, because they did not perish on the day they were hilled up. Ever since I have avoided hilling and ridging about growing plants and cultivated the soil as levelly as possible.—*American Farmer.*

The Barley Crop.

An Oakville grain dealer writes as follows to the Georgetown *Herald* in reference to the barley crop of the present year:

It may not be generally known that the Western States' barley crop of 1879 is a large one—much larger than the crop of 1878; and though it is still an open question how the grain will inspect, yet it is generally conceded as a fact that the "samples," which have been carefully procured, of Western Middle States, and California barley, are superior in color and weight to our Canadian barley. Therefore, the question of the best market for Canadian barley is one of very considerable importance; and in this connection I do not hesitate to give my opinion, which may be followed by any who may deem it of sufficient importance to be benefitted by it. I am of opinion that the English demand for barley in 1879 will supply a market in its range above the American offerings for all our surplus barley; but in order to supply this demand, the Canadian farmer must be in a position to supply the legitimate requirements of the English market, which, in one word, are condition and weight. If your barley is a little stained, no matter, if it is sound and fresh, and will weigh fifty pounds to the bushel, Imperial measure; and should our barley, from a multiplicity of beards and foreign seeds, fall below the weight and standard of sample I have indicated, see to it that the superfluous seeds and dirt are removed, and then rest assured, whether for the English or the American buyers, your barley is prepared to command the highest price.

Smut in Wheat.

California farmers are quite successful in their prevention of smut in seed wheat, and we have recently been put in possession of the formula, through the kindness of one of our leading millers who received the same from a prominent miller of San Francisco. In his letter, which we have been permitted to see, the San Franciscan says: "The Granger's Association here says the proportion of blue-stone (sulphate of copper) to each ton of wheat is ten pounds. The bluestone is dissolved in hot water. The solution is applied in troughs, the wheat being placed therein, and enough of the liquid applied to cover the grain." A farmer told our friend that he had used no proportion, but was guided by his eye. He dissolved enough blue-stone to color the water, so that when looking at the wheat it showed a bluish tinge. "The wheat," to resume our quotation from the letter of the Golden Gate miller, "is exposed to the solution for a few minutes, but care must be taken, after it is removed from the troughs, not to pile it high, for it will readily heat.—*St. Louis Miller.*

American and English Farming.

The last number of the London *Economist* gives an interesting, and, as it would seem, very careful comparison between farming in England and farming in America. In England, one acre yields on an average thirty bushels of wheat, while in America, it yields on an average only thirteen. The American farmer must consequently cultivate two and a half acres in order to produce the same quantity of wheat as the English farmer raises in one acre. How is it then, the paper asks, that the American farmer can, nevertheless, not only compete with the English farmer, but even beat him in his own market? The answer which first presents itself to this question is the enormous difference of rent in England and America, but this difference is, as the paper shows, nearly, if not altogether, obliterated by the cost of transportation from the western fields to the English market. The real advantage which the American farmer has over the English lies in the cheapness of the cultivation. While the American soil needs little, if any manure at all, in order to yield an average harvest year after year, the English farmer must apply a heavy quantity of costly artificial manure to the soil every year, if he simply expects to have an average yield, and a similar cheapness re-appears at nearly every point of the cultivation excepting, perhaps, only that of labor. In the settlements along the Red River in Northern Minnesota a plow may be run through the soft alluvial soil for miles in a straight line without encountering a stone, a tree or a hill, a feature to which England does not offer the faintest approach. So is it also with the Canadian prairies of our great Northwest. —*The Factory and Farm.*

THE LATE DANIEL DREW.

His Long and Eventful Career as a Financial Operator.

[New York Star.]

The sudden death of Mr. Daniel Drew, the veteran Wall street speculator, on Thursday night at the residence of his son, No. 3 East Forty-second street, was the main theme of discussion in financial circles yesterday, and many were the anecdotes told of the peculiarities and eccentricities of "Uncle Daniel," as he was familiarly called. Those who have been acquainted with him for many years state that while he was most exacting as to the terms of a bargain, or took the greatest delight in defeating his opponents in a large or small speculation, he was nevertheless of a philanthropic turn of mind. One case of kindness in particular is told of him. A man named Carraghan was in the habit of driving him in his hack to and from his broker's office. One day Mr. Drew met him on the corner of Broad street and Exchange place, and on hearing that his horse and carriage had been seized for debt, gave him an order for a carriage and team on an uptown livery stable keeper. Mr. Drew had a dialect peculiar to himself, and when speaking to other speculators, who were not well acquainted with his odd expressions, was frequently misunderstood. In pronouncing the word shares he always said "shores," and Erie he pronounced "Eirie."

Mr. Drew was born in 1797. His father, who was in poor circumstances, lived in Carmel, N. Y., and it is doubtful if the boy had even the ordinary advantages of a country school. His first business was that of an itinerant showman. At 19 years of age he embarked in the cattle business, and became known as an honest, efficient and carful manager. About this time he was converted at a revival meeting in the Methodist church in Carmel.

In 1820 he came to this city and established his headquarters at Bull's Head Tavern, which he kept for a while profitably. With others, he began buying cattle in adjacent States and selling them in New York. He often told with pride how he personally drove the first herd of cattle, 200 in number, over the mountains. In 1823 he married. In 1834 the steamer General Jackson, plying between New York and Peekskill, blew up. She was owned by Jacob Vanderbilt, a brother of Cornelius, who at that time held a monopoly of the river trade. A friend, owning the steamboat Water Wich, induced Mr. Drew to invest $1,000 in the establishment of a line in the place of the General Jackson.

Cornelius then built the steamer Cinderella and the rivalry became intense, and fares and freight were so lowered that both parties lost heavily, the Water Witch sinking $10,000 during the season. Vanderbilt joked Drew on his knowledge of the steamboat business, and urged him to withdraw his line, saying it was ruin to them both. This settled Mr. Drew, and in 1835 he put on a steamer of superior build, called the Westchester, to run in rivalry with the Hudson River Line from New York to Albany. Having at this time amassed a large fortune, Mr. Drew entered the banking business, and four years later established the house of Drew, Robinson & Co. He was senior partner and controlling element in it for thirteen years, and retired in the interest of his son-in-law. On the death of this gentleman he resumed his former place, and began his career as a speculator in stocks, dealing largely in them from 1842 until 1876.

For eight years, from 1859, Mr. Drew was the head and front of the Erie Railway. In March, 1860, Erie was quoted at 8 @ 10. Mr. Drew, who held an enormous amount of the stock, by skilful manipulation sent the stock up to 42, at which he sold, realizing nearly ten millions of dollars. In 1874 Adrian Jerome cornered Mr. Drew in Harlem stock, causing him to lose a quarter of a million. In the battle between Vanderbilt and Gould, Drew joined with Gould in the Jersey City campaign against the Commodore but became timid, and compelled a compromise with Vanderbilt. One of his favorite stocks was Toledo and Wabash, on which he lost $500,000. He endeavored to corner Northwestern stock, but he abandoned the project after he had sunk another $500,000.

He rarely invested in solid stocks, but operated enormously in fancies. His fondness for cliques and corners forced him into voluntary bankruptcy in 1876. Soon after the death of his partner, Robinson, Mr Drew transferred a large portion of property to his son, so that he was still a wealthy man, though technically he owned nothing. Mr. Drew always remained a consistent and liberal adherent of the Methodist church. He was a trustee in the Mulberry street church, and also a church near his country home, which he built at a cost of $6,000, and to which he allowed an income of $1,000 a year. To the Drew Seminary he donated $250,000 in one sum, and still continued his benefactions. He was a trustee, patron, and giver in the Concord Biblical Institute, and a trustee in the Troy University. His name was honored as a liberal contributor to every church project.

—A new theological question has been sprung by a colored divine in New Haven. He wanted communion wine, and when asked by the dealer what kind, he answered that "some ob de ladies ob de congregation had desired a preference for gin."

THE OUTLOOK.

[Montreal Journal of Commerce.]

The time seems fairly to have come when not only a sigh of relief but a strong word of encouragement may be uttered. No longer need sanguine expectations be based solely upon questionable hypotheses. There is at least a good substratum of fact whereon to build hopeful anticipations of the return of prosperity, and that at no indefinitely distant day. Whether or not prognostications of such kind be speedily realized may depend largely upon the turn of events yet to become known, one of the chief of which is, the extent to which caution, curtailment and thrift have been taught by the experiences of the past few years. The present, however, is assured; and the assurance given is that the cloud of despondency which has been so long hanging over our business community like a pall has been lifted and removed. A bountiful harvest has been in great part secured, and within the past few days the markets of the world have taken a turn indicating that good prices may be obtained for it. Before yet any of our own crop has been offered for sale, and in face of the fact that it is now on the eve of forwarding to market in rapidly increasing quantities, wheat has taken a sudden rise in Chicago of some 10 cents on a bushel, and a good advance in sympathy and conformity therewith is recorded in our own market. This improvement in price while the crop is still in farmers' hands is most opportune, since it will serve to place money in hands whence it will surely filter through every channel of business occupation, and so widely distribute its tonic effects. Butter and cheese have also taken a sudden leap upward, and though many factories and dairymen have contracted at somewhat below ruling prices, more have refused to do so, and first hands will, as a rule, find the increased prices a direct and unqualified boon.

The state of affairs abroad has furthermore opened up new outlets for our produce, and we are now witnessing the export from this city to the United Kingdom of potatoes, apples, hay and other commodities that have not heretofore found their way in any quantity to a trans-atlantic market. The industry of shipping live stock has also grown apace, and is a source of much profit to the country. Hardware interests, too, are looking up confidently. During the past three weeks advances and increasing activity have been constantly advised from abroad, the improvement there being the reflection of returned prosperity to the United States, who are now again ordering iron manufactures freely from over the sea, and although our own market was for a time sluggish in despite of such news, it is no longer so. Prices here have advanced, orders have increased, and the trade is well pleased with the situation.

These are but a few of the most notable facts pointing to the release of Canadian trade from captivity to depression. Besides these there are the grocery trade, which has been doing a fair business throughout the season; the hide business, which has been done at high and even still advancing prices; and the leather and boot and shoe trades, which are now experiencing a healthy expansive movement; the wool trade, in which growers this season certainly did well; the dealings in flour, fairly active at good prices; the provision trade, apart from or in addition to, butter and cheese, now mending, and so on. The dry goods trade alone seems to be backward in feeling the influence so manifestly at work in general business, but this is only partly the case, for in several quarters we find a better business doing than last year, and doubtless the exceptional instances to the contrary are shortly to disappear, as the product of the harvest finds its way inevitably to the producers and handlers of manufactured goods.

On the stock exchanges of the world it is the custom to speak figuratively of a drop in prices, especially if it take the nature of the panic, as a storm, and hence has arisen the expression, "Take down your umbrellas," which is shouted out whenever there is good appearance of a turn in the tendency of the market. We find this to be a time when the expressive term may properly be put to a wider application, and we are glad to be able to cry out to the commercial community, "Take down your umbrellas!" It would not be prudent, however, to throw them away entirely. Commercial showers will take place from time to time in the future as in the past, and those who do not provide against such contingency deserve to get caught in the rain.

THE HIRED MAN AGAIN.

Heartless Cases of Family Desertion—A Wife and Seven Children Given up for a Sweet Seventeen—An Aldborough Bigamist.

(From the Wardsville Post.)

Our quiet village was thrown into quite a state of excitement on Wednesday last, when it was rumored that Mr. Tiffin (who has hiterto borne an irreproachable character) had left for parts unknown, making, as it was supposed, the fourth candidate for the position of absconder who had left our neighborhood during the last two weeks, and no one supposed for a moment that he had been guilty of the crime that subsequent facts revealed. But we are sorry that it has been proved beyond a doubt that he has left a confiding wife and family of helpless young children and eloped with a Miss Lucinda James, a granddaughter of Mr. James York, of the Longwoods Road, who lives about a mile east of the village. Tiffin has worked as a farm laborer during the summer on Mr. York's farm, and, as usual with farm hands, has boarded with his employer during the day, only going home at nights, and had become quite intimate with the members of the family, by whom he was implicitly trusted, and it is supposed that he and his partner in flight had become attached to one another, as no one connected with the family had the slightest idea that there were anything between them until the *denouement* came, as stated in the former part of this article, on Wednesday last. It seems that on Saturday last he obtained permission from his employer to lay off work for the day for the purpose, as stated by him, of going to see his mother, who resides in the neighborhood of Thamesville. On that day Miss James left home, and not returning at the stipulated time inquiries were made, which resulted in the discovery that she had never been to Newbury; but it has transpired that she left here in company with Tiffin for Newbury, where they took the train for Detroit, from which place a letter was received from her to-day by Mr. York, stating that they would probably be uneasy about her, but to make no search, as she was safe with Tiffin, with whom she would start for British Columbia on the same day as she wrote the letter. Thus the case stands at present and thus have two esteemed families been disgraced—one through the action of one who should have been their their father and guide, and the other through the action of a foolish young girl who will, before many days elapse rue the step she has taken. Tiffin has also betrayed the confidence reposed in him by our business men, as there is not a single one but he is indebted to.

BRADLEY THE ALDBOROUGH BIGAMIST.

Some ten years ago a young man by the name of Bradley came to the township of Aldborough from the county of Waterloo, and having purchased fifty acres of land, settled down to the pursuit of farming in conjunction with shoemaking, which was his trade. Everything looked bright, but still his happiness was not complete; there was something lacking in his humble home; and that something he soon found out was a wife to share his joys and sorrows, to help him stretch the leather, and whom he could confide in when he was in trouble or going to beat a man in a horse trade. In thinking over the list of his friends and acquaintances he decided on a Miss Mills, from his native county of Waterloo, as the person most suitable for him. And after a short courtship the two were made one and the cup of happiness was full to the brim. On their little farm they lived in perfect happiness, she attending to the dairy and he (when not engaged in tilling the soil) pegging away at his last. Here they lived and thrived, and children grew up around them and called them pa and ma, up to the year 1876, when he yearned for the excitement of town life. He sold out his farm and removed to Bothwell, where he worked at his trade, and, as in the old life on the farm, everything thrived and went well with them until some ten days ago, when a lady accompanied with a numerous offspring appeared in that town inquiring for her long-lost husband, who turned out to be Mr. Bradley. He suddenly found out that his lungs were weak, and that the air of Colorado, or some other far off place, would be conducive to a change. So he left between two days, not waiting to embrace his wife No. 1, who, no doubt, would have been glad to see him, and is by this time breathing the invigorating air of Uncle Sam's dominions. And the long absent but now suddenly found wife, finding there was nothing to be made, took herself and children back to the county of Waterloo, where she has waited in vain for the last ten years for her absent lord and master, while wife No. 2, *nee* Miss Mills, sold off all of the property and skipped, like a lamb, after her dear Bradley.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

—Rich chameleon silks in contrasts of olive and gold are revived.

—Gold and silver are wrought into the white brocades used for bridal suits.

—The fancy velvets brought out this season are gorgeous beyond description.

—Thread lace of many colors, has been imported for the use of the milliners.

—Crimson satin sunshades for carriage use are about the size of a dinner plate.

—Opera cloaks of plain white satin are embroidered in white silk raised flowers.

—Rosettes are preferred to loops for fastening the drapery of black silk dresses.

—Waists made with very sharp points are an odd design of French dressmaking.

—The Indian cashmeres, embroidered in gold, cost $20 a yard before imported.

—Velvet and satin made bonnets will only be worn for dress and evening occasions.

—Bonnets of chenille and beads, both in black and in colors, will be worn this season.

—Embroidered and hand-painted silks and satins have extremely dark and subdued grounds.

—Alternate stripes of satin and brocade in Persian colors are much used in draping full dress costumes.

—A speciality is made in black cashmeres for mourning purposes. They come in shades to match crapes.

—Black silver is fashionable, and rubies, emeralds or diamonds set in it have an uncommon lustre.

—Silver bands for the throat are worn in place of necklaces and pendant brooches take the place of scarf-pins.

—Furs are coming back in fashion with reinforcements. Ladies will receive J. Frost in fur robes this coming winter.

—Double court trains, in shape *fac similes* of those worn in the days of Louis XIV., are the style now pronounced *au fait.*

—Cashmere sublime de Nobis is the brand of silk among the black dress silks which is especially a favorite with the ladies.

—Heavily hand-embroidered pattern velvets for draping dresses of plain velvet are exclusive and extreme novelties this fall.

—Natty little sandal strap boots, adorned with cut steel buckles, are designed for street wear as well as dress occasions this season.

—Esquimaux beavers are very jaunty and even stunning in style for those who have the right kind of face and figure to carry them to advantage.

—Napkins with designs stitched in out-line now have companions in table-cloths with landscapes sketched in blue thread. The designs are woven.

—Sealskin will be made into dolmans instead of jackets this year. The garments may be bordered with silver otter and lined with scarlet or old gold.

—Canes and umbrellas in all manner of fancy-designed handles, and from rare and substantial materials, attract the attention of gentlemen at the stores.

—Opalescent beads are used in Paris to trim evening toilettes, and is prophesied that they will be retained throughout the winter for the decoration of fine felts.

—Impeyan birds, beasts and wings are built up in massive piles upon the fashionable hats this fall. Rough fur beaver is one of the materials most in vogue.

—Cut-steel clusters, encircling jet ovals, and squares for fastening loops and bows on hats, and belt pins are new and pretty ornaments, and also inexpensive.

—The newest Parsian note paper has the monogram set on a medallion of dark blue or black paper and pasted on the top of each sheet of paper and surrounded by a gold border.

—Among the ornaments in millinery are cut-steel swallows and humming birds, and also bronze, blue and old gold, changeable combinations in metal clasps and bars.

—Poll parrots, in life size, and looking precisely as if they would scream "Polly wants a cracker" at the sight of the wearer, are perched upon the crowns or brims of hats for promenade wear.

—Bunch flowers are the only kind now in style for adorning dresses or bonnets. Sprays have entirely gone out of date, except in velvet leaves, which are used as pendants for the tremendous sized leaves.

—Infants' slippers are of white, blue and rose-colored kid, fastened with a sandal strap around the ankle, by a button hole and white porcelain button. Little shoes come in the same colors for short cloaks.

—There are forty new tints, but no new colors in the new velvets and velveteens. Novel effects are produced by combinations of dark shades and light tints, and by the union of three gradations of one hue.

—The Marchioness of Lorne is to be the hat of the period for dress occasions. It is in fur beaver, with plush, felt and velvet materials, and will be ornamented according to the use for which it is designed.

—A dust-colored wide-awake, very soft and very furry, is one of the the hats shown for the autumn. It is pinched in at the sides and turned up over the forehead, and a large knot of plush makes the face trimming.

—The new silks have brocaded stripes of two or three colors, or else small shot figures. The stripes are about an inch wide and alternate with pencil lines of twilled satin. These silks will be used for sashes, side panels, or vests.

—The mercedes is the name given to a new style of winter garment, lined with squirrel skin and trimmed with otter, beaver or seal. It is a surplus dolman, circular in shape, and one of the most stylish garments ever imported.

—Dolman mantles and visites, richly trimmed with jilted passementerie, will be the dress wraps for the earlier weeks of the cold season. The regulation wraps will be the paletot and the princess jacket, either single or double breasted.

—"An d'Elien reviere" is the name of a new tint of brown silk. The surface is slightly shot with gold, and the ground is of so dark a brown tint as to suggest the shade of river water flushed with sunset, when perfectly calm and placid.

DEATH OF A WOMAN 103 YEARS OLD.

A Resident of Elgin County for Upwards of Half a Century.

(St. Thomas Times.)

It becomes our province to chronicle in this issue the demise of one of the earliest pioneers of this section in the person of Mrs. Catharine McGregor, relict of the late John McGregor, who expired at the residence of her son Archibald, in North Yarmouth, on Saturday last, 20th inst. The deceased lady was born in Argyleshire, Scotland, in 1777, and had consequently attained her 103 year. She was married to her husband in Scotland, and the couple emigrated to this country in 1829, settling in the township of Southwold, on the McKillop farm. Two years subsequently they removed to North Yarmouth, taking up land in close proximity to the Glen, which was then what may fitly be described as a wilderness. Notwithstanding all the privations and toil incidental to pioneer life which they were compelled to undergo, they accumulated considerable property. Mrs. McGregor proved an excellent helpmate in clearing the farm, and had few equals in the use of the sickle in harvest time—this being the mode of cutting grain in those days. She survived her husband 21 years. The family of the deceased numbered 14, four of whom are still living, two sons and two daughters. She had 42 grandchildren, 122 great grandchildren, and one great great grandchild. It may also be incidentally remarked here that one of her granddaughters was blessed with 19 children, nearly all of whom are still living in the county of Elgin. Throughout life, Mrs. McGregor was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. Rev. K. McDonald, of Belmont, preached an impressive discourse on the occasion of the funeral. The remains were interred in the St. Thomas cemetery on Monday, the hearse being followed by a numerous cortege of friends and relatives.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURES.

[St. John Sun.]

That it was not the *policy* of the late Government to confine their purchases to Canada when Canadians could furnish the goods on equally good terms, is shown by their extraordinarily heavy importations of railway material, even foreign turntables (which could have been purchased at home at lower prices for an equally good article) having been hauled through the streets of St. John while the election campaign was going on! The policy of the present Government is entirely different. The Railway Department has been instructed to buy at home all that it possibly can; and we have seen that iron bridges, instead of being imported, have been made at home; turntables, such as were imported by the Mackenzie Government, have been manufactured at home, with very satisfactory results. For instance: turntables equal in every respect to those imported by the *Telegraph's* friends from Philadelphia, and costing $1,200 to $1,500, were ordered by the present Government from Hazlehurst & Co., costing only $800 each. Since it was known that turntables could be made at home, the Western Counties Railway have ordered five of them from Hazlehurst & Co., and the Eastern Extension Company are also wanting the home made article. Instead of importing iron bridges from Phoenixville the present Government have had them made at home, and in a first-class manner, by Messrs. Fleming & Sons—and their work stand in the valley near the I. C. Railway station at St. John, to speak for itself. In fact the foolish, reckless and unpatriotic expenditures of public money for foreign made articles, which can be produced at home have practically ceased under the present Government.

SCOTTISH NOTES.

On the 7th August, at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, it was reported that there are 513 lodges in active operation, and 69,255 Freemasons "holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland."

Union Terrace Gardens, Aberdeen, were, on the 11th August, formally opened to the public. About £5,000 have been expended in forming the new pleasure ground out of what was formally an ill-conditioned area.

The herring fishery is amazingly productive this year along the shores of the Clyde. The fish are large, fat, and beautiful. During one week lately it was calculated there were 42,000 boxes, each containing 300 herrings landed at Broomielaw.

Not so many tourists visited the West Highlands and Islands during the first half of this as at any corresponding period within the last nine or ten years. Oban is bustling, but not so much so as usual; and there have been but few visitors to Mull.

Mr. F. McQuhae, of Dumfries, has become the owner of two relics of Burns. These are an old fashioned dressing glass, which must have often reflected the image of the poet at Ellisland; and a horn spoon, with which he was in the habit of supping his meridian modicum of "the kale brose of old Scotland," and his allow "halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food," at the gloamin hour.

On the 2nd August there was a large gathering of about 20,000 spectators on Westerton Park, the grounds of Sir James E. Alexander, at the annual Strathallan sports. The programme included 46 competitions, the value of the money prizes amounting to £220. In addition, a number of the Inneskilling dragoons performed some clever feats with the sword and bayonet, single sticks, Indian clubs, and the old English quarter staff. A mock combat between a foot soldier with his gun and bayonet and a lancer on horseback gave great satisfaction.

GOOD ADVICE.

The following is extracted from a letter addressed to John Bright and signed by Donald Ross, of Nova Scotia:

"What would give me immense pleasure, would be that you would direct the unemployed working classes, and the Government to this most providential opening in the great North West. An appeal from you would have great effect. Let the idle ships of war be employed to carry across to Canada your unemployed population, and land them at Halifax or Montreal; and a few days after their arrival on this side, they can be removed to this fertile and unoccupied land. In place of fighting for territory in Africa or in Afghanistan, let the British Government occupy its own vast territories in the North West. The country is there, and all that is wanted is some statesmanlike movement to remove the surplus and starving people of Britain to this North West land, 'flowing,' as it were, with 'milk and honey.'"

"You have been such a consistent champion of Free Trade, that I am afraid my defence of the Canadian tariff will not have much weight with you, but as regards the removal of many thousands of the unemployed poorer classes in Great Britain, free in idle ships of war, to this side of the Atlantic, I am in great hopes you will concur in the appeal which is to be made to the British Government in that direction."

A RESURRECTION ALARM.

Strange Invention on Exhibition at Ottawa.

One of the curiosities of the Exhibition is a resurrection alarm, designed to prevent the possibility of persons apparently dead, but in whom life is not wholly extinct, being buried alive. The inventor is Mr. Kaldemorgen, a German. The coffin, for such it is, is a refrigerator or can be heated or cooled as necessity may require, or a physician direct, and by it a body may be kept for weeks in the house without the least unpleasant smell. A thermometer is placed in the coffin by which to grade the heat, ventilators and tubes are constructed for the absorption of gases arising through evaporation to keep the patient supplied with fresh air. A clock, with a fan, will continuously supply air. The head of the patient can be kept cool while the body and feet can be kept warm, as the physician may deem necessary. By the use of coffin there is no possibility of a body being buried before life is extinct. And it is so constructed that it may be used in the grave and give out the same indications of returning life that would be shown in a room. All that would be necessary to detect these indications would be visits two or three times a day to the cemetery, as life would survive for several days, even in the grave, by the constant stream of fresh air supplied the body through tubes reaching above the surface of the ground. The Professor, who speaks broken English, furnishes any amount of fun for the crowd.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Felix Meier, of Detroit has devoted ten years and $7,000 to the construction of a clock. It is eighteen feet high, 8 broad, and weighs two tons. It has a great variety of automatic devices, but the most remarkable are those connected with the striking of time. At the end of every quarter of an hour an infant in a carved niche strikes with a tiny hammer upon the bell which he holds in his hand. At the end of each half hour a youth strikes. At the end of three-quarters of an hour a man, and at the end of each hour a gray-beard. Death then follows to toll the hour. At the same time a large music box begins to play, and a scene is enacted upon a platform. Washington slowly rises from a chair to his feet, extending his right hand, presenting the Declaration of Independence. The door on the left is opened by a servant, admitting all the Presidents from Washington's time; also *de facto* President Hayes. Each is dressed in the costume of his time, and the likenesses are good. Passing in file before Washington, they face, raise their hands as they approach him, and walking naturally across the platform, disappear through the opposite door, which is promptly closed behind them by a second servant.

FREEMASONRY.

(Montreal Star.)

What is Freemasonry? Does it date from the time of the Temple of Solomon, the Tower of Babel or the Ark of Noah? Were the great mediæval structures of Europe, tremendous even in their ruins, erected by the members of the craft as some claim, or were they, as Maurice de Sully and others almost prove, the work of outsiders. Do we exaggerate its importance or do we underestimate its value? Kings acknowledge its power, princes are its Grand Masters, nobles and peasants make up its rank and file, and the world has become its recruiting field. It has disarmed the enemy on the battle-field and many a life has been spared by its mystic signal of distress. It turneth away wrath more effectually than a kind word and it opens the purse of the penurious when all else has failed. Freemasonry makes friends of strangers, and binds an accidental acquaintance with a bond as unyielding as the grave. The members of the craft girdle the earth, and Freemasonry is a living power all the world over.

BALLOONS FOR WAR PURPOSES.—On the occasion of the inauguration of M. Thiers's statue a balloon ascent was made at Nancy on August 4. The wind was blowing from the west with a velocity of sixteen and a half kilometres an hour, and no variation in the direction was perceptible from the ground to 800 metres. The altitude of the balloon was taken by officers from Maxleville, with a theodolite, and signals were exchanged with the ground during the ascent. The signals were given by the aeronauts with a flag, and by the officers with a reflecting mirror placed in the end of a tube, and mounted as a telescope. The officers directed the rays of the sun on the balloon, and intercepted rays with a key in order to use the Morse alphabet. The distance of Maxleville from the balloon was more than six kilometres, and the signals could be seen at a much greater distance. This shows that in a besieged town a passing balloon could be used for giving orders to, or receiving news from, friendly forces. The system of communication has been invented by one of the officers of the garrison.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Items From All Sources.

—Arkansas is agitated over a man with a horse's head.

—Employment for the mind is what thousands are in need of.

—Eight per cent. of the habitable houses in Glasgow are empty.

—A high agricultural authority estimates the loss on English crops at $125,000,000.

—Divorce is a leading subject of discussion in Paris. Alfred Naquet and Dumas favor it.

—The colossal Corliss engine of Centennial fame now runs the machinery of the Branch Mint in San Francisco.

—The Methodist Conference of southern Illinois, refused to admit a woman as member, although she was pastor of a church.

—There has been a great decline in the adulteration of food in England since the employment of public analysts. Nearly every county now has one.

—A Dunedin, New Zealand, paper records the death of yet another Glasgow Bank victim, a jeweller, who, failing for $340,000, emigrated from Edinburgh.

—It is said that if you strap a man tightly to a large cannon and fire it off the concussion will kill him and death will be painless. Hangmen will please take notice.

—Woodburn S. Pennell thus advertises in Portland, Me.: "Any man or woman selling me one drop of intoxicating liquor on or after this date, I will prosecute to the extent of the law."

—The woes of *Mary Warner*, as presented by Miss Kate Bateman, were augmented in a theatre at Hanley, England, by a stone, which was thrown from the gallery, and struck her in the face.

—Melancholy Barber (with a soul above his business): "I don't get much of a livin' by it, sir!" Customer (through the lather): "Then—you ought—for you scrape—hard enough—for it!"

—Mr. Blore, an architect, from whose designs Abbotsford was built, died lately, aged 89. He had long survived his reputation, and had been entirely eclipsed by Sir Gilbert Scott, who succeeded him as architect to Westminster Abbey.

—A child is to be born next month to the Duchess of Norfolk, who, as Lady Flora Hastings, was wedded last March twelvemonth, at the Brompton Oratory, amid much pomp and circumstance, Lord Beaconsfield being a signing witness, and the Queen being represented by the Princess Louise.

—The munificence of the Duke of Norfolk as a Catholic is wonderful. It is calculated that within the past ten years he has applied over a million dollars to his religion. He has just undertaken to defray the cost of a church at Sheffield, and is about to build another at the east end of London.

—A Yankee and a Mexican disputed at Big Springs, Neb., as to their skill as marksmen. "What can you do with that rifle of yours?" the Yankee sneeringly asked. I can shoot the stone out of that pin on your breast," the Mexican retorted, and did it, incidentally inflicting a mortal wound.

—A Philadelphia lady is the owner of a valuable relic in the shape of a manuscript copy of Wesley's Hyms in the handwriting of the author. The book descended to this lady from her grandfather, to whom it was given in partial payment of a debt by the son of the man who printed the first edition of the hymns.

—Elisha Grimes said in a prayer meeting at Little York, Ind., that he was wholly prepared to die. George Jones called him out of doors a few minutes afterward, and killed him with a knife. It is conjectured that Jones thought Grimes, professing readiness, might as well die at once, for no other motive has been discovered.

—A monster, yellow as orange peel, has spread terror in Berks County, Penn. It has the shape of a human being about 4 feet high; arms with two fingers on each paw, formed like the talons of a chicken; feet without toes; eyes like those of a cat; three crowns on its head about six inches high; body naked and yellow.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*:—"There are two days in the year—the 12th of July and the 15th of August on which rioting occurs somewhere in Ireland with various degrees of violence, but with unchangeable regularity. The occasion of the riot is always the same—a Protestant procession in July, a Roman Catholic procession in August."

—The present theatrical wonder of Paris is "The Black Venus," a play representing the adventures of a traveller in Africa. The quantity and gorgeousness of the costumes and scenery are unprecedented on the stage; but the most striking feature is a caravan, in which more than a hundred African beasts, from the zebra to the elephant, are introduced.

—A young lady at a certain place in Wayne County asked the prayers of the congregation because she could not set eyes upon a certain young man in her neighborhood without feeling as though she must hug him to death. That congregation ought to pray for all they are worth; the bare possibility of such a death is fearful to contemplate.—*Wolcott Independent.*

—John Seigle was driving home from Salem, Minn. A highwayman jumped into the wagon from the rear, pointed a pistol, and said: "Up with your arms." Seigle held up his arms obediently, but simultaneously kicked out with all his might, hitting the robber in the stomach, and tumbling him heels over head to the ground, where he lay insensible until the farmer escaped.

—Zulu oysters are the latest in gastronomic luxury. They typify the Bartle Frere policy, which is to swallow the natives whole—a *quid pro quo*, in evident relation to Cetywayo's proposal to "eat up" the British army! The Zulu King was no worse than the Lord Derby, who declared he would swallow the boiler of the first ship that steamed across the Atlantic.

—Mrs. Davis sold her dwarfed sons to a showman, in Knox county, Ohio, twenty-seven years ago, and has only seen them once since On that occasion, having repented of the bargain she went with a sheriff to recover them; but the showman tucked them under his arms and fled to the woods. They are particularly wanted at home just now to look after some property that has been left for them.

—When any great loss or sudden pain comes unawares upon us we are apt to forget everything else for the time but our own intense suffering. The skies may be as blue and the fields as green as ever, but for us they wear a different hue. The brook, whose bubble over the stones was once music to the ear, has now a mournful sound. Nature sympathizes with our moods, smiling with our joys and mourning with our sorrows.

—An Alabama woman has orginated a novel industry which may prove to be an important and useful one. She strips the down of the feathers of turkeys and other fowls from their quills and weaves it into a thick, soft cloth, which can be dyed any desired color, and out of which most beautiful and comfortable cloaks, sacques, etc., can be made. Her inability to buy herself a sealskin sacque led her to make the experiment.

—The death is announced of Mr. Chapman, the leading entomologist of Scotland, after a lingering illness, accelerated by the failing of the City of Glasgow Bank, of which he was a shareholder. An account of him says: "To Mr. Chapman this world was a paradise of natural wonders; to him about the blackest spot was the religious pretentions which so largely aided to compass the catastrophe which brought him to ruin."

—A short-sighted lover passes the object of his affections upon the street without saluting her, wherefore she takes him to task at their next meeting. "What weight should I attach to your professions?" she says severely; "yesterday I met you on the street, and you passed on without ever looking at me." "Madame," replies the offender gallantly, "if I had stopped to look at you I should never have passed on."

—Without ever making a bet, and in days when the value of stakes was insignificant as compared with the mighty aggregate of Lord Falmouth's winnings during the last three years, Admiral Harcourt retired from the turf with a clear gain of $125,000. The blood of his old Tomboy mare may still be traced in the last volume of the stud book, and it flowed in the veins of Summerside, with whom the late Lord Londesborough won the Oaks in 1859.

—Cardinal Manning, speaking of a Catholic temperance meeting in Liverpool recently, said that in Manchester, Liverpool and London the Teetotal League of the Cross numbered 50,000 of the soberest men in England. Drunkenness was affecting factory hands to such an extent that Americans who had visited England to study the labor question declared that the factory labor of America was more efficient than that of England in consequence of intemperance among English factory operatives.

—The Heathen Chinee is engaged in other business besides polishing the humble washboard in New York City. It seems that in addition to a small army of laundrymen the city can boast of fifty Chinese grocers, twenty tobacconists and ten druggists, with enough Mongolians in other callings to demonstrate the adaptability of the race. As they are said to be satisfied with very small profits, the *Herald* expresses the hope that many of them may turn their attention to plumbing and hack-driving.

The Princess of Wales is described as never more radiant than of late, "not even on the morning, sixteen years ago, when in that jaunty hat and mauve poplin dress she stepped ashore at Gravesend, and afterward rode through London, taking triumphant possession of all our hearts." On a recent occasion she "looked almost as young and quite as charming in a costume of black and white striped silk, and it was easy to see how proud she is of her boys."

—A suicide took place at Paris under very peculiar circumstances. The man, it appears, from a letter found on his corpse, was a devotee to science. The letter runs thus: "I desire that my body be given to the Faculty of Medicine to study. I shoot myself because I am suffering from an incurable disease. In spite of that I am as strong as a horse, and cannot die. Let me be very carefully dissected. I shall afford the doctors a very curious study."

—The original Bleak House, rendered famous by the pen of Charles Dickens, has been burned to the ground. There are many to whom the fact may be new that such a place existed at any time otherwise than in the fertile imagination of the novelist, but Dickens, in nearly every leading feature of his stories, both as to persons and places, painted from real life. Bleak House stood near Islington Green, in the north of London, and was an object of curiosity in the locality.

—Doctors Commons of London, can console itself for the loss of the Emperor Napoleon's will by the possession of that of another hero, Wellington. The Iron Duke's schedule of his last wishes is filled with the wills of Sir Anthony Vandyeke, Inigo Jones, Sir Isaac Newton, Samuel Johnson, Charles Dickens and William Shakespeare, the last consisting of three folio sheets, with the poet's signature to each sheet, and comprising the much discussed bequest of "the second best bed" to his wife.

—The examination of James Morton, of Morton & Co., managers of the New Zealand Land Company and debtors of the Glasgow Bank for $1,5000,000, has brought to light that the bank was kept afloat for years by the renewal and enlargement of its own acceptances, amounting to many millions. The bills thus accepted were in due mercantile form, and purported to be drawn from abroad by firms well known in Scotland against credits granted on securities, the principal negotiator being Mr. Morton, who has contrived to escape inclusion in the criminal proceedings against directors and officers.

—A wonderful electric storm which occurred in the Djebel Feizan, North Africa, last February, was described in a letter from a member of the Rohlfs expedition lately read before the Paris Geographical Society. The air, which was terribly dry, became charged with the sand of the desert, and the electric tension which prevailed manifested itself in many alarming ways. The writer says he could draw electric sparks ten centimetres long from his tent, and his long hair stood stright out from his head in every direction. This particular storm is memorable in Southern Europe for the high wind which characterized it.

—A rather amusing incident was witnessed in the Scarborough, Eng., Aquarium on Thursday morning. The keeper, while engaged in cleaning out the tank occupied by the octopods, was suddenly seized by the leg (fortunately he had sea boots on) by the largest of the octopods, which fastened four of his tentacles round the leg of the boot, and with the other four held firmly on to the rocks forming the back of the tank. A struggle ensued, during which the man found he could disengage himself without killing the animal, and finally hit upon the expedient of slipping out his leg, leaving the boot in the water and beating a retreat. The hungry octopus stuck to the boot for twenty minutes, when it relinquished its hold.

—Two beautiful young men in Lonoke, Ark., procured licenses to marry the same girl on the same day. She lived four miles out of town, and was not considered a coquette. It was a case of "first come, first served." The young man who arrived an hour too late had boasted that no woman in America could jilt him. So the fair Leonora put her wits together to undeceive him, they being engaged at the time. She had but recently formed the acquaintance of the gentleman she subsequently married; and as he made a proposal of marriage, she determined to accept it at their next interview, while she was to have been led to the altar by her first lover—but one hour earlier.

—The noted Dalrymple farm, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, employs 400 men during the present harvest, and would use 600 more but for self-binders. It has 115 self-binding reapers and 20 steam threshers. The farm contains 75,000 more acres in space than the original District of Columbia. Ground was first broken in 1875. This year more than 20,000 acres are in crops. The owner will ship 500,000 bushels of wheat this year to New York at a profit of $180,000. In reaping each machine takes an eight foot sweep and cuts fifteen acres a day. Twenty-one machines work simultaneously on a square mile patch, running one after another.

—A French woman went to Guy's Hospital, London, and offered a round sum for the privilege of marrying a dying man. She is Elanie de Panard, a descendant of Beranger's famous rival in lyric poetry. She was left a fortune of $20,000 by her uncle, a baker on one of the less fashionable boulevards. The money will not be hers until she marries, and as no eligible young man appears, she has been driven to the expedient of marrying a dying man. To that end her friends have applied at several Paris hospitals, but the authorities would not hear of such a death-bed mockery. The case was then presented to Mr. Uthoff, surgeon at Guy's, who was informed that if the dying man was a widower with children, they would be provided for. The offer was refused.

—A studious-looking man arrived at an Iowa county fair with a large and intricate machine, which he unloaded with great care from a wagon. The superintendent asked him what it was, so as to be able to assign it to a proper place among the exhibits. He replied that it was an apparatus for making human beings. "I put the proper amount of bone, muscle, blood, and so on, into this hopper," he continued, "set the wheels in motion, and the result within an hour is a perfect adult man or woman." The only imperfection in his invention, he went on to say, was that the creatures thus made had no souls, but he hoped soon to remedy that. He was allowed to set up the machine, and to explain it to the crowds; but he was unable to get the proper materials for a practical illustration.

—When the amnestied Communists returned to Paris an old lady scrutinized the band without perceiving the face she looked for, "I can't see my poor boy," she said, "he must have fallen ill and remained behind." Here a man of apparently forty stepped before her and accosted her with, "Dear mother, is it possible that you do not recognize me?" She looked at him fixedly. An expression of disappointment passed over a faded face, which had been radiant with hope. No, she did not recognize him; he could not be her son. Eighteen and eight made twenty-six; and she had a grizzly-bearded man before her. When he took off his cap she then saw that she had not to deal with an impostor; but the anguish of mind from which she had just suffered after the hours of prolonged expectation deprived her of all strength of will or of speech. "Have I killed you, darling mother?" said the poor fellow. "Come, cheer up; you know me, don't you?" and he led her, or rather half bore her into the court.

—Once upon a time, when Dumas Pere was short of cash, he wrote to a certain millionaire, asking for the loan of some money for a few months. The letter was an extremely characteristic one, and ended with a charming little rondeau, half jest, half seriousness. Indeed it was such a clever production that the banker sagely concluded that its author was not to be trusted with money, and promptly and curtly declined to make the proposed investment. At dinner that night several of the banker's guests happened to be discussing a recent sale of autographs and mentioned the almost fabulous prices brought by familiar notes of Hugo, Lamartine, Guizot and Gautier. "Do you mean to tell me," said the millionaire, "that things of that sort have any value—money value?" "Certainly they have," replied one of his guests, who was a collector; "a good autograph, such as I have mentioned, is worth its weight in bank bills any day." "How much is this worth?" said the banker, taking Dumas's letter from his pocket. "I'll give you a hundred francs for it this instant," said the collector, with enthusiasm, after reading it. "Done!" said the banker; and, with a pitying smile, he pocketed the money for the letter to which a few hours before he had returned a contemptuous refusal.

CANADIAN NOTES.

On the 12th inst. a girl aged 13 years daughter of Abram Simmons, Thurlow, got her foot caught in the horse power of a threshing machine; the traveller running over it completely smashed the bones of the foot above the instep. Amputation was performed by Dr. Youker, of Stirling, assisting by Dr. Faulkner, of Foxboro, the foot being taken off flush with the ankle, the operation being what is termed in medical works, Chopart's operation, the heel being saved. At last accounts the patient was doing well.

A very critical operation in surgery was recently performed by Drs. Faulkner and Youker, of Sterling, upon the wife of J. Merrick, of the township of Rawdon. It consisted in the removal of a Myalord Tarcorna (tumor) five and a-half pounds in weight from the region of the lumbar vertebræ at the spinous processes. It had undergone some inflammatory action, producing a great amount of constitutional disturbance and even to that extent that a successful issue could not be expected, but it is doing well and quite healed. We might say that this is the third time it has returned, but never as large as the last time. A recurrence of such tumors is quite common

A telegraph office is to be opened at Emerson, Man. The tariff on messages to Winnipeg will be reduced to 25 cents, to St. Vincent 15 cents, and there will be a general reduction on messages from Emerson to all points along the line.

There are good prospects that an agency of the Merchants' Banks in Winnipeg will be opened soon.

Two Windsor women, who had purchased some goods in Detroit and were smuggling them home, were detected at the Windsor ferry wharf Tuesday and the goods were taken from them.

Stanley, Dight & Co., of Lucan, shipped during the last week 800 barrels of flour to the Maritime Provinces. Their mill is running day and night, but cannot half fill orders. They thoroughly approve of the the National Policy, and think it is highly beneficial to both miller and farmer. Their flour is in great demand.

Gananoque children are too many for the school accommodation.

The chief Wesleyan mission station in British Columbia is at Methlakathia, twenty miles distant is Fort Simpson, near which some of the Chimmesyans are settled, and where there is a mission.

The hydraulic claims at Barkerville have been doing well this season. There has been more gold taken out this season than there has been for several years past. Cariboo Rock has of late been yielding well. It assays from $60 to $600 to the ton.

A few days since Frank Schermerhorn, of the township of Blenheim, was burning some brushwood. His little daughter, some six years of age, was with him. Her clothes caught fire, and burnt her so badly that she died the same night. Mr. S., who tore her clothes off, got his hands badly burned.

The Township Council of Chatham has appealed against the assessment of lands and roads in the township made by the assessors of Sombra on the Government drain on side line 15 and 16. Mr. A. McDonnell, of Chatham, is their arbitrator. Mr. Fleck, of Moore, is the arbitrator for Sombra, and Mr. Douglas, barrister, of Chatham, is the third arbitrator.

A Boston man recently sent a consignment of cabbages in barrels to a business man in Halifax, with instructions to have the cabbage counted out immediately on arrival. When the barrels were opened a few thousand cigars were found nicely packed beneath the cabbages. The consignee, not wishing to be a party to defrauding the revenue, as was evidently the intention of the shipper, notified the Customs officials, and the cigars were seized.

James Westby, Sarnia, was met by an Indian named John Cabeyo, the other day, who gave him thirty-four cents and told him to get some whiskey. James took the money and got the whiskey. On Tuesday he was fined by the Mayor and Mr. Houston $50, and was further sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the county jail. After the case had been disposed of the Indian Cabeyo was charged with having liquor in his possession, contrary to the statute. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

A difficulty has arisen in Parkhill between the shareholders and directors of the new elevator, which resulted in the directors closing the elevator and stopping the market. The directors proposed to increase the capital from $2,000 to $3,000, a meeting was held to discuss the matter. The directors in order to bring them to terms closed the elevator. The affair has caused great excitement. The price of wheat has receded on account of Hutchins & Co. being debarred from purchasing.

The most important cases at the Chatham assizes just finished were:—Tolmie vs. Watson—Action of replevin. Verdict for plaintiff, $500, Pegly and Simpson for plaintiff; Macmahon, Q.C., and Scane for defendant. Sustor vs. Irvine—Action for slander. Verdict, $500 for plaintiff. Macmahon, Q. C., and Houston for plaintiff; A. E. Irvine and Pegley for defendant. Morris vs. Reimers—Action on contract. Macmahon, Q. C., and Atkinson for plaintiff, and Douglas and Wilson for defendant. Stands for judgment.

The following gentlemen give notice in the *Ontario Gazette* that they intend to make application to be incorporated as the "Eagle Warehouse Company," the head office to be situated in the village of Eagle, county of Elgin:—Daniel McKillop, farmer, Archibald McKillop, farmer; Daniel Lang, dock owner; John Christopher Schlichauf, manufacturer; Robert Mowbray, farmer; Archibald Graham, farmer; Neil Duncan Campbell, waggonmaker, and John Miller, shoemaker, all of Aldborough.

Mr. Wm. Rogers, blacksmith, of Avonbank, died very suddenly the other day from the bursting of a blood vessel. He was in the act of shoeing a horse, when he felt the shock and straightened himself up; he handed his helper the knife, which he was using, saying that he had burst something. He was immediately taken to his house, near by, and had just time to say farewell to his wife.

While Mr. J. W. Cull, of Mitchell, was pressing a cork into the neck of a bottle which was full of croton oil, the bottle burst and the contents flew into his face blinding him for the time, and causing the most intense pain. Hopes are entertained that his eyesight will be saved.

The customs authorities have refused to pass a quantity of American petroleum recently imported to Annapolis county, N.S., because below standard.

The Reeve and Deputy-Reeve of the township of Mulmur have entered a protest against the legality of the by-law for separation of the county of Dufferin.

Mr. Geo. Watson, of London, has sold and shipped to McGregor, of Winnipeg, the well-known race horse "Warrior." During the past season this animal has been very successful, winning first money in ten cases out of twelve starts, and netting to Mr. Watson about $1,200.

The following are the Government grants to the different Agricultural Societies in the East Riding of Lambton:—Euphemia, $31.48; Brooke, $72.02; Warwick, $116.75; Plympton, $134.94; Bosanquet, $64.44.

Mr. Wm. Stokes, of Petrolia, has been busily engaged for some time past in sinking wells in that locality. He sunk one for Mr. Thos. Donald on his Mandaumin farm, to the depth of 142 feet in one day, but he has lately done much quicker work than this by putting down a well for Mr. P. McVicar, 4th line, Sarnia, to the depth of 115 feet in less than six hours.

The Saskatchewan mail, which has arrived with the latest news from Battleford, shows that there is no truth in the sensational letter from Winnipeg published in the Toronto *Mail* on Sept. 12th respecting the trouble imminent with the Indians of the Northwest. Notwithstanding the failure of the arrival of the treaty money at the various points, the Indians were quiet and accepted the cheques instead.

The latest from the Blackfeet country says there is no buffalo and the Indians are starving, but no threats have been made. They are looking for assistance from the Government.

The crops throughout the Northwest are satisfactory.

—When the present Pope was a Cardinal he cherished the idea of publishing a Catholic journal that should be an organ for his church, and that could be read by all the people of Europe and America in their mother language. Since his elevation to the Pontificate, he has exerted himself to start this newspaper, and now announces that its first number will be issued next month. It will be printed in seven different languages; it will discuss the political and economical questions of the day, and officially represent the opinions of the Holy See. The compositors are to be deaf and dumb pupils in the asylums of Rome. Almonde will be general superintendent, and the Pope is anxious that a Cardinal should be at the head of the editorial department. The novel paper will start with 42,000 subscribers. Very few of this number are Italians.

—I know not which of the twain lifts man higher, genius or gentleness—[Henry Ward Beecher.] No more do we, but we'll back a mule against either.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors.

["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."]

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A RHYME OF THE TIME.

BY NELLIE G. CONE.

Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurky
She didn't know chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She could tell the great-uncle of Moses,
And the dates of the Wars of the Roses,
And the reasons of things,—why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses!

Why Shakspere was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahma,"
And she went chipping rocks with a little black box
And a small geological hammer!

She had views upon co-education
And the principal needs of the nation,
And her stanzas were blue, and the number she knew
Of the stars in each high constellation.

And she wrote in a hand-writing clerky,
And she talked with an emphasis jerky,
And she painted on tiles in the sweete styles;
But she didn't know chicken from turkey!
—*Scribner's Bric-a-brac.*

HOLMBY HOUSE.

And the Cavaliers, if they were "lads that loved the moon," loved her not so much for the peaceful and poetic thoughts that she inspired, as for the assistance afforded by her light to those homeward-bound wassailers who had been vindicating their loyalty by drinking deeply to the King's health, and to the detriment of their own. Ere Humphrey was half way home to his lodging he was arrested by the sounds of revelry and good fellowship issuing from the portals of a venerable edifice, where dwelt a grave and portly Churchman, now the courteous host of wild Lord Goring, and for whom the reckless guest professed and entertained the profoundest respect, because, to use his own words, "the Doctor could drink like a trooper and behave like a King, besides being a thorough master of his own profession, of which," quoth Goring, "I do not pretend to be so good a judge." His lordship was even now at the height of his revelry, and was trilling forth in his rich sweet voice, unimpaired by all his vices, a jingling Cavalier melody, in the chorus of which the worthy Doctor's deep bass predominated, and to which, preoccupied as he was, Humphrey could not refrain from stopping to listen:—

Ho! fill me a flagon as deep as you please,
Ho; pledge me the health that we quaff on our knees;
And the knave who refuses to drink till he fall,
Why the hangman shall crop him—ears, lovelocks, and all.
Then a halter we'll string,
And the rebel shall swing,
For the gallants of England are up for the King!

Ho! saddle my horses as quick as you may,
The sorrel, the black, and the white-footed bay;
The troop shall be mustered, the trumpets shall peal,
And the Roundheads shall taste of the Cavalier's steel.
For the little birds sing
"There are hawks on the wing
When the gallants of England are up for the King!"

Ho! fling me my beaver, and toss me my glove;
That but yesterday clung to the hand of my love,
To be bound on my crest—to be born in the van,
And the rebel that reaps it must fight like a man!
For the sabre shall swing,
And the head-pieces ring,
When the gallants of England strike home for the King.

Ho! crush me a cup to the queen of my heart;
Ho! fill me a brimmer, the last ere we part;
A health to Prince Rupert! Success and renown!
To the dogs with the Commons! and up with the Crown.
Then the stirrup-cup bring,
Quaff it round in a ring!
To your horses! and ride to the death for the King!

And as they shouted the concluding verses a party of five or six riotous Cavaliers emerged arm-in-arm from the deep archway of the gate opposite to where Humphrey stood. They were whooping, laughing, and jesting; and although they had left their worthy entertainer staid and sober as became a Churchman, were themselves more than half drunk. Goring had lighted a torch, and with mock gravity was brandishing it in the moonlight, as he said, to see "what sort of night it was." Wild Tom Lunsford, leaning on his long sheathed rapier, which bent and swayed beneath his weight, was ranting out some playhouse verses in praise of "Cynthia's mellow light;" and Black Will Scarthe, the fiercest of partisans and most savage of *condottieri*, was rocking himself to and fro against the wall, muttering fearful imprecations and vowing a deathless vengeance on some person or persons unknown, mingled with expressions of fervent admiration and undying regard for young Lord Francis Villiers, whom by some strange perversion of his drunken brain he persisted in addressing as Prince Rupert, and clothing in the attributes and endowments of that distinguished leader. Lord Francis laughed till his sides ached.

"Take him away, George," said the young nobleman to Goring, "or he will be the death of me. Why, Will?—Black Will!—does not know thy friends from thy foes, man? Here be I, thy sworn comrade and companion for these three hours past, and thou canst mistake me for the Prince Palatine; he who would have tried thee at Edgehill for cowardice and hanged thee at Lansdowne for plunder. For shame, man, for shame!"

Black Will scowled fearfully, and his right hand closed involuntarily on the hilt of his rapier; but drunk as he was, he knew he must pay the penalty of associating with his betters, and submit if necessary to be their butt. So, although he winced and ground his teeth, he ventured on no open demonstrations of resentment, even when Goring aimed another shaft at him tipped with the venom of truth, and bid him remember the woman whose ear rings he tore from her head in the Low Countries.

"Fore George, Will, thou hadst a narrow escape that time of the riding-school and the strappado! Had she gone with her complaint to Monk instead of me, thou hadst been sped—he would have hanged thee to the nearest tree; and had she been a likely wench, Will, even I must have seen justice done, and the halberds up. But she was a swarthy quean, black-browned and ill-favored as Will himself, my lads! So we buckled to, and the Stadtholder's drunken chaplain married them; and she followed the army as Dame Scarthe, and Will had the ear-rings for a marriage portion, and he never got rid of her till we lost all our baggage at Breda; and she kicked Will out and took the command of the enemy's 'woman troop.' Egad, she was the veriest Tartar of them all! And thou wast not over sorry to be free once more, Will, for i'faith she was thy master!"

"At least, General, she was never thy mistress," answered Will, with a sneer and a savage scowl; "and that is more than can be boasted of many a daintier dame that rode a pillion in the rear of our troop. But enough said my masters. Look you here—a sail, a sail!" And Black Will as he spoke staggered to his legs, and pointed to a white dress flitting rapidly away in the distance, accompanied by the tall dark figure of a man; and signing to his companions to follow him, proceeded rapidly in chase, though with wavering and uncertain steps.

"Let them go," said Lord Francis, in whom, drunk or sober, the instincts of a gentleman predominated. "'Tis a lady from the court or an honest citizen's wife at the least. If thou layest a hand on her, Will, I will cudgel the soul out of thee, by all the gods of love and war!"

"After midnight, my lord," laughed out Tom Lunsford, recently returned from his imprisonment amongst the Puritans, and mad with delight to find himself once more surrounded by congenial spirits, wicked and reckless as his own, "after midnight every sail's a prize! Black Will has not been on the Spanish Main for nothing, and he knows buccaneer's law better than his prayers. Down with the bunting! up with the hatches!—share and share alike, and no quarter!"

"Then here goes to be first aboard the prize!" exclaimed Goring, limping nimbly along despite his lameness, and waiving the rest on as he was used to waive his troopers forward in a charge, with shout and jeer, and strange, quaint, fearful oaths. The other Cavaliers whooped and laughed in the spirit of the jest, pushing and bantering each other as they hurried on in full pursuit of the rapidly retreating chase, making such way, notwithstanding reeling steps and singing brains, as promised soon to bring them alongside.

Meantime, pale and sick, her little heart beating fast against the arm of her protector, her knees knocking together, and her limbs failing at her need, the frightened woman, no other than our old acquaintance Faith, tripped rapidly on. She was returning from her nightly duties with her mistress to her own lodging in another street, and escorted by her faithful cavalier, the imperturbable Dymocke, had enjoyed and perhaps prolonged her moonlight walk to an unjustifiable extent. A moment ago she had been expatiating to her admirer on the beauties of Oxford, and the bewitching delights of a town; now she would have given all she possessed to be safe back at quiet Boughton, or anywhere else in the world out of hearing of those alarming footsteps. Like the hare closely pursued by the noisy pack, her heart sank within her, and her natural impulse was to sit down in despair and give in. The poor girl said as much as she clung closer and closer to the tall spare form against which she leaned.

Dymocke was staunch to the backbone. "Don't leave go of my belt," said he, grasping a goodly oak cudgel, the only weapon he had with him, in his brown bony hand, and preparing, with his usual grave demeanor, for a tough resistance. "Keep you behind me, my lass; and if it's wild Lord Goring himself, or the devil, whose servant he is, I'll ring twelve o'clock on his pate if he offers to lay a finger on you. Only don't ye leave go of my belt."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the foremost of their pursuers came alongside.

"By your leave, kind madam," said a soft sweet voice, in the gentle accents of a courtier, while a white hand, adorned with a rich lace ruffle, unceremoniously lifted the veil which covered Faith's drooping head; and a perfumed moustache and good-looking face, somewhat flushed with wine, approached closely to her own, with the evident purpose of stealing a kiss. Dymocke's cudgel was aloft in an instant, but ere it could come down, Goring's quick eye had caught the movement, and his ready hand seized the uplifted wrist, and grappling with Faith's defender, he sought to trip him up with one of those tricks of wrestling which give the initiated such advantage in a personal conflict. The nobleman had, however, met with his match. Dymocke's tall, wiry person was toughened by constant exercise into the consistency of steel; and while his length of limb gave him every facility for performing all feats of skill and agility, his extraordinary coolness of temper enabled him to detect the slightest weakness on the part of his adversary, and make ready use of it for his own benefit.

They had scarcely closed ere Goring measured his length upon the pavement; and though he regained his feet in an instant, that instant had sufficed to place Dymocke, with the uplifted cudgel, once more upon his guard.

Goring's smile was not pleasant to look upon as his right hand stole towards his sword. In another moment the wicked blade was flashing in the moonlight, winding under the guard of honest Dymocke's cudgel with quick glittering passes, all athirst for blood; at the same time a blow from Tom Lunsford's sheathed sword on the back of the serving-man's head somewhat stunned him; while Black Will Scarthe, winding his arm round poor Faith's waist, strove to detach her by main force from her protector, to whose person she clung with a tenacity that much impeded his efforts for their mutual defence. The other Cavaliers stood around, laughing and shouting, and laying wagers on the event of the skirmish.

'Fair play!' cried Lord Francis; 'two to one is no even match. Give the knave a sword, some one: or do you, Goring, borrow my riding-wand!'

'Hand us over the wench,' exclaimed another; 'she does but hamper her man; and cold steel is an ugly neighbor for bodice and pinners.'

"Take her away from Black Will," laughed a third. "Look how she trembles, like a dove in the clutch of a night-hawk."

"A rescue! a rescue!" shouted a fourth; "here comes a heron for the hawk. 'Ware beak and talons, general, this is one of your high-flyers, and he'll soar his pitch before he has done with you, I'll warrant him!"

Even as he spoke, Humphrey Bosville, who in the outraged couple had recognised his own and Mistress Allonby's attendant, strode up, pale and breathless, his blood boiling with indignation, and all the soft feelings that had so lately pervaded his being turned to fierce and ungovernable wrath. Tearing away a good yard of Flanders lace as he seized him by the collar, with one turn of his wrist he put Black Will down on his back in the kennel as if he had been shot. Giving Lunsford at the same time the benefit of a push from his muscular shoulder that sent the tipsy, laughing Cavalier staggering into the middle of the street, he confronted Goring with scowling brows and flashing eyes, and bade him put up his sword for shame, drawn as it was against an unarmed man.

"I claim the quarrel for myself, my lord," he exclaimed, "whatever it may be. This man is my servant, this damsel belongs to the household of Sir Giles Allonby. Gentlemen, I take you all to witness! Lord Goring has put an affront on me that I am compelled to resent.'

With these words, he stepped quietly up to the astonished nobleman, who had now sheathed his rapier, and was listening to him with his usual air of amused nonchalance, and drawing his glove from his left hand, smote Goring gently with it across the cheek; then erect and defiant, stood with his hand upon the guard of his sword, as if ready to draw and encounter the violence he had provoked.

'Gentlemen, dear gentlemen! for the love of Heaven!' pleaded poor Faith, now fairly frightened into tears. 'Oh Captain Bosville, I entreat you, sir. The gentleman meant no harm. It was an accident; nothing but an accident from beginning to end!'

Faith was sufficiently a woman to feel very uncomfortable when fairly engaged in a broil, however ready she might be to enter upon its commencement; and although she little thought to what ulterior disturbances the admiration she had excited might lead her intuitive tact told her that there was danger in the Captain's flushed brow, and mischief in Goring's pale, smiling face.

He kept his temper beautifully: he always kept his temper when he was *really* angry, that bold, bad man. Saving that his cheek was a shade paler, while the well-known smile deepened the furrows round his mouth, and that he caressed his sleek moustache with one white hand, even his old associate, Tom Lunsford, could not have told that aught had occurred to ruffle the general's equanimity, or that there was *murder* lurking beneath that passionless exterior.

"This is no case for chance medley, Captain Bosville!" he remarked, in quiet and studiedly polite tones; "no offence that can be wiped out in a couple of passes, with a buff-coat on for defence, and perhaps a scratch on the arm for satisfaction. Are you aware that a file of musketeers and ten yards is the punishment for mutiny in the Royal army? are you aware that you struck your superior officer?"

"I am aware that I have been insulted by a *gentleman*, and resented it as becomes a Cavalier," was the bold and unhesitating reply. Such an answer was a conclusive argument in the days of which we write. Fairfax, Cromwell, Monk, some few of the Parliamentary generals, might have deemed their position excluded them from the duty of carelessly risking their lives on a point of honor; but perhaps there was hardly an officer of the Royal army who would not have felt, like Goring, that in a case of private brawl it was incumbent on him to waive all considerations of relative rank and military discipline; to take and give that irrational and, after all, inconclusive satisfaction which the ordeal by battle affords.

And yet there are many arguments to be urged by the advocates of duelling, which, in an imperfect state of society, it is difficult to refute. The practice has come down to us from the days of chivalry, when, in the absence of wholesome legal restraint, of an irresponsible tribunal to which to appeal, the God of battles was called upon to arbitrate between man and man, to vindicate the oppressed in the person of a champion, and to teach the oppressor, though backed by scores of warriors sheathed in steel, that his own good sword and his own right hand alone could avail him in his quarrel. The combat, *à l'outrance*, was in those days the representative of justice and the laws. It was never disputed that, upon the same principle by which nations were justified in going to war to protect their honor or their rights, private individuals might avenge their insults and redress their wrongs. Shriven by priest, and armed by squire, the champion rode into the lists, strong in his own rectitude and the justice of his cause. He had no morbid fear of bloodshed, no shrinking horror of death as the *worst* evil that can befall that compound of body and soul which we call man. If he had less reason than his descendant of the present day, he had more faith; which is the nobler quality of the two? The former can scarcely compute time, the latter boldly grasps eternity. So he clasped his iron visor down, and laid his lance in rest, and the marshal of the lists bade him good speed with the solemn adjuration, "God defend the right." But now we have the law to redress our wrongs, and public opinion to avenge our insults. Well, if it were really so. If there were not many a mortal stab aimed at the defenceless, of which no legal tribunal can take any cognizance, many a deep and lasting injury inflicted, for which public opinion offers no salve or compensation, wounds dealt with a poisoned weapon, which spread and throb and fester, and of which the world and its laws take neither notice nor account. Where is the ordeal by battle, then? "Why," we are tempted to exclaim in our agony, "why can we not have it out, man for man, as nature's first law, the law of self-defence, would seem to prompt?" Policy, expediency, a high state of civilization, the inadequacy of the redress, the chances of the conflict, all these are empty terms, signifying nothing; they do not in the least affect the combative impulse inherent in man. There is but one good reason, and that a conclusive one. If God hath said "thou shalt not kill," we must beware how we presume to interpret his command to suit our own views. The question becomes one, not of morality, but religion; not of policy, but salvation. Hard is the struggle, bitter is the victory. God help him who has to encounter the one and win the other. And God will help him who makes His law the standard of his actions and the guide of his own rebellious heart.

"Well crowed!" remarked Goring aside to Lunsford, by no means displeased to find his antagonist thus disposed for combat, and involuntarily owning that respect for courage which is felt and acknowledged by every brave man, and that Goring was brave as his sword none will be found to deny. "Well crowed, indeed," he repeated. "Captain Bosville, I should be sorry to baulk you; Sir Thomas Lunsford has the length of my weapon; he lodges over against the tall old gates yonder. By the way, there is an absurd order about duelling, which will oblige us to go a mile or so outside the town. I told Crispe how it would be if he took the liberty of running Fred Aunion through the body within the precincts. 'Gad, the King would have shot him if we could have done without our useful 'Nick.' We must not fall into the same trap, Captain Bosville. Tom Lunsford shall inform your friend of the place, and for time, suppose we say to-morrow morning, or rather this morning at daybreak. Fair damsel, I kiss your hands" (to Faith, who was hovering white and trembling on the skirts of the conversation); "Capt Bosville, my service to you. Tom, I shall run him through the brisket as sure as he wears boots" (aside to his friend); and with a courtly bow of his plumed hat, and a pleasant laugh, Goring strode off on the arm of Sir Thomas Lunsford, leaving Humphrey standing as it were, transfixed at the extraordinary coolness and carelessness of his formidable antagonist.

Whilst they proceed to the lodgings alluded to, opposite the great gates, there to discuss their future measures over a posset of burnt sack and a pipe of true Virginian tobacco, we will accompany Bosville to the apartment of his comrade, Effingham, on whose assistance he seemed instinctively to rely, and to whose friendship in any matter of real danger or difficulty he had never trusted in vain. Late as was the hour, Effingham had not yet returned to his lodging, and it was with a feeling of impatience and annoyance which none but those who have been similarly situated can appreciate, that Humphrey sat him down on a hard high-backed chair to beguile the moments till his host's arrival with a dry discourse on cavalry tactics, the only literature the soldier's quarters afforded, and his own pleasant reflections on the scrape into which his chivalry had led him, and the dangerous enemy he had provoked, matter sufficient for grave cogitation, yet through it all there ran a golden thread of dreamy contentment, in the thought of Mary's fair bewitching face.

CHAPTER XIII.

'FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

And where was George Effingham? The man of the sword, the upholder of tyranny, the confirmed malignant, an officer in the very army of Belial, a lost sheep, a brand deserving of the burning, a sinner in the last extremity of reprobation, for whom there was neither hope nor pity? Where had he spent his evening, that strange, dark, enthusiastic man? Let us follow his footsteps after he bade Humphrey farewell, when the latter was on his way to Merton College, and discover what startling scenes, what contrasts of life, and morals, and manners, and even men, loyal Oxford can afford.

With a stealthier step than usual, and many a backward glance, strangely at variance with his wonted bold, frank bearing, Effingham strode swiftly along the most unfrequented streets and narrowest lanes of the fair old town, nor did he slacken his pace or stop to acknowledge the greeting of friend or comrade, till he found himself in front of a low, dismal habitation, adorned with a heavy frowning porch, and a door ominously clamped and fastened with iron. Descending three very dirty steps, he pushed open the door, which gave way at once, and entered a small dingy apartment, to which a bare counter and a pair of rusty scales alone seemed to affix the character of a shop. An ill-favored woman presided over the former, and to Effingham's mysterious inquiry, "Are the children gathered?" returned the equally mysterious reply, "Even so, thou sojourner by the way, and there is water even in Zin for the children of the congregation?" This appeared sufficient reason for the cavalier officer to proceed, so passing through the shop, he traversed another door of equal strength and thickness, and descending a winding flight of steps, found himself in a roomy vault or cellar, supported upon strong massive arches, and lighted by the gloomy flicker of a few scattered torches, fixed at intervals in the damp reeking walls.

The vault was full, nay, crowded to the very steps, down which the Cavalier made his way; and though the contrast afforded by his gay habiliments with the sombre garb of those around him was sufficiently striking to excite remark, his arrival seemed to provoke no more attention than a momentary stir, and as it were, a buzz of approbation amongst the assemblage.

They were no weak enthusiasts, no empty fanatics, no vacillating casuists, those men of iron gathered together in that dark vault, and now absorbed in prayer. 'Tis a strange compound, that Anglo-Saxon constitution, of which a dogged tenacity, an unconquerable fixedness of purpose, constitutes so essential an element. In all relations of life, in all climes, under all circumstances in war, trade, art, or mechanics, it wrests for itself the premium of success, and even religion, which softens the human character as it exalts the intellectual and diviner part of man, which tempers the wayward will and subdues the mutinous heart, fusing the moral being into one harmonious whole, doth not totally eradicate that unbending fixedness of purpose to which, under Providence, it owes its present purity, and the veneration with which it is upheld by our determined countrymen.

The flaring torches reddened many a bold and thoughtful brow amongst those who now turned to scan Effingham, with an eager yet satisfied gaze. As his foot reached the lowest step his hand rested on the shoulder of one whose quiet smile, as he assisted the Cavalier's slight stumble, and whose Scriptural admonition to "take heed lest he fall," were characteristic of the confidence and self-dependence of his party, a confidence based upon things not of this world, a self-dependence peculiar to those who are persuaded that "God is on their side."

He was a low square-built man, with wide shoulders and deep chest, and all the appearance of physical strength, without which solid foundation the finest moral structure is too apt to crumble to the ground. His wide forehead, prominent about the temples, from which the thin iron-grey hair receded daily more and more, denoted that ideal organization which can derive from *belief* as full a satisfaction as coarser natures can from *knowledge*, whilst the broad cheek and firm wide jaw could only belong to one whose unconquerable resolution would prompt him to suffer for the right, ay, even unto death, without yielding a hair's-breadth of his tenets, or giving way an inch in his argument. His deep-set eyes of light grey, shaded beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows, glittered in the torchlight with a ray of enthusiasm such as those alone experience who live more in the inner than the outer life, and his smile as he greeted Effingham was calm, and even melancholy, as that of one who had done with the empty vanities of the world, but paid his attribute to its courtesies, as one who rendered, though somewhat grudgingly, "unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's."

He was dressed in a suit of the darkest hue, and simplest cut, with high riding-boots drawn midway up his leg; his narrow band was of the plainest and coarsest linen, and he wore neither lace neckerchief nor ruffles, nor any such vanities, to relieve the sameness of his attire. A strong buff belt, however, about his waist contained a pair of serviceable pistols, and a long straight cut-and-thrust sword completed the equipment of one who was never unwilling to carry out the promptings of the spirit with the arm of the flesh. A black skull-cap sat close round his head, the closer that, in accordance with an inhuman decree of the Star Chamber, he had lost both his ears, and the contemptuous epithets applied to his party by the Cavaliers bore with him a cruelly-appropriate signification. It was an ignoble punishment, and yet who can withhold admiration from the Spartan constancy of the martyr? A shouting populace, ready as the "many-headed monster thing" ever is to heap obloquy and insult on those delivered over to its tender mercies, pelts with rotten eggs and dead cats, and other filthy missiles, the helpless sufferer who has been subjected to the pillory for his political opinions. Does it exact no resolution, no constancy, none of that British quality for which we have no other word than *pluck*, to sustain the jeers, the violence, the aggravated insults of a mob? Yet the victim never quails nor winces. Erect and defiant he faces them all, and faces them the more creditably that his position is, to say the least of it, ridiculous as well as painful. So the officers of justice release him from the pillory, to usher him up a flight of steps on to a wooden stage, where stands a brazier, a table with a volume lying lying thereon, and an ominous-looking figure in a mask, armed with a long knife. Here must he recant his heresies, burn with his own hands the book he has written to support them, or sustain the full amount of punishment awarded for his misdemeanor by the collective wisdom of Church and State. Again the light gleams from his eye, the inner light that in the infancy of faith illumined the face of Stephen "as it had been the face of an angel." Again the head is reared erect, and a proud refusal hurled in the very teeth of judges and executioner. What though the quivering hand must be branded, and the cruel red-hot iron seethe and scorch into the hissing flesh? Not a groan escapes the martyr, and he raises the mutilated member as a testimony in the face of earth and heaven. But the penalty is not yet exacted—the sickening ceremony not yet over; merciless as the Red Man's tomahawk, the bright steel flashes round his head. The red blood flows free and fast, and a punishment degrading but for the offence of which it is the award, concludes, amidst the shudders and disgust of the spectators, moved from their previous brutality by the courage and constancy of the determined sufferer.

Such an ordeal had Effingham's neighbor but lately undergone. Who shall say that forgiveness for his enemies formed one of the petitions he seemed so fervently and abstractedly to offer up?

He was a specimen of the highest order of those enthusiasts who, under the progressive denominations of Independents, Brownists and Fifth-Monarchy Men, deluged England with blood for conscience' sake, and eventually by their fanaticism effected the Restoration of that very dynasty which they deemed synonymous with Antichrist and sin.

All fanatics, however, were not necessarily martyrs, nor indeed by any means willing to become so. Another step as he shifted his position brought Effingham in contact with a worthy of a far different calibre, and one whose outward demeanor, as it savoured of the extreme of sanctity, was but little in character, to use his own favorite expression, with the "carnal self-seeking of the inner man." He was a fat, unctuous looking personage, with a broad flat face, to which the lank shining hair was plastered with grave precision, and on the surface of which a stereotyped expression of hypocritical gravity accorded ill with the humorous twinkle of the eye and the sensual curve of the thick full lip. Though his garments were of the darkest color and the plainest workmanship, they fitted closely round a plump well-fed figure such as argued no mean appreciation of the good things of this world; and while, in accordance with the exigencies of the times, he wore a long straight sword in his belt, the weapon was dull and badly cleaned; and balanced on the other side by a huge clasped bible, hung with no small amount of ostentation, and continually referred to on the most trivial occasions by the wearer.

Sanctimonious in his demeanor, wresting the words of Scripture to the meanest and most practical affairs of daily life, his religion was but a cloak of convenience and affectation, under which a course of self indulgence could be carried on with the greater security and satisfaction. A man of peace by profession, his calling absolved him from the dangers of bearing arms in the civil war; a man of God, as he impiously termed himself, his assumed sanctity forbade suspicion and remark. One of the elect in his own estimation, he could indulge his sensual vices unchecked, and, as he strove to persuade himself, unpunished; and lastly, though but an atom in his own proper person, as a component part of that mighty body which was then shaking England to her very foundations, he enjoyed a sense of power and self-aggrandizement inexpressibly dear to the aspiring vanity of a selfish and ignoble nature.

Such were the extreme types of the Puritan party, and of every shade and grade between the two—from the high devoted martyr to the base and cowardly hypocrite—was that powerful faction constituted which overturned the dynasty of the Stuarts, which recruited Cromwell's Ironsides, and sent its dogged representatives to the Rump Parliament, which raised the son of a Lincolnshire grazier to the throne of Britain, and then, bursting asunder like a shell from its own internal violence, after fulfilling its deadly mission, and shedding rivers of the best and noblest blood in England, recalled the son of the very sovereign whose head it had taken on the block, and handed over the country whose liberties it had saved to the mal-administration of a good-natured profligate who inherited not one of the high and generous qualities that had cost his misguided father life and crown.

Effingham's entrance, we have said, caused a momentary stir and excitement amongst the congregation, but it soon relapsed into the deep and mystical silence which had prevaded it before his arrival. To all appearance the members were absorbed in inward prayer, and an occasional sigh or broken interjection of more than common vehemence denoted the strength and fervency of their devotions. There were no women present, and the general aspect of the men was stern, preoccupied, and forbidding; yet the Cavalier officer could not but remark that a feeling of deep though unexpressed satisfaction prevaded every countenance when a loud sonorous cough and the rustling of a Bible's leaves heralded the principal event of the meeting—a discourse upon those topics of religion which, when mingled together, afford such stimulating food to the appetites of those who hunger for excitement as for their daily bread. How strange it is, how suggestive of man's fallen state, how disheartening, how humiliating, to reflect that meek-eyed religion—she whose "ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace"—should so often have been perverted to excite the worst and fiercest passions of our nature, should have been made the mask of vice and the cloak of cruelty, should have been so disguised as to lead her votaries to the commission of nearly every crime that can most degrade and brutalize a man! A few of the oldest and gravest of the assemblage now cleared a space around a high-backed chair which had hitherto stood unoccupied, and a pale thin man, on whose brow the sweat stood in large drops, and whose attenuated features seemed wasted with the inner workings of the spirit, whilst his glittering eye assumed a wild gleam not far removed from insanity, mounted this temporary pulpit and looked proudly around him with the commanding air of an orator who is sure of his own powers and the favorable attention of his audience. The light from a neighboring torch gleamed upon Caryl's high pale forehead, and brought into bold relief the intellectual cast of his head and face, and the contour of his spare nervous figure, while the deep cavernous eyes flashed out from their recesses with a brilliancy that had in it something more than human. Careless, almost squalid in his attire, no weapon of fleshly warfare glittered by his side; but those white trembling fingers clasped the holy book with an energy and a grasp that seemed to say, "this is my sword and my shield, my helmet and my breastplate, the weapon with which I can smite or heal, can destroy or save, can confound an army or hurl a sovereign from his throne;" and while he turned over its leaves with rapid and nervous eagerness, a deep "hum" of satisfaction and approval resounded from the grim, stern, defiant casuists that constituted his audience.

For a minute or so he stood erect, his eyes closed, his lips set tight, but the muscles of his face twitching and working with the strength of his emotions, as he wrapped his soul in the garments silent and enthusiastic prayer; then swooping from his high-wrought pitch and pouncing as it were on a text from the holy volume which quivered in his hand, he plunged at once into such a discourse as suited his own excited and transcendental imagination no less than the fierce and dogmatic appetites of his congregation.

"My brethren," he began in a low and tremulous voice, which gradually as he warmed with his subject rose into loud sonorous tones, clear and commanding as a trumpet-peal, "my famished brethren, hungering and thirsting after the truth, whom the minister of the Word must nourish, as the pelican in the wilderness nourisheth her brood with the life-blood of her own devoted breast. My brethren, who look to me for bread as the children of Israel looked to Moses in the days of their wanderings, when manna fell from heaven plenteous as the night dews and "man did eat angels' food," who cry to me with parched lips and fainting souls for water even as the people of God cried to their leader on the arid plains of Rephidim, and chid him to his face for that there was no water and they must die—what would ye here with me? Am I Moses, to stand between you and the Lord? Is this place Sin, between Elim and Sinai, that the dews of heaven should fall upon it as bread, white, like coriander seed, with a pleasant taste as that of wafers and wild honey? Is there here a rock like Horeb from whence should flow living waters that ye might drink and be satisfied, and depart rejoicing on your way? I trow not. Even as the defilement of Sodom, so is the defilement of Oxford; even as the punishment of Gomorrah, so shall be the fate of this accursed town! Peradventure there may be ten righteous men in the city, yet it may be that to-day the city shall not be saved for ten righteous men's sake. And now again, what would ye here with me? Silver and gold have I none, yet such as I have will I freely bestow upon you." He paused, wiped his brow, opened the Bible as if at random, yet a close observer might have remarked there was a leaf turned backward to mark the page, and hurried on. "'I will cut off the inhabitant of Ashdod, and him that holdeth the sceptre from Ashkelon, and I will turn mine hand against Ekron, and the remnant of the Philistines shall perish.' It is not Caryl, my brethren, who speaks to you now—poor persecuted Caryl, scoffed at and reviled by Malignants, beaten with stripes, outraged by men of blood, and brought here into Oxford manacled and guarded, with his feet tied under a horse's belly. No; Caryl's voice is weak and small, his frame is feeble, and his spirit faint, but his is the voice of prophecy, loud as the shouts of an army, clear as the trumpet-peal in the day of battle—a prophecy that shall not fail the children at their need, a prophecy that is even now working out its fulfilment, a prophecy that shall avenge us of our enemies and put to shame them that despitefully use us and persecute us. Who is the inhabitant of Ashdod—who is he that holdeth the sceptre in Ashkelon? Hath not Ekron deserved punishment, and shall the Philistines not perish like the very dogs by the way-side? Hearken unto me, and I will expound to you the interpretation thereof; ask your own hearts and they shall respond, even as the strings of a lute respond to the skilful fingers of the player. The inhabitant of Ashdod is he that cometh from afar to despoil the children of the congregation, to defile the holy places with his horses' hoofs, to work out his appointed portion of wickedness here, and receive his reward from the master whom he serves hereafter. Who is the bitterest enemy of the chosen people? Who is the merciless wolf that ravens round the sheepfolds in the wilderness to rend the lamb from the shepherd and lap the warm blood of the innocent? Who is he that rideth upon horses through the slaughter, and halteth to drink strong drink, and ravisheth the poor and the fatherless? whose flesh shall be torn by eagles in the day of battle, and his proud head laid low in the dust beneath the heel of his enemies? I wot ye know him well, the man of war from his youth upward, the spawn of her of Bohemia, whose words, like Jezebel's are ever, 'Take! take!—slay! slay!' and whose latter end shall be even as the latter end of Ahab's godless queen. Ye have seen him in his power and the pride of his might. Ye have fronted him, armed with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon; ye have turned him back, though he came on at the head of his men of war like the whirlwind that sweeps everything before it save the rampart whose foundations are in the living rock; and ye have seen the weapons of Satan shivered upon the panoply of Truth. But ye shall see mightier works than these; ye shall see vengeance for the anointed, and the inhabitant of Ashdod cut off, and the wicked Rupert stretched like Sisera upon the earth, and his horses and his horsemen scattered like chaff before the wind in the triumph of the children of the congregation."

A deep hum of applause here greeted the preacher, whose *argumentum ad hominem* met with the usual success of such appeals in popular assemblies. Many an eye was turned with looks of mingled triumph and curiosity on Effingham, whose interest, although externally he appeared unmoved, was powerfully awakened, and whose whole attention was riveted on Caryl as he resumed his discourse.

"And what of him that holdeth the sceptre in Ashkelon? Shall he escape the vengeance of the pursuer, and yet abuse the trust that hath been confided to him by God and man? Shall he break the strong fence of the vineyard, and trample down the vines and the wild grapes, and shall not the thorns rend his garments and pierce his feet, and justice overtake him, and his inheritance pass from him and know him no more? Hath not London been visited by the pestilence that walketh at noonday?—and is not Oxford like the scorpion's nest, which nourisheth only evil, and calleth aloud to be purged and cleansed from its iniquity by the hand of the avenger of blood, who maketh no long tarrying? He who hath ruled over Ashkelon should have swayed a righteous sceptre, and done justice between man and man, leaving to Naboth his vineyard and to the poor his ewe lamb; but a hand hath held the scales, and the man Charles hath been found wanting. An eye hath meted out the measure, and hath seen that it is short, so the sceptre shall be taken away, and he that holdeth it shall be cut off, and Ashkelon shall acknowledge no human sovereign, for the fire that is sent upon Judah shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and a new kingdom shall be raised up—a structure not built with hands, imperishable and unfading, the true vineyard of which ye alone shall gather the vintage who are steadfast to the end—a Commonwealth of the saints who shall inherit the earth, and have dominion here below, and own no lord and master save only the Lord of Hosts whose servants and whose soldiers ye are. Will ye work in the heat of the noonday for wages such as these? Will ye run with the swift for so noble a prize, and do battle with the strong, ankle-deep in blood, to obtain so glorious a victory? I trow ye will; the voice within me calls ye to the fight, and ye shall smite and spare not; and he that attaineth to the end the same shall have his reward."

Once more the preacher paused, once more there was a deep stir amongst his audience—a murmur of suppressed approbation, and then the solemn silence of profound attention. His eye was turned full upon Effingham now, and with the tact of a practised orator who intuitively recognizes a convert, he seemed to address his discourse more particularly to the cavalier.

"'I will turn mine hand against Ekron,' and what is Ekron that it shall prevail against the hand of the Lord? Hath Ekron a talisman that shall insure her from pestilence and famine, from the hunger that wasteth the cheek, and the dead-sickness that eateth the heart away? Are her walls loftier, her defences stronger than those of Jericho, which crumbled into dust at the trumpet-blast of the hosts of Israel? Hath she men of war that shall stand against Joshua, or a Goliath in whom she trusteth for her champion against the soldiers of the truth? Even now is the young David herding his flocks who shall overthrow the boast of the heathen, even now is the running water smoothing the pebble that shall sink into the forehead of the Philistine, and bring his gigantic frame, ringing in its armour, to the ground. Shall Ekron stand, though her garners be filled with provender and her arsenals stored with arms? Though she be garrisoned by cruel Lunsford, who hath sold himself to Satan that he may work deeds of blood, slaughtering the faithful at their very prayers, and burning their churches to light him on his journey to the bottomless pit, where his master awaiteth him with his wages; and reckless profligate Goring, who hath made a present of his soul to the devil, and refused for aught so valueless to accept any guerdon in exchange; and hoary Colepepper, on whose forehead is set the mark of the beast, graven to the bone by the godly swordstroke of one of the troopers of the faithful; and zealous Lucas, who serveth the darkness rather than the light, and who very soon shall have his reward; and Astley, the high priest of Baal, whose head is white with many winters, and who gnasheth with his teeth upon the prophets, and cutteth himself with knives, and calleth upon his gods to do him justice in the fore-front of the battle, as one who wearieth of his life, and who knoweth not of that which is to come; and Rupert, with his magic and his witchcraft, his familiar spirit, and his spells of the black art—who eateth the substance of the faithful, and dasheth their children against the stones—shall his magic save him in the day of vengeance? Shall the devil, in whom he trusteth, shield him from the outstretched arm and the consuming fire? Though the evil spirit hath entered into the body of a white dog,* and in that shape watcheth over him as well ye know, in the battle and the leaguer, in the camp and the council chamber, summer and winter, day and night, yet shall the time come at length that it shall turn and rend him; and the latter end of the sorcerer shall be worse than the beginning. And shall men of war such as these save Ekron from the fate that is hanging over her? or shall counsellors whose wisdom is vanity, or priests who worship false gods, and at the best are but whited sepulchres, be a bulwark to stem the wrath of the Avenger? I trow not. Ekron shall fall with a crash that shall shake the land to its extremities, and shall bury in her downfall the false prophets who have reared her, and the counsellors who counselled evil in her palaces, and the men of blood who have defended her on her ramparts; and the daughters of Sin who have made mirth and revelry in her halls, and the Sovereign who hath forsaken his faith and abused his trust upon his throne. On her ruins shall be erected a new Jerusalem, another kingdom, of which ye, the faithful and the abiding, shall be the princes and the peers, the priests and the senators, reigning upon earth in the radiant glory of those whose garments have been cleansed in the washing of blood, and purified by the ordeal of fire. Will ye triumph over your enemies, and spurn beneath your feet him whose chariot-wheels have passed over your necks and crushed your children to the earth?—stand to your arms and believe! Will ye win the dominion here below to the confusion of your enemies and the saving of your own souls?—stand to your arms and believe! Will ye work out the task that has been predestined for you in the dark womb of Eternity, to be born in the fulness of time, and attain its maturity in the glowing splendor of an everlasting Future? Will ye be princes and potentates on earth, and glorified saints in heaven, again I say unto you, Stand to your arms and believe!—so shall ye scatter your enemies, as the chaff from the threshing-floor is scattered to the four winds of heaven, and 'the remnant of the Philistines shall perish.' The Philistines! the accursed Philistines! whom ye have fought and resisted day by day; whose squadrons ye have heard thundering on the plain, and seen charging and forming, and charging again, to shatter themselves and fall back from your goodly stand of pikes, even as the baffled breakers of the advancing tide from the bluff face of the opposing rock. The Philistines! who would fain make ye their bond-slaves and their victims; who would ravish from ye your substance, and rob ye of your souls, yet whom ye shall despoil of their silver and gold, the needlework that they prize, and the armour in which they trust; whose maidens ye shall make captives to your bow and spear, and on the neck of whose great ones ye, the soldiers of the congregation, shall set your foot.

"And who is he that would have his portion with the doomed remnant? Who is he that would cast in his lot with the servants of darkness, and serve in that troop whose captain is the Prince of the Power of the Air? Who would go up against the armies of the Lord to the battle of Armageddon, in that great day when the hosts of heaven shall join in conflict with the children of men; when a voice louder than thunder on the mountains shall peal above the tramp of thousands, the clashing of arms, the rush of many wings, the hosannas of the conquering righteous, and the ghastly shrieks of the vanquished and the doomed, saying, 'Who is on my side?' When darkness shall cover the face of the heavens at noonday, and the earth shall quake for very fear, and amongst all her myriads the children of the congregation alone shall be saved, who would have his portion on that day with the remnant of the Philistines? Behold, there is yet an eleventh hour. Behold, there is yet a ray of light in the utter darkness—a chink left open in the narrow gate. Ye that are bidden to the feast come hastily ere the door be shut. Ye that would save yourselves and your households, bind your sandals on your feet, lift up your burdens, rise and go on your way. Again, it is not I, poor John Caryl, that speaketh to you. It is the Voice that cannot lie. Believe not me; believe the Voice. It prophesieth to you; it warneth you, it entreateth you, it commandeth you. This is the way that leadeth to salvation; this is the way that leadeth to righteousness; this is the way that leadeth to everlasting glory. Turn ye! why will ye die?"

The preacher concluded with almost a shriek of entreaty. His face was deadly pale, and as he stretched his arms toward George Effingham there was a wild appealing glance in those deep mournful eyes—a glance, as it were, of angelic pity and tenderness, that went straight to the Cavalier's heart. He sank into the chair on which he had been standing, apparently exhausted by his oratory. A deep hum of applause, mingled with more open expressions of approbation, greeted the conclusion of his sermon; and the congregation, as they departed stealthily and silently, in twos and threes, to their respective homes, congratulated each other in their strange Scriptural parlance on the "crumbs of comfort" they had received, "the draughts of living water" which had slaked their thirst, and the "crowning mercy of such a brand being snatched from the burning" as the Cavalier officer who had joined in their devotions, and whose conversion they deemed as good as completed by the attention and interest with which he had listened to their favorite preacher.

(*) A well-known favorite that accompanied Rupert wherever he went, and was stated by the Puritans to be a wizard or familiar spirit, furnished by the prince of darkness, to whom he had sold himself, as an auxiliary in council and a defence in the field. Many years later a famous black charger of John Graham, of Claverhouse, afterwards "bonnie Dundee," enjoyed the same unenviable notoriety. The Prince's favorite died a soldier's death at Marston Moor, where he was shot with many a noble but not more faithful Cavalier.

BRITISH COLUMBIA ITEMS.

The following items are from late British Columbia exchanges:

Mr. F. N. Gisborne, General Superintendent of Telegraph Lines throughout the Dominion, visits the Province to examine the telegraph system and suggest to the Government such improvements as may appear to him requisite.

Gold has been discovered in a creek situated about five miles above the mouth of Harrison River, and from its running due north it has been named North Creek.

Colonels Lovell and Strange have inspected the guns of the Seymour Artillery and the Battery. The probable result of the inspection will be that the Artillery corps will be properly equipped and probably numerically strengthened.

There are large arrivals of gold at Victoria from mines in the upper country.

The crops are reported good.

An American sloop has been seized for smuggling.

An early session of the Legislature is proposed to give the Dominion another *ultimatum* if the C. P. Railway is not begun immediately in the Province.

King & Co.'s Salmon Cannery at New Westminster has been destroyed by fire.

The Indian who murdered Mr. Jenkinson was tried at Glenora Landing on the 29th ult., and sentenced to be hanged.

A cabin occupied by a leprous Chinaman in Victoria was burned to the ground by the proper authorities, the inmate having been previously removed by his friends to other and more out of the way quarters.

The mining news from Cassiar is very meagre, a few claims only were panning out gold to any extent, and a good many men were leaving the mines disappointed. The season on the whole has been very poor, and no new discoveries have been made.

Dr. N. F. Foster, of Parson's Bridge, brought down about $40,000 in dust, and other parties brought down amounts—swelling the whole to $50,000. Dr. Foster has with him the finest and purest nugget of gold yet seen from Cassiar or even in British Columbia. It weighs 45½ ozs, pure gold, no quartz being mixed with it, and it is valued at between $700 and $800.

A boom of logs consisting of 500,000 feet of fir and 80,000 feet of white pine recently arrived at Nanaimo from Comox.

Mr. J. B. Chantrell was ordained a minister of the Reformed Episcopal church on Sunday, the 20th ult.

A sale of 185,000 cases of Columbia river canned salmon was effected about the middle of last month.

Mr. John Brown, of Burgoyne Bay, Salt Spring Island, imported by the Princess Royal a steam treefeller of four horse-power. The saw is adjusted to the tree, and is worked by steam supplied by the engine through pipes, the engine being situated at a safe distance from the tree marked for felling. Two trees may be felled at one time, and the same machine will cut the trunks into blocks of wood of stove lengths.

A wrecking schooner with divers is now examining the scene of the wreck of the steamship Brother Jonathan. The hull lies in 130 feet of water. There was about $1,000,000 in gold and greenbacks on board the steamer when she went down.

Specimens of silver ore and grains of gold have been found in the Leech River district. The specimens are interesting, and would appear to support the theory of old miners that "some day or another Leech River would astonish the world."

Mr. J. P. Davies, a prominent citizen of Victoria, died suddenly of heart disease on the 23rd ult. Mr. Davies was a native of London, and was in the 58th year of his age. He came to California in 1849 and to Victoria in 1863. Mr. Davies was one of the founders of the Order of Oddfellows in the Province; he was also a prominent Mason, was noted for his charitable disposition, and always took a leading part in public affairs. At the last Dominion election he stood as a candidate for the Commons in Victoria and was defeated by only a few votes.

A TAINT IN THE BLOOD.

Singular Facts Relating to the Transmission of Pauperism Through Several Generations.

A reverend gentleman recently went to the town agent's office to make explanations in regard to a family that was making considerable trouble for the authorities. He said that the husband was utterly unfit to have the care of a family and would not support his wife, and therefore was very much in favor of a legal separation as the best thing, not only for the man and woman, but for the town. The case was one that excited considerable interest among the authorities, as it was found that the husband was the son of a father and mother, both of whom had, during the latter years of their life been recipients of town charity. When this fact was ascertained, the question naturally arose, "Is pauperism hereditary?" A search of the records in the town agent's office, so far as they go, has been made at leisure times by Clerk Zunder, and the result is a confirmation of the theory so often advanced by thinkers, that pauperism, and other crimes—for pauperism is in many cases little less than a crime—is hereditary and the number of cases where pauper parents transmit their pauperism to the children is something astonishing to one not familiar with the intricacies of social science. Many very interesting essays and pamphlets have been written by men who have made the history of crime a study, and a similar research into the causes of pauperism would undoubtedly result in much good, showing to the managers of charities and town authorities the whys and wherefores of the increase of pauperism, and, perhaps, also give them hints as to the best way in which to prevent and cure it. Here in this city the theory that pauperism is hereditary has been acted upon to a certain extent by the managers of our local charities, and their efforts have been directed towards effecting a cure, if possible. Their method is to induce all who spring from pauper parents to work and learn habits of industry. If they are assisted by either the town or the local charities, it is almost certain that they will always depend upon them for support and will not work for a living unless they are forced to do so. The investigations in the town agent's office show that a large number of the people in the alms house, and out of it, who are weekly recipients of the town's charity, and who also receive aid from the central office or charitably disposed persons, are sons and daughters of parents who were either town paupers or supported by charity. In other cases only one parent was supported by outside aid, and then it was the case that the children who most nearly resemble the pauper parent were paupers, while those resembling the industrious parent were industrious children. The results of pauperism, connubial infelicities and family troubles, which bring about such disagreements as result in crimes of a greater or less degree, are almost invariably transmitted to future generations, and the researches show this to be the fact in nine cases out of ten. This is even found to be the fact in several cases that have come to light where the children are not aware of the fact that their progenitors were dependent on charity. The taint of pauperism runs in the blood, and must be educated out of the system or else it can never be conquered. Another fact has been discovered by the researches, and one that is universal and indisputable. A child of pauper parents never makes a good father or mother, and a marriage between two of that class is absolutely certain to result in abject misery, an unhappy union, squalid poverty, and, usually, a large family, that has to be supported by charity. The homes of such families are no homes at all; and in the light of these facts it seems almost a criminal matter to unite in the bonds of wedlock parties who spring from such a diseased root.—*New Haven Register.*

—London *Punch*:—"Squire Quiverful (who has a large family, to his eldest son)—These are uncommonly good cigars of yours, Fred! What do they cost you? Fred—Sixty shillings a hundred. Squire Quiverful—Good heavens! what extravagance! Do you know, sir, that I never give more than threepence for a cigar? Fred—And a very good price, too! By George, Governor, if I had as many children to provide for as you have I wouldn't smoke at all!"

COMIC BUDGET.

—Woman's writes—Postscripts.

—Butcher shops are joint stock concerns.

—When a man owes a great deal "it is greatly to his credit."

—Growing plants in the windows sweeten the air of the whole house.

—The merchant who smiles now-a-days is the merchant who advertises.

—"What is marriage?" "One woman the more and one man the less."

—Now is a good time to bluff the public for a bet on next winter's ice crop.

—"Do unto others as you would be done by," but take precious care that you are not "done" by others.

—The man who invented the gas-meter achieved the nearest approach to perpetual motion that we will ever see.

—A prize is offered for the best conundrum to the following answer: One is a boiled onion, the other is an oiled bunion.

—Woman continues enigmatical. When she gets hot she runs at her husband's nose, but when she gets cold she runs at her own.

—Agassiz used to say that he had no time to spare to make money. Most of us now-a-days have no time to spare for anything else.

—No American is ever guilty of meeting another without asking: "Well, how's trade?" And it doesn't matter if one of them is a hangman.

—A young man, hearing that "Silence gives consent," said that he wished Old Silence was his girl's father. But we don't know what he meant.

—Though Col. Robert Ingersoll
Is guilty of some follies,
He makes his queer ideas pay,
And that's his Ingersolace.

—If children would spend more time on their mother's knee and mothers would use the proper correctives while they are there the world would become better than it is now.

—The are lots of people in this world who are only waiting to become angels in the next. During the wait they put in time turning widow women out of house and home and poisoning their neighbors' dogs.

—A ton of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth $30,000.

—An Eastern editor says: "Susan B. Anthony wears lilac stockings." This is not trustworthy, however. The person in pursuit of such information would never come back alive to tell it.

—A correspondent asks us what is good for moths. We don't know much about it, but we should recommend plenty of healthy, nourishing food, with seltzer-water occasionally to aid digestion.

—Things are not exactly right. A careful political economist closely calculates that women in this country might annually save $14,500,000 in ribbons which the men might spend in cigars.

—"Somebody's coming when the dew-drops fall," she was softly humming, when the old man remarked, "An' you bet yer sweet life, Maria, that he'll think a thunderstorm's let loose when he gets here."

—What are the wild waves saying, saying,
As they beat upon the shore?
They say that business isn't paying,
And there is no use staying, staying,
By the sea beach any more.

—When the girl who has encouraged a young man for about two years suddenly turns around and tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him, he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.

—Economical: Young wife (shopping)—"I'm giving a small dinner to-morrow, and I shall want some lamb." Butcher—"Yes, 'm; fore-quarter o' lamb, 'm?" Young wife—"I think three-quarters will be enough!"

—"No," said the Texas lawyer, as he placed a couple of loaded Derringers on the table before him, "the fact that the witness is a desperate man will not deter me from asking him such questions as I may deem proper."

—The only time in life when woman seems to be truly happy is when she calmly sits down and attempts to trim a new bonnet with old trimmings. She seems to be truly happy, but what a Vesuvius is at work in her heart!

—"They are trying a lot of 'Pinafore' singers in there," said Smith to Jones, as they passed a building whence floated strains of "A Maiden Fair to See," etc. "Glad of it," returned the misanthropical Jones; "hope they'll give 'em sixty days and costs."

—The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year, when it's too warm for hot spiced rum, too cold for lager-beer; deep in the hollows of the wood the withered leaves lie dead, and the girls go forth and gather up about three pecks per head.

—"Will you ever be mine?" he asked her rapturously; and when she answered, "There's one above knows all," he thought something had struck in and clinched; but she only referred to the old man, who was slumbering in the "front room—second."

—Apropos of the spelling reform agitation an exchange remarks:

—Reform in spelling means that you
Must cut your program short;
A demagog you must become
And with catar consort.

—When a German determines to marry he goes to the father of the young lady and asks openly how much money goes with the daughter. Matrimony is very much the same thing with us, the only difference being that we discover the all-important fact in a more indirect way.

—"Ah, me," sighed a rising young genius, throwing down his pen and leaning back wearily, "you don't know how much pleasanter and easier it is to read these little poems of mine than to write them." Sympathetic but awkward friend—"Gad, how you must suffer, then!"

—Willie, aged 10, and Jemmy, aged 6, were playing together. One of them was minutely examining a fly. "I wonder how God made him!" he exclaimed. "God don't make flies as carpenters make things," observed the other boy, "God says, let there be flies, and there is flies."

—Here is an advertisement put forth by a church in New York:

"WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR"—It will be when the mortgage on the Forsyth Street Methodist Episcopal Church is lifted, says the Rev. Dr Morehouse, the beloved pastor. Buy a ticket for Saturday's benefit excursion.

—The absurdity of certain parts of the marriage service was well illustrated by a country bumpkin, who led a bashful damsel to the altar. The clergyman gravely asked, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and the youth answered, "Why, parson, of course I will; that's just what I came here fur."

—We have called on the Great Father at Washington for redress, and he told us to "brace up." Are those the words of a kind father to his children? We asked again, and he told us to "choose it." Is that the talk of a great chief? No! We are dropping off like autumn leaves. The toes of the red man are turning up on every side.—*Sitting Bull.*

—Two artists in conversation: "He's going to marry Mlle. T.?" "Yes." "Is she rich?" "No." "Pretty?" "Scarcely—why, she writes!" "That's no reason why she shouldn't be pretty." "Yes, it is, though, generally speaking. Women, my dear boy, never put on blue stockings until there is no longer any curiosity to know the color of their garters."

—O earth! give ear; O heavens! hear,
The Lord your God hath spoken;
Your sacrifices he disdains,
Your idols shall be broken.

CHORUS.

The Mighty One exalt ye
O ye Jerusalem and Judah,
And floods and fields and lakes afar
Shout glory! Hallelujah!

—A young man dressed in the height of fashion and with a poetic turn of mind, was driving along a country road, and, upon gazing at the pond which skirted the highway, said, "Oh, how I would like to lave my heated head in those cooling waters!" An Irishman, overhearing the exclamation, immediately replied, "Bedad, you might lave it there and it wouldn't sink."

—This is the lurid manner in which some individual let his fancy loose on autumn and all the mellow color connected therewith:

"To sleep the sun sinks slowly in the hills,
And all the western snowy winter skies
A flashing flood of flitting color fills,
Full fair enough for skies of Paradise.
Like some great dome of iridescent gems
Lit by a thousand lurid, flickering fires;
Like Nature's instrument of diadems;
Like—like—ah! the poverty of language—
Like, say, the pictures on a circus wagon."

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

Oh! the sloes are yellow,
The apples are mellow,
The corn is ripe in the ear;
The birds leave off nesting,
The earth begins resting,
Because 'tis the Fall of the year.

The crickets are calling,
The red leaves are falling,
In the field the stubble is sere
The day of the shower
And wild bee is over,
Because 'tis the Fall of the year.

Since Summer is flitting,
Dear friend, it is fitting,
The heart should make double cheer
[illegible]
[illegible]
Because 'tis the Fall of the year.

C. F. AYLSWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,

INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS. Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,

BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON

HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWE,

CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,

TORONTO.

L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH. Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,

SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday. *ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.*

CHARLES GREAM,

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc. *OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.*

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

P. G. DUNCAN,

AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada. BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, - STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Custom House.
Mr. Tims, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,

SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms in Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P. L. S. | T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S., C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

PETERSON & PETERSON,

BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rate.
Madoc Office, - O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK !

MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,

LAND, LOAN,

—AND—

Commission Agency.

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 96

MONEY TO LOAN

—ON—

REAL ESTATE SECURITY.

The Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Co'y

TORONTO, ONT.

Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 107

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

22. Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

MONEY! MONEY!

TO FARMERS

Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing

Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,

the undersigned offer

EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
22. Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 132

North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 16, 1879.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

The following are the prices given for grain in this village this week:—Fall wheat, $1.10 to $1.15; spring wheat, $1.05 to $1.10; barley, 57 cts., rye, 55 cts.; peas, 55 cts.; Oats, 30 cts.; buckwheat, 40 cts. Wheat has an upward tendency; rye is steady at the price; barley is fluctuating and uncertain; peas steady; oats steady. There have been large receipts at the warehouse this week—up to this morning in the three days nearly 4,000 bushels taken in, and nearly the same quantity shipped. The barley is assuming a better appearance from the fact that more attention has been given to cleaning, but there has been a few cases where barley weighed 44 and 45 lbs., when if well cleaned it would go 46 to 48 lbs.

MARMORA.

From an occasional Correspondent.

DEAR SIR,—As you do not often receive much correspondence from Marmora, I thought I would send you a few items of what has lately occurred here. Both Sacred and Profane history afford abundant evidence of woman's valor. She is generally expected to be the weaker vessel, and to depend upon man for protection. Even among the brute creation we find this often to be the case, that they look to the male animal to assist them in defence. Upon the South American pampas the herds of wild horses, when attacked by wolves, place the females and young in the centre, while the males form a ring outside and strike the foe with their front feet. Sometimes this is reversed, however, woman is then found to be strong, brave, fearless, and masculine. Man, the opposite, in some instances, like Edward II and Henry VI of England. Joel, Bondiocca, and Joan of Arc were all examples in their day of great deeds of bravery. Gray's Elegy describes "Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast the petty tyrant of his field withstood." But this was not a woman. When the age of Chivalry and Romance is supposed to have passed away, such events are few and far between. However, the quiet little village of Marmora, on the 11th September, became electrified with the news that some of its citizens had been totally defeated in their efforts—as a band of Special Constables sworn in for the occasion—to arrest a guilty party about six miles from the village. It seems there had been a horse-trading affair between H. McCoy and T. Downard, in which the latter became dissatisfied, and at night took the horse away from the McCoys. The latter then, on another night, went to Downards, with the intention of taking back the horse again. Upon reaching Downard's stable they were met by Mrs. D. with an axe, which she flourished menacingly at the McCoys, bidding them withdraw. Their reply was simply to push her roughly aside, and recapture the steed. T. Downard then entered a suit against them. Mr. A. Boyd, the regular constable, then called to his aid the brave (?) band of twelve or fourteen "specials," as he was well aware of the famous pugilistic prowess which the McCoys had long possessed. Dr. Lister also was included as a surgeon to attend to the wounded who might fall on the field of battle. There was no ambulance corps of litters. They sallied forth confidently, like the French at Agincourt, to beard the lion in his den. Alas! for human hopes. Upon arriving on the premises their progress was barred by finding the gate secured by a chain and the prey had escaped. Not only this—there were four dreadful Amazons opposing them, who might be compared to the bodyguard of the King of Dahomey. These formidable foes, in no gentle or polite terms, bade them retire. However, nothing daunted, they strove to scale the barricade: with revolvers presented they rushed on the foe. Then might Campbell's words be brought to mind vividly:—

"The combat deepens, on ye brave
Who rush to glory or the grave,"

and a furious shower of abuse, iron rods, and stones was launched against them. An axe was hurled with terrific violence at a "special," just missing his devoted head, and deeply burying itself in gate post. Another victim was struck heavily with a large stone, and rolled in agony on the green sward, ejaculating "Oh! my God! I am killed!" Another fierce, stalwart virago was seen in a hand-to-hand encounter with another "special" in a fence corner, aiming furious blows at him with a poker, but at last after giving him a choking and pummelling, let him go. So at last the band of specials had to retreat without capturing one prisoner or killing one of the enemy. H. McCoy at last gave himself up and had to pay $14 costs.

But to turn briefly to more peaceful scenes. The next event was the Harvest Home Dinner, which was held on Sept. 17th, in Marmora village, in connection with the C. M. Church building fund in Marmora. It was a complete success altogether. A brass band was in attendance, and a cricket match was played the same day. The funeral also of the late Mr. J. Spry, an old and respected settler of Rawdon, took place at 1 p. m., and was largely attended. The Rev. S. Macauley improved the occasion by delivering an impressive and eloquent sermon in the C. M. Church. The remains were followed to the cemetery by a large and sympathizing crowd of people, and the brass band played "The Dead March in Saul" on the way to the grave. In connection with the festival, Mr. T. P. Pearce was called upon to take the chair, and the duties devolving upon him were performed in an able manner. There was also an election contest between two gentlemen, who represented John A. and A. Mackenzie, in which Sir John was the victor by a large majority. Able and eloquent speeches were made by the Rev. Messrs. W. H. Peake, J. Macfarlane, and T. Fox. A tea and concert was given in the evening. At the latter several noted amateurs of Blairton and Marmora favored the audience with some excellent vocal and instrumental music. Proceeds, $200.

FRITZ.

ON Friday the Lanark County Council gave two readings to the by-law granting a bonus of $75,000 to the Toronto and Ottawa Railway on the route via Perth, and ordered the same to be submitted to the ratepayers on the 17th November. The group is somewhat larger then before, taking in the Townships of Bathurst and Drummond, with South Sherbrook, Burgess, Elmsley, eight concessions of Elmsley, and three of Montague. The last by-law was carried by 803 to 253. About 150 more votes are added in this group.

North Hastings Teachers' Association.

This association met at Madoc on October 9th and 10th. Each session was largely attended by teachers, and the proceedings were, throughout, enthusiastic.

FIRST DAY.

The president, Mr. Mackintosh, having opened the session by a short general address, the minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

Mr. Kirk was appointed Treasurer in place of Miss Cowie, who has removed from the Riding.

Messrs. Tait, Fuller and Kirk were appointed a committee to arrange with members for the purchase of the minutes of the last Provincial Association.

Mr. Kirk then introduced the subject of Spelling. The following were a few of the ideas he presented on the subject:

Spelling should be taught by transcription; spell words that have been learned by pupils in their reading lessons, and words most commonly used. Teacher must be careful to detect all errors and insist upon their correction.

First steps. Spelling in Tablet Class. Print a word on blackboard; let pupils see it; then erase it, and the pupils print it on their slates. *Print* words at first, change to script as soon as practicable. Next, write a sentence; erase part of it; pupils supply erased part. Keep lists of misspelled words. Next, write words or phrases on slate from dictation. Dictate names, days of week, names of months, surnames, christian names, name of township, of leading political characters. If any danger exists that the word will be confounded with another of similar sound, repeat a phrase containing the word to be spelled, and emphasize it slightly. Spelling should be on paper wherever practicable. In *teaching* spelling use the text book. In examination use words from some other source. Frequent tests are necessary. Points to be noticed in a dictation lesson: I. Select an interesting passage. II. Assign the lesson, and explain difficulties. III. Read the passage once over first, pupils to listen; read again by phrases, pupils write. IV. Monitors collect the books. V. Teacher take books home for detection of errors. Require correct form to be written above the incorrect, once at end of dictation book, and from five to twenty times on slate. Allow no scribbling in exercise books. Lesson in spelling book: I. Teacher pronounces words; pupils pronounce words after him. Pupils to come next morning prepared to pronounce the words, use it intelligently in a sentence, and spell it. Spelling on slate after every reading lesson from spelling book, two or three times per week. Teach pupils how to learn pronunciation from the dictionary.

Mr. Brown, I. P. S., Peterborough, introduced "How to teach Elementary Arithmetic."

He would insist upon pupils being made familiar with the idea of what numbers are. Teach counting up to 10—intelligent counting. Next, analyze no.'s as ten, composed of two groups of five each, or four and six, seven and three. Count by twos at a time, by threes at a time, and so on up to ten at a time. Drill upon each step until pupils are thoroughly familiar with it. Let each step be more difficult than preceding. Next would come comparison of value of numbers; difference between odd and even numbers. Next, addition expertness, as this rule means expertness at any rule. Add by ones at a time, twos, up to tens. Subtraction is taught by deduction from addition. Expertness at mechanical operations to be the first object aimed at. Teacher to introduce everything in its simplest form. Introduce measures by oral lessons, illustrating idea of measure. Teach simple abstract fractions first. In compound rules teach only common weights, measures and values.

The subject was discussed by Messrs. Mackintosh, Kirk, Sutherland, and others, exception being taken to several of Mr. Brown's statements.

Miss Riddell read an essay on Tact.

Tact necessary everywhere in business world, doubly so in the school room. As is the teacher so is the school. Tact is necessary in administering discipline; making regulations; assigning home lessons; in classifying; in rendering pupil assistance in bestowing praise.

The thanks of the association were tendered to Miss Riddell for her admirable essay.

Mr. Brown now took up "How to teach Geography."

Preparatory ideas: I. Points of compass. II. Local Geography, hills, streams, lakes, soils, (clay, sand, gravel), trees and their fruits, minerals, (limestone, granite, &c.) To Madoc pupils the course of Moira more important than that of the Euphrates. Teach lots, concessions, public buildings, neighboring townships, county as a whole. Teach the general geography of the world after that of the county. How to teach the hemispheres, explained by oral lessons. How many pictures of an animal would be required to show whole animal; necessarily two. Two pictures show whole world. Teach continents, then oceans, then take up all chief islands, then chief peninsulas, &c. Mr Brown then gave some hints for pronunciation of geographical names.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. Mackintosh, Sutherland, Fuller, Kirk, and others.

In the evening a public meeting, largely attended, was held in the Model School building. Mr. Mackintosh in the chair. Mr. E. D. O'Flynn was first called upon to address the meeting. He referred to the high educational standing of Ontario, compared nations that cultivated sciences with others, showing advantage of education. Learning pays.

Rev. Mr. Macfarlane spoke on teachers' character, setting up a high standard of morality. Teacher to avoid bad practices. Children are imitative beings.

Mr. Brown, I. P. S., Peterborough, next responded to chairman's call with an essay upon Physical Training. Children should have from two to five hours' bodily labor every day. A parent who does not learn his child to work wrongs him. Physical training impossible with our system. Remedy—a thoroughly national system, which will prepare for every occupation; unfit for none: one-half of each day to work and the other half to study. Results—more teaching; less ordering; more work; less worry; pupils pass through different grades more rapidly. Let country schools open at 8 o'clock, and remain in session until 11, for larger pupils; open in the afternoon at 2 o'clock, for smaller children, and close at 5. Boys would be kept at home. Mr. Brown's caustic humor kept the audience thoroughly interested.

Mr. Wood followed with a short speech, criticising several points in Mr. Brown's essay.

Mr. Dawson, Belleville, next addressed the meeting. He congratulated the people of of Madoc upon their public spirit as shown in the erection of such a fine school building. He denounced the idea gaining ground in some quarters that the children of poor parents should be necessarily made hewers of wood and drawers of water as their fathers were.

Rev. Mr. Martin followed, referring to what was expected from teachers at the present time.

Mr. Johnson, P. S. I., South Hastings, urged teachers to prepare themselves thoroughly for their work.

Rev. Mr. Wishart thought, if teachers were to prepare for 16 hours per day for forty years, all would be necessary to make them really good teachers.

The thanks of the association were tendered to Mr. Brown for his valuable aid in making the institute so great a success.

Mr. Brown suitably replied, referring, among other things, to the fact that Madoc had a better building for Model School purposes than the County of Peterboro'.

SECOND DAY.

The report of the delegate to the Provincial Association was read. Exception was taken to the course pursued by Mr. Thompson in neglecting to oppose certain views which the N. H. Association had condemned. After due amendment, expressing the feeling of the association on this subject had been carried, the report, as amended, was adopted.

Mr. Sutherland then introduced the subject of Composition.

He would have pupils write the subject matter from the first; would fill the child's mind with ideas by means of object lessons. A more advanced step would be the reconstruction of a story; practice in writing simple, compound, and complex sentences; changing poetry into prose. At an early stage develop the ability to write a familiar letter.

The subject was discussed by Messrs. Mackintosh, Thompson, Kirk, and Rev. Mr. Martin, and also by Messrs. Johnson and Mulloy.

Mr. Kirk next introduced "How to teach Grammar."

Preliminary: Take care to make thorough correction of actual mistakes in pupils' common conversation. Classification and parts of speech taught by oral lessons, specimens of a few such lessons being given. Composition to go hand in hand with grammar. Text books must be banished from school room during all elementary stages, and subsequent ones if practicable. Analysis and parsing simple at first, more difficult as the pupil advances in theoretical knowledge. If text books are to be used at all use them carefully. Usually that which should come last occupies the first page. Many unimportant points are discussed. Select portions, to be studied by pupil, carefully.

The discussion was continued by Prof. Dawson and Messrs. Mackintosh and Sutherland.

The question drawer was now opened and clear, concise answers given to many points in school management, school law, &c. A few are appended:

What is proper work for tablet classes at seats? Ans.—Transcribe lessons; copy figures from board; drawing; and constructive exercises.

Is Easter Monday a school holiday? Ans.—Easter Monday is not a holiday for public schools in a municipality where a high school exists.

What is the best way to deal with tardy pupils? Ans.—Notice all such; mark them in the register; stamp it out by all means.

Teachers should visit the parents of their scholars.

Mr. Johnson introduced Book-keeping.

Recommends using short sets, say 6 to 8 entries at first; drill thoroughly on these. Journalizing on slate at first, afterwards transferring work to paper. Care must be taken to drill well on the elements, using only simple entries at first, adding a new difficulty every new lesson. He lucidly explained how to teach it by journalizing and posting a short set, also explaining, by actually doing, how to make out a balance sheet.

Mr. G. H. Thompson introduced Literature to Higher Classes.

Classic English should be taught in every public school to higher classes. In order to do this we must dissect it as the botanist does the flower. Make a skeleton in order to arrive at full meaning. Steps in an English lesson: I. Teacher recites piece, scholars listen with closed books. II. Pupils read passage. III. Paraphrase it. IV. Consider parts in relation to the whole. V. Realize author's conception. VI. Examine structure. VII. Give an account of the author. VIII. Discuss Grammar. IX. Get at primary meaning of the passage by deriving words. X. Explain figures of rhetoric. XI. Attend to punctuation.

Moved by Prof. Dawson, seconded by Rev. Mr. Miller, that the thanks of this association be tendered to Mr. Thompson for his essay.

Mr. Dawson introduced the subject of Teaching Statics, and in a clear and able manner illustrated the fundamental ideas and notions of that branch of mechanics, as well as the parallelogram of forces.

Votes of thanks of this association were tendered to Prof. Dawson and Mr. Johnson, I. P. S., South Hastings, for their valuable assistance in making this meeting a success.

Messrs. Dawson and Johnson in replying referred to the eminently practical nature of the work done at this association.

Mr. Mackintosh also congratulated teachers upon their punctual attendance and manifest interest in the proceedings.

Moved by Mr. Sutherland, seconded by Mr. Thompson, that this association hold its next meeting at Stirling.—Motion Carried.

Association adjourned, *sine die.*

The Convention was the most successful ever held in the Riding, and the results will, we do not hesitate to say, be noticed in the schools. Such a gathering, large, enthusiastic, orderly, attentive, would be a credit to any County. The Riding has much reason to be proud of the spirit evinced by its teachers. At a former meeting the people of Madoc entertained the teachers in their homes. Why has this eminently proper practice been changed? Who is to blame?

AN agricultural paper says the experiment has lately been made of sowing oats and wheat together with a view to obtain a winter covering for wheat, which is worth careful consideration by our moral readers. The seed, in the proportion of one part oats sprang up quickly and were killed by the early frost, the stocks and leaves lying on the ground all winter, keeping the snow from blowing away and preventing the sun from thawing the frozen ground. In the spring the dead oats make a good top dressing for the growing wheat. The crop of wheat in the following season was reported to be excellent, while wheat on the adjoining land planted in the usual manner was of no value.

This certainly looks very reasonable, and a practical test like the above might be of considerable benefit to farmers of this district.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY give notice to all parties not to trust or harbor my son, William Pack, or wife, Nancy Pack, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by them.
JOHN PACK.
Madoc, October 16th, 1879.

No. 1 DAIRY BUTTER.

W. R. McRAE,

BELLEVILLE,

WILL PAY

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE

FOR FIRST-CLASS BUTTER.

IN CHANCERY!

Clother vs. Hazzard.

PURSUANT to the decree made in this cause, bearing date the 25th day of June, A. D. 1879, there will be sold by public auction, with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esquire, Master of this Court at Belleville, at his Chambers in Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on

Saturday, the 8th day of November,

A. D. 1879, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon,

the following valuable farm property, to wit:

The west half of Lot Number 11, in the 8th Concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, containing by admeasurement 100 acres of land, more or less, except about two acres heretofore sold and conveyed by Joseph Hazzard, deceased, to the Trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and one William Blakely. The premises are situate about 4 miles from the village of Madoc, and erected thereon are a frame dwelling house and barn. There is a small orchard on the premises; about 60 acres are cleared and under cultivation. The premises will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

The purchaser shall pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money, to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, at the time of sale, and the remainder thereof within one month thereafter.

In all other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Court of Chancery.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Law Offices of Messrs. Flint & Jeffett, Geo. D. Dickson, Esq., and Messrs. Bell & Bell, Belleville.

Dated at Chambers this 16th day of October, A. D. 1879.

S. S. LAZIER,
MORGAN JELLETT, Master.
Plaintiff's Solicitor. 125-4

NOTICE.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, trading under the name, style and firm of S. & W. McEwen, has been dissolved by mutual consent.
(Signed) his
WILLIAM X McEWEN,
mark.
SAMUEL McEWEN.
Witness:
WM. McCALLUM.
Bannockburn, Oct. 11th, 1879.

The undersigned begs to notify all parties indebted to the late firm of S. & W. McEwen, to settle their accounts forthwith with him, he being the party entitled to collect the same.
SAMUEL McEWEN.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 00 to $9 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 05 to 0 15
Rye, "	0 55 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 30 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 57 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 55 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 35 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 12 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	3 00 to 4 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 10 to $1 14
Barley,	0 55 to 0 60
Rye,	0 60 to 0 00
Oats,	0 34 to 0 00
Peas,	0 55 to 0 00
Butter,	0 15 to 0 20
Eggs,	0 09 to 0 12
Potatoes, per bush	0 35 to 0 40
Flour, per bbl	5 50 to 6 00
Sheepskins,	0 40 to 0 70
Hides,	4 00 to 6 50

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS are hereby warned against purchasing or trafficing for two Notes for $92.00 each, drawn by me in favor of Alex. McDonald, and due, one in January, 1878, the other in January, 1879, said notes having duly been paid by me.
GEO. D. McDONALD.
Montcalm Valley, Sept. 30, '79. 132-3t

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

IN CHANCERY!

CLOTHER VS. HAZZARD.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Court of Chancery made in this cause, the creditors of Joseph Hazzard, late of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, who died in or about the month of June, A. D. 1871, are, on or before the 20th day of October, '79, to send, by post prepaid to Morgan Jellett, Esq., of Belleville, in said County, the Solicitor for the plaintiff, their christian and surnames; addresses and description; the full particulars of their claims; a statement of their accounts; and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them; or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said decree. Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my Chambers in Shire Hall on Church street, in said City of Belleville, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of October, 1879, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.
Dated at Chambers this 30th day of September, A. D. 1979.
(Signed) S. S. LAZIER,
Master.

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 14th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, two times per week each way, between

BRIDGEWATER AND MADOC,

and once per week each way between

Bridgewater and Queensboro',

from the 1st January next.

Conveyance to be made on horseback or in a vehicle.

The Mails to leave Bridgewater every Tuesday and Saturday at 7 a.m., and to arrive at Madoc at 11.15 a.m.; to leave Madoc, same days, at 1.30 p.m., and to arrive at Bridgewater at 5.45 p.m.

To leave Bridgewater every Thursday at 7.30 a.m., and to arrive at Queensboro' at 9 a.m.; to leave Queensboro' at 10 a.m., and to arrive at Bridgewater at 11.30 a.m.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Bridgewater and Queensboro'.

R. W. BARKER,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Kingston, 3rd Oct., 1879. 132-3

Canadian Pacific

RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:

Emory's Bar to Boston Bar	29 miles
Boston Bar to Lytton	29 miles
Lytton to Junction Flat	28½ miles
Junction Flat to Savona's Ferry	40½ miles

Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. 132

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Hereford. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GERAL,
104 York River P. O.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Stirling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-3m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

GRAIN! GRAIN!!

THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for

RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,

Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.
J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

WANTED!

50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,

For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the

NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,

at Madoc Station.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

ORGANS!

ORGANS!

W. UNWIN.

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.

GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

N. D. PETERS

NOW OFFERS IN THE

"O'FLYNN BLOCK,"

—AT—

LOW PRICES FOR READY PAY

A good stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Crockery, Glassware,

Groceries, Confectionery,

School Books, Wall Paper, etc., etc.

adoc, October 1st, 1879.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

DON'T FAIL

TO SEE OUR NEW STOCK OF

Mantles!

JUST OPENED,

THE LARGEST VARIETY!

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Madoc, Oct. 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
25-6m Shannonville.

This Space Will be Occupied

BY

Gray & McGregor,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY

GROCERIES!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Tharlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Cardinal. The gravel road leading from Cardinal to Rose's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Tharlow, March 18th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestroughs, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?

To build a new House or Barn?

To make improvements by fencing or clearing?

Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,

MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

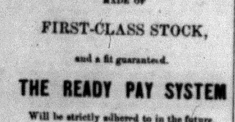
THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.



The great Engish remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as sequence of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST

OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 132. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S, CONNERS LODGE, No. 1133. Meets first Friday in each month. R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT NO. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge. C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE. M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O. JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, G. T. B.

A SPECIAL meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, November 6th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Oct. 27th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Oct. 28th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.15.

DRANS will receive next week a fine stock of rare and delightful Perfumes, to sell by the bottle or ounce.

Free Fair.

The next free fair in this village will be held on Tuesday, November 4th. Bear the date in mind.

Butter Wanted.

Mr. W. R. McRae, of Belleville, advertises in this issue for any quantity of first-class dairy butter, for which he will pay the highest cash price. Any of our readers having this article on hand will find a ready sale for the next few months.

Personal.

Mr. Frank Conlin, of Eldorado, who for the past seven months has been making an extensive pleasure tour through the state of Dakota and Province of Manitoba returned home on Tuesday. He looks well and hearty, as though he had thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

New Bus.

Mr. Barnum has purchased the elegant covered omnibus late of the Windsor House, Ottawa, and is now running it between the village and the station. It is a great convenience, and gives quite an air of importance to the place.

Appointed a Commissioner.

Wm. Mackintosh, Esq., I. P. S., of this village, has been appointed by the Minister of Education a commissioner to enquire into certain improper practices in connection with the examination of school teachers in the County of Lanark, in July last. We congratulate Mr. M. on the confidence reposed in him by the hon. Minister.

Temperance Meeting.

The temperance meeting in the Town Hall last night was very well attended. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, E. D. O'Flynn, Esq., Rev. J. Macfarlane, T. W. Casey, Esq., Grand Secretary of the I. O. G. T., Judge Dean, of Lindsay, and Rev. A. Martin. A announced elsewhere a meeting will be held to-morrow evening for the purpose of reorganizing Madoc Lodge. The meeting will be held in the Oddfellows' Hall, at 8 o'clock.

Accident on the B. & N. H. Railway.

The usual early Monday morning train this week, coming north, met with what might have been a serious mishap in the vicinity of White Lake, in Huntingdon. On the train were three new cars just out of the Company's works and they did not run quite so smoothly as they might. At the above place they jumped the rails and got so mixed up that it took several hours to clear the track. In consequence the regular train was unable to leave here that morning. Nobody was hurt.

Important Sale of Real Estate.

Mr. C. G. Wilson, druggist, of this village, has purchased that valuable property on Durham street between his drug store and Moon's hotel, known as the MacLellan estate, for the sum of $2,600. It is his intention to erect thereon a fine block of stores next summer. The property is in one of the best situations in the village, and we are glad to see that Mr. Wilson has secured it and will put it to such good purpose.

A Quaker Printer's Proverbs.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for the name oftentimes secures the publication of worthless articles.

Never do thou leaf about nor knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

Thou shouldst not delude thyself with the thought that thou hast saved a few cents when thou hast secured a dead-head copy of his paper, for whilst the printer may smile and say it's all right, he'll never forget your incivility.

Yours, &c., &c.,

BILLA FLINT.

FRESH SPICES.—Nutmegs, Mace, Mustard, White Mustard Seed, Cayenne, White and Black Pepper, Cloves, Cinnamon, Ginger, Allspice, *ground* and *unground*, at Deans' Drug Store.

Tudor Prize List.

We are obliged to hold over the prize list of the Tudor Show to next week, on account of other matter already in type.

"Men of Israel, Help."

A meeting will be held to-morrow eve at 8 o'clock, in the hall over Foster & Reid's store, for the purpose of reorganizing Madoc Lodge, 654, I. O. G. T. All former members of the Order, and those who wish to become such, are respectfully requested to attend.

JAS. MACFARLANE,

Provincial Deputy.

Imprisoned in a Straw Stack.

A singular incident occurred a few days ago, which would have resulted disastrously to a poor dumb brute had it not been for the wicked proclivities of some village boys. A cow belonging to Mr. N. M. Maybee strayed away on Thursday last, and although diligently searched for could not be found. On Sunday a number of boys were indulging in a game of hide-and-go-seek around Loomis' straw stack, when, hearing a noise in the stack, they pulled away some of the straw and set free a young calf. Some time afterwards one of the boys while endeavoring to push his way through a hole in the centre of the stack was considerably astonished to find his progress impeded by an animal of some sort stuck fast in the hole, and on making his discovery known the straw was again pulled away and the lost cow revealed.

Magistrates' Court.

Chief Magistrate Wood, having associated with him Messrs. J. H. Dunn and W. H. Tumelty, J.Ps., "sat" on an interesting case on Monday. We often hear of disputes to which is added "there was a lady in the case," but in this case there were two ladies in it—and a man. It was a charge of assault, bad language, and interference, preferred by Mrs. William Bailey against Mrs. and Mr. John Artis, of this township, whose place her husband was working on shares, both families residing on the place. The dispute originally arose, amongst the women of course, in regard to the possession of the chip-yard, and gradually spread as only women are capable of spreading such little differences until, after hair-pulling and stone throwing had failed, the majesty of the law was evoked to decide who was which. Judging from her evidence Mrs. Bailey does not appear to have been used any too lovingly by her neighbors, who endeavored to limit their tenants as close as possible to the margin of their "share." A written agreement signed by both parties, of which however neither one knew the meaning of, was read to the Court, who saw that it gave Bailey power to eject the meddling landlord and his wife from the place altogether until the expiration of the lease if they saw fit. This interpretation considerably nonplussed the latter, who vigorously protested they had never intended to "give themselves away" like that, and that it was rather hard, but the Court, through Mr. Tumelty, informed her in melodramatic style that "such was indeed her unhappy position." Artis was fined $1 and $5.50 costs, with the gratuitous advice to leave his tenants alone, and have his agreements in future drawn up properly by a lawyer. Mr. Henderson appeared for the complainant.

On Tuesday John Bowell was charged by Thomas Coughlin, both of Hungerford, with stealing from the premises of a neighbor, where they were pasturing, some live stock which he alleged belonged to his wife. Mr. Bowell proved that the animals were seized by his son, W. J. Bowell, bailiff, on authority of the clerk of the court, for rent owing by Coughlin to him (Bowell). The case was dismissed. Mr. Peterson for complainant.

The Iron Mines of North Hastings.

From the Intelligencer.

MR. EDITOR,—In the development of the iron mines of North Hastings every well-wisher of our country should take a warm interest. It is not enough that the ore should be quarried and sent out of the country, but we ought to wake up to the necessity of working those ores ourselves and not only make what pig and bar iron we need for Canada, but also to convert it into steel for rails and other uses, and have large supplies for exportation.

It may be said that we have not the men of capital and enterprise to start the making iron and steel in Canada; we have the capital in the country if our men of money would but use it instead of placing it out on mortgage loans at high rates of interest. But if our own men will not embark in the enterprise of developing iron ores, we surely can invite British capitalists, many of whom are to be found amongst the great iron masters in England, and who, if proper attention is given to encourage them to examine our iron resources and to start the manufacture of the ores for the good of the country, would be found willing to embark in the enterprise in Canada.

It will do Canada no good to allow our ore beds to be locked up by one, two, or more gentlemen speculators from the States. The time has come when, at least in North Hastings, the owners of iron ores should hold on to them for better purposes, than to allow them to fall into the hands of Americans, whose only object must be their own immediate or distant profits, taking some of the ore out of the country now to manufacture at a profit, and then to sell us back the iron manufactured from it, on which we have to pay a heavy duty.

I am not aware of what it costs per ton to quarry the ore or to bring it on the cars from the ore bed to Belleville, but it can't amount to much, and what particular benefit is all this to the County, or even to Madoc itself, for the $50,000 bonus from each of the municipalities? In a monetary point of view how much benefit do these municipalities receive? How much labor do our city's working men obtain from the speculation, even when the ore was unloaded on the Grand Junction dock and from there reloaded into schooners? and this small outlay I am informed has been or is about to be cut short, by the Grand Trunk continuing the shipment from the station westward.

If any profit is made on the ore it falls into the hands of American iron masters and speculators, exporting what goes to pay the American laborers to build up a manufacturing population in a foreign country, while we receive but little, either directly or indirectly, by the removal of our ores to the States.

It may be said we have we have not coal to work our ores. To this I reply we can bring coal to the iron as easily and cheaply as the iron can be taken to the coal, yes at less expense; there in the back country we have any quantity of wood for making charcoal, and charcoal iron is the best for most uses. It may also be said that without Railroads to the ore beds the iron is of no use to those that have it on their lands. True; yet neither is it of use to the speculator only in the prospective, therefore it is as well in the hands of the owners as in those who seek to obtain possession of them at little or no cost to themselves. If the owners are to receive no immediate profit from the ore it might better remain their property until it will realize a handsome sum for their benefit, and I feel satisfied that the day is not far distant when English capitalists will take hold of our iron ore beds and become not only residents but manufacturers of these ores, throughout not only the County of Hastings but the Dominion, and the iron industry will stand second to no other in Canada.

In giving my views to the public through the press I have but one end in view, and that object is a friendly warning to those who have iron not to lock it up in the hands of speculators at present, but to hold on and wait patiently for further developments. Already several letters have been addressed to principal iron masters in England by a gentleman who is well acquainted with the subject.

Yours, &c., &c.,

BILLA FLINT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—As we have no High School in North Hastings, and, consequently, no Entrance Examination, our teachers have no opportunity for applying a *uniform test* to their Fourth and Junior Fifth classes. The Third Class Examination furnishes a good test for Senior Fifth classes, but is altogether too difficult for the other classes I have mentioned.

In order to afford teachers additional means by which the relative efficiency of their schools may be tested, I have requested the Minister of Education to furnish me with a supply of Entrance Examination papers sufficient to enable me to hold an examination (similar in every respect to the "Entrance") at the time for holding that examination in December. Should this request be granted (and I do not anticipate a refusal) I shall, as soon as possible, announce the date of examination, and I trust a large number of teachers will send pupils to it.

Let me add that, in my decided opinion, the Entrance Examination is the proper test for promotion from the Fourth to the Fifth class. Recently, I have been sorry to notice a tendency on the part of some of our leading teachers to looseness in regard to promotions. The regulations make it my duty "to see that no departures are made from the programme without sufficient cause." Teachers will please get my formal sanction *before making any such departures*. This will obviate the necessity for removing pupils to lower classes.

The subjects for Entrance Examination may be found on page 253 of the Compendium to the School Law. In order to pass, candidates must obtain, at least, 50 per cent. of the aggregate number of marks, and 30 per cent. of the marks assigned to each subject. A similar examination will be held at L'Amable for candidates for special certificates to teach in the remote townships.

Yours truly,

WM. MACKINTOSH,

P. S. Inspector.

MAYNOOTH ITEMS.

Weather beautiful once more; and the trees have lost their tinted foliage and are looking dreary, reminding us that "old winter" is close at hand.

The exhibition at L'Amable on the 1st inst. was quite a success. Many of our citizens availed themselves of the opportunity of attending it. Some others have gone to Belleville to Court, though not in the *loving* sense of the term.

Michael Doyle, Esq., sometimes known as the father of Doyle's Corners, (Maynooth,) is here on a visit. He looks well, and is gladly welcomed by all.

Our old friend, Mr. Lees, is again in town "pegging away," and we would confidently recommend him to those requiring a good under-standing.

We are pleased to hear that our much respected citizen, Mr. H. Z. Cassell, has been re-appointed postmaster of Maynooth, greatly to the chagrin of some narrow-minded petitioners. Mr. C. has heretofore discharged the duties of his office creditably, and will doubtless continue to do so.—Com.

CONFECTIONERY.—French Cream Carmels, Louise and Lorne Chewing Candies, Chocolate do., Mottoes, Conversation Lozenges, Sugar Peas and Wheat for cake trimming, at Deans' Drug Store.

DIED.

HUDGINS.—In this village, on the 13th inst., William Hudgins, aged 58 years.

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to

A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,

or to the undersigned proprietor,

JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.

Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,

or to

Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

TIES! TIES!!

50,000 WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

1879. GRAIN! 1879.

GRAIN!

The proprietors of the

North Hastings Grain Warehouse.

At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.

Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1879. 127

Any person ordering *THE DAILY* or *WEEKLY MAIL* between this date and the 1st of JANUARY, 1880, and paying one year's subscription, will receive the paper so ordered to the end of 1880.

ADDRESS "THE MAIL," TORONTO.

The Weekly Mail.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will be sent to any Post Office in Canada or the United States, or to any address in England, Ireland, or Scotland, postage prepaid for

$1.00 PER ANNUM,

or The DAILY MAIL for $6 per Annum.

THE GREAT DOLLAR NEWS-PAPER.

It is nearly eight years since THE MAIL was established, and during that time it has gradually acquired circulation and influence, which renders it second to no other newspaper in the Dominion. The Publisher takes pleasure in announcing that THE WEEKLY MAIL has met with a very large measure of success in the year just close-d, and that notwithstanding the general depression in business, and the consequent falling off in the circulation of almost every other paper in Canada, THE MAIL, both Daily and Weekly, has made a very great advance.

Special Editors have been engaged for the various Departments, and no expense will be spared to make the whole paper INTERESTING AND RELIABLE.

THE MAIL will remain true to the principles it has always advocated, and it is intended to make it, by the aid of such additional strength as ample capital can afford, even a more potent champion of the Conservative cause. All the old Departments of

Telegraphic News, Political Intelligence, and Editorials

WILL BE CONTINUED WITH UNABATED VIGOR.

During 1880 the following Departments will receive special attention:—

Agriculture in its various branches. Special prominence being given to correspondence from Farmers on Agricultural Subjects. Illustrations will be used wherever they will make the subject clearer or in any way increase the practical value of the letter-press.

Our Market Reports will be a speciality; we will use every means to secure complete reliability. The Market Reports of THE MAIL are noted as the most reliable in Canada.

Our Literary Department will be a leading feature. Stories both short and continued from the pens of the best authors, and in many cases illustrated.

The Ladies' Department, under charge of Ladies of experience, will, we have no doubt, prove an interesting and valuable feature. Fashions, Household, Culinary Matters, the Care of Children, &c., will be included in this department.

Health is the Household, under charge of an able medical man, will add to the value of THE WEEKLY MAIL.

THE CANADIAN FARM ANNUAL FOR 1880,

ILLUSTRATED WITH 140 ENGRAVINGS,

containing valuable information and practical suggestions for the Canadian Farmer, will be presented to every subscriber of THE WEEKLY MAIL.

CONTENTS:

Design for a Handsome Country Residence.—Front view, side view, perspective view, and two plans. Full specifications and descriptions. 8 Engravings.

Two Designs for Cheap Dwelling Houses.—Front views, plans, sections, descriptions and specifications. 8 Engravings.

Design for Country Church with description, &c. 1 Engraving.

Design for Country School House. 3 Engravings.

Fences.—Board and Rail Fences compared, Seasoning, System in Splitting, Laying out the Fence, Post and Rail Fence, Cattle Fence, Post and Board Fence, Slab Fence, Conformation of the Ground, the Fence for the Farm. 34 Engravings.

Wheat.—Soils, Varieties, Preparation of the Soil, Rotation, Fallowing, Manures, Preparing Old Soil, Harrowing, Fall Wheat, Spring Wheat, Diseases and Enemies, Winter Killing, Smut, Rust, insects, The Midge, The Hessian Fly, The Grain Weevil, &c. 16 Engravings.

Management of Hedges.—Preparing the Soil, Selecting Plants, Cultivation, Underdraining, Cutting Back, Pruning, Laying, &c. 10 Engravings.

Contrivances in Rural Economy.—Bag Holders, Thistle Digger, Horse Cleaner, Wood Carrier, Drawing Posts, Snow Plough, Removing Trees. 10 Engravings.

Garden Insects.—The Onion Fly, the Centipede, Parsnip and Parsley Worm, Flat-backed Centipede, Cut Worm Moth, Striped Flea Beetle, the Garden Flea, Cabbage Moth, Cabbage Aphis, Cucumber Squash Bug, Squash Coccinella, Asparagus Beetle, Tomato Worm, Potato Beetle, Snapping Beetle, Wire Worm. 34 Engravings.

Art Needlework.—12 Engravings.

Besides a quantity of other matter now being prepared.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

MADOC

MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,

Drug Store.

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

FARM TO RENT.

FOR a term of years, the east ½ of lot 6, 6th con., Madoc. A house and barn on the premises. Apply to

DANIEL ROSS,

Madoc Village,

or to JNO. ROSS, on the premises.

Madoc, Oct. 1st, 1879. 131.

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,

FRESH WATER HERRING,

SALT WATER HERRING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

FLOUR, FEED,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,

49-tf. Madoc

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated or corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

LATEST NOTICE.

In future **EGGS** will be taken in trade from our customers for Dress Goods, Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, etc., etc.

The fair market price will be allowed.

The New Store

In Wright's Block, Madoc, has now opened. All fresh, new goods. A most extensive assortment of fashionable Dry-Goods, &c., &c. Also two large Importations of Bankrupt Stocks These will be thrown on the market at such prices as must attract the serious and prompt attention of the public. The strict and honest rule of our business will be One Price. All goods ticketed and a second price is not to be recognized in any case. We deal out fair play to the poor workingman, Rich and poor alike will receive our most prompt and kind attention during this cheap sale. There is one more remark, namely, that the first buyers during the opening weeks of business will have the advantage of selecting much of the cream of the stock. In our tailoring department pants or suits will be made to order, or cut ftee of charge. A most extensive assortment of Boots and Shoes and Slippers, also for children's wear, at prices almost unheard of in this section of Canada.

Please look out for the sign of

THE NEW STORE.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT.

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!

WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable!

The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., giving our advertisement *some fair play.*

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

The British Guarantee and the Canada Pacific—Trades Unions in England—Decay of the Irish Poplin Trade—The Negro Question in South Africa—Bismarck and His Dog.

No British Guarantee of Canadian Pacific Railway Bonds.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of Sept. 20 says:—According to a communication printed the other morning, it seems that the Government has discouraged the proposal to appeal to Parliament for a guarantee of a loan to construct the Canadian Pacific Railroad. This might have been looked for. If this system were now commenced, without any definite reason, we might next be asked to guarantee a trans-Australian railroad, with much the same prospect of profit. It seems, therefore, that the railroad is to be built on the land-grant principle, and that 100,000,000 acres of land and all the minerals are to be appropriated for this purpose. An Imperial Commissioner is asked for, to act with the Home Commissioners, and it is thought that in this way money may be obtained here for the purpose. Possibly; but the first thing is to encourage the act of emigration along the line of the proposed road. This the Canadian Government is doing, in some degree, by its aid to representative farmers who go out to explore the farms of the West. There is, however, room for much more energy in this direction, and thus alone can the enterprise be made profitable. The direct trade across the continent will never pay; that has been seen clearly in America. It is the development of local traffic that must be looked to. So far, Canadian railroads have been dead failures commercially. They have been built at much too high a cost for the country, and very badly managed as well. It is to be hoped these mistakes will not be made in the present instance; but, unless a good American engineer and a trustworthy American contractor are employed, it is to be feared that there will be no improvement. Englishmen seem not to have learned how to build cheap railways in new countries. They want everything to be grand at once, as if they were providing for the wants of an old settled country.

Trade-Union Crimes and Follies in England.

Says the London *Gazette* the shooting of a workman engaged in the glass trade in Manchester has directed attention to the tyranny of the trade union of this particular industry. In other branches of manufacture the complete failure of the unions to keep up wages against a falling market has thrown discredit upon their operations. One unsuccessful strike after another has impoverished the men without altering the conditions of the hiring of labor. Business has been retarded, and orders have been driven away; and that is the beginning and the end of these mischievous proceedings. In the glass trade, however, the union seems to have been more successful. According to the masters, at any rate, bad workmen are forced upon them, whether they wish to employ them or not; and when an American agent makes his appearance offering drinking-glasses at 1s. 3d. a dozen which the English manufacturers can only produce at 2s. the men refuse to enable the master to face the difficulty. Worse still, by insisting upon the appointment of a drunken or incompetent workman to a "chair" in a glass factory the Union renders valueless the labor of three other persons. Yet if under such circumstances a "chair" is stopped, a strike is threatened. This is the statement of the masters, and it certainly deserves the serious consideration of the Unionists at a time when the feeling against "rattening" and unfair restrictive rules is far stronger than it was.

Decay of the Irish Poplin Trade.

A Dublin letter says: "It appears that the peasantry are not the only class just now in Ireland that are stared in the face by starvation. The last remaining manufacture of Ireland is, we are told, dying out. The poplin trade, once so famous and flourishing, is year by year passing away, and the poplin weavers of Dublin are all but starving. The secretary of the trade appealed to the Duchess of Marlborough, wife of the present Viceroy of Ireland, to use the prestige of her high position in helping to revive this languishing national industry. To-day her Grace replies, in a letter full of womanly sympathy and of practical advice and suggestion. She says that the depression of Irish poplin trade seems to be due mainly to the caprices of fashion, and she understands that it is on this ground an appeal is made to her for aid. She says her services are wholly at the disposal of the poplin-weavers of Dublin, and that she is ready to take the lead in any reasonable plan that may be proposed for the encouragement of the manufacture of Irish poplin. Meantime, she suggests that those concerned in the manufacture must do something in the way of departing from the old lines on which they are working. She reminds the poplin manufactures that it is not in the power of individuals to revive a drooping trade; and she suggests a livelier exhibition of energy and taste on the part of the manufacturers themselves; "for it cannot be denied," her Grace observes, "that there is a want of novelty and variety of design in the patterns, and it is an undoubted fact that in ordinary poplins for a court dress we are now showing the same patterns as were furnished to her Majesty the Queen at the time of her wedding."

The Negro Question in South Africa.

(London Spectator, Sept. 20.)

Sir Garnet Wolseley's determined persistence has been rewarded. Cetewayo was captured, Aug. 28, in the southeastern corner of Zululand, by a detachment of the First Dragoon Guards, and the Zulu war may, therefore, be considered at an end. No other chief has the same ascendancy, and the new policy of acknowledging the independence of each head of a tribe, under the general supervision of a British Resident, will probably, for a time at all events, prevent the growth of a new Kingship,—that is, if the settlers of the Transvaal and Natal can be prevented from making raids upon the weakened tribes. The duty of the British Government now is to compensate the Zulus for invasion by securing them milder and juster Government, security from the Swazies on the north, and exemption from disturbance through British land-claims. It will then only remain to defeat Secocoeni, pacify the Pondos, conciliate the Boers, and devise some method of meeting the grand difficulty of all, the geographical shape of the South-African Dominion. It is a triangle, with the apex civilized and the base barbarian, and it may be necessary, say for twenty years, to prohibit immigration from the north. Otherwise all efforts at improvement will be destroyed by the steady push of unknown barbarians from Central Africa.

Prince Bismarck in Vienna.

The meeting between Count Andrassy and his illustrious guest at Vienna was a cordial one, and arm in arm they walked to the Court carriage, a private brougham of the Emperor's, that was waiting to take Prince Bismarck to the hotel where he was staying. "Hardly were the two statesman seated," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and ready to start ere down went the window on the near side, and a stentorian voice cried out, '*Mein hund! Wo ist mein hund?*' If anything had befallen that famous dog while Prince Bismarck's attention was momentarily turned into another direction it is my firm belief that it would have been all up with the Austro-German alliance, and the incensed Chancellor would have taken the next train back to Berlin. Sultan is, however, an experienced traveller and has a very good notion of how to take care of himself. In a twinkling he was at the carriage door, and, assisted by the two Court flunkeys, he sedately took his seat on the rug at the feet of the two gentlemen inside. Judge of the stupefaction of the crowd assembled outside the Imperial Hotel on seeing the four-legged compant of the Court brougham leap out with a bark, and contrary to all etiquette, greet the nearest bystanders in a most unpleasantly demonstrative style. I never saw such a ridiculous sight in my life. People fled in all directions, for Sultan has a bad reputation. He nearly upset the Congress by an unjustifiable attack upon the Russian Plenipotentiary, and since then he has maimed one of the Berlin Foreign Office officials for life because he sat down on the chair usually occupied by Prince Bismarck. The worst of it is that he is not the genuine historical favorite of the Chancellor, but only a spurious imitation. Sultan—the original Sultan—I learn was poisoned a couple of years ago, and nothing can shake Prince Bismarck's conviction that it was two social democrats who did it. This is no banter of mine, but a well authenticated fact known to every Berliner. It is, doubtless, to preserve Sultan the second from a similar fate that six Berlin detectives arrived here last night and, together with the police of Vienna, have taken unwonted measures of precaution in the neighborhood of the Hotel Imperial. They were certainly not wanted for the safety of Prince Bismarck, who runs no risk whatever. He has, on the contrary met with an unexpectedly friendly welcome from the people, who, wherever they got a glimpse of the Prince, cheered him vociferously. Prince Bismarck's hat made quite a sensation. It is a soft felt wide-awake, with a formidable brim, unique of its kind. The Prince declined the Emperor's invitation to stay at Schoenbrunn, wishing, I suppose, to be at liberty to receive and go out as he pleased. He went to the Foreign Office at eleven this morning and was closeted with Count Andrassy for more than three hours. At four this afternoon he went with the Princess and his son to Schoenbrunn, to dine with the Emperor, with whom he exchanged calls in the course of the day. Prince Bismarck is looking rather old and worn, and his gait is by no means so sprightly as it was six months ago. He is, nevertheless, in the best health. I saw something very like a tear in the Prince's diplomatic eye last night as the crowd greeted him with a ringing cry of 'Hoch, Bismarck!' Between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy business is transacted without the least difficulty. They are perfectly at their ease together, and I am told that there is never any fencing or reticence on either side. I can readily believe this of Count Andrassy, and I dare say Prince Bismarck is under less restraint with him than with any other statesman of the day. The fact that the Count is taking a leading part in the negotiations—or it is perhaps more correct to say in the *pourparlers*—that are going on here just now proves that, although out of office, he will not altogether abandon power; indeed, I fancy that after the Count's retirement Trerebes, his seat in Hungary, will be an important branch establishment of the Ballhaus Platz in Vienna. That will, at all events, be the case as long as Prince Bismarck is Chancellor of the German Empire. Prince Bismarck, as I already mentioned, is accompanied by the Princess and his son, Count William Bismarck. The latter is, physically, very much like his father, and is very popular in Berlin. He is a member of the German Reichstag, and is frequently on the special committees of that assembly. 'Count Bill,' as he is called in Berlin, distinguished himself during the Franco-German war as a common soldier in the ranks, and his fate was often a cause of anxiety for Prince Bismarck. He is now constantly with his father, and a friend of the family, lately describing him to me, assured me that 'Count Bill' was a chip of the old block."

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S FAMOUS SPEECH.

The following is a fuller report of the speech delivered September 19th, a cable summary of which has already appeared in our columns:

I know it may be said that, after all, we don't fear the competition of Europe but we do fear the competition of America. (A Voice—Hear, hear.) We are told that our present agricultural system has failed in consequence of sustaining three classes. That is unnatural. That is a complete fallacy. Whatever may be your tenure three profits must be obtained from the land; and the question arises whether it is not better that the profit should be represented by three classes than by one. I hear every day that it is impossible to compete with America. (Hear, hear.) There may be other causes which have prostrated our energies at the present moment. I will not give any decided opinion upon the matter. It is a singular circumstance that at this moment the greatest apprehension is felt in the United States that they cannot compete with Canada. The taxation in America is so high—(hear, hear)—the rate of wages so high—(hear, hear)—that it is impossible, according to some of the best American authorities, for them any longer to continue a successful competition with Canada. What is the position of Canada? If we are to be fed from beyond our shores it is at least a satisfaction that we should be fed by her Majesty's subjects. The situation of Canada is most peculiar. Since the surrender of the Hudson's Bay Company and the settlement of their affairs, the Dominion of Canada became possessed of what I might almost describe as an illimitable wilderness and a wilderness of fertile land. Now, a very peculiar circumstance to be noted is that the Dominion of Canada is not in favor of peasant proprietors. (Hear, hear.) What the Dominion of Canada wishes to institute is a great yeoman class. It has legislated for that purpose—its legislation has now an influence for that purpose; and let us see what is their legislation. Every honest man, of fair character, who goes to Canada has a right to apply to the Government agent, to claim, and to obtain, a quarter section of land, which consists of 160 acres, which he receives on the condition that at the end of three years he shall have reduced it to perfect cultivation; that in the interval he will raise a substantial building on the land. At the end of these three years a Government inspector visits his allotment, and if he has fulfilled the conditions he is permitted to receive another quarter section of 160 acres, and on payment of a dollar an acre, and on no greater payment even if the value of the land in the interval had greatly increased. Thus the yeoman was launched, you will observe, but from the first moment this is not a small business. The holder of the allotment must deal with hired labor. Hired labor is less in Canada than in the United States. In the United States the rudest laborer you can conceive would get 12s a week, and a skilled laborer 16s or 18s. The first thing that a yeoman does is to calculate the value of his freehold, which will depend on the amount he has paid during those six years of hired labor, the amount expended on building, and the hard money paid down for the last quarter section, and at 4 per cent. he writes off the interest. What is that but rent. (Hear, hear.) I will mention a very curious circumstance which I have heard from the very highest authority. Some years ago the cultivation—the extreme cultivation—of the Western States alarmed this country by affecting prices. The production, which was extreme, has been reduced one-third, generally speaking, and in the same States one-half of the chief pioneers, who advanced so greatly the cultivation of the extreme Western States of America, have sold their farms, and have sold them at thirty-eight or forty dollars an acre, and therefore you will see there is a basis of rent included in such an arrangement. They are now repairing to the illimitable wilderness of Canada. You ask me what is my reference? It is a practical one, and I think you will, upon reflection, deem it to be a wise one—that when you are suffering from foreign competition it is wise not to take precipitate steps, and to take care that you do not conclude that that is permanent which is only transitory, especially when we see circumstances so transitory that the very place of competition is doubtful. When you hear through me—I will not say from me—that Canada expects to be completely successful in beating the United States from the European markets, it is wise for us not to take any precipitate steps. I have had an opportunity lately of conversing with a gentleman who may be considered the highest authority in this matter, which is as political, I might almost say, as statesmanship. He told me he was quite perplexed, after the deepest enquiry, as to what would be the result to Canada if two hundred million acres of the wilderness were gradually brought into cultivation. He said there were some who thought that America would be destroyed in that case. As regarded Canada itself, he said that if the influx of population were to go on, and those fertile acres placed at their disposal he could not tell what would be the consequence. The population would demand not only sustenance, but extravagant and extreme sustenance, as always happens—for example, in California, and wherever money was made quickly; and for his part, he said, he should not be astonished, because of the impulsive character of humanity in the United States, if that wilderness which now so alarms us would soon be occupied by consuming millions. What we should take into consideration is the influence of five ruthless seasons on our land. We always heard that the interest of the farmers and the owners of the land were identical, and that between them there were feelings of regard and affection. I have always and do most solemnly and sincerely believe in this assertion; but if ever there was a time when that sympathy should be shown it is the present. It would be not merely a great danger for ourselves, it would be a great danger for England if the farmer class should be ruined either in influence or in numbers. (Cheers.)

—A careless telegrapher caused a panic in a domestic circle in New York the other evening. A young woman telegraphed from Philadelphia to her mother in this wise: "Have received no letter. Am worried." The message received by her mother was this: "Have received no letter. Am married." The mother was surprised at this sudden announcement, and she gave the daughter a large piece of her mind. The operator had mistaken "worried" for "married," no doubt thinking the meaning was the same, and had wired the mother the surprising intelligence.

—The exemplary husband riseth in the early morning, girdeth his loins and washeth the household linen for his wife, while she enjoyeth her slumbers, or watcheth over the boiling of the household pot. It is his duty.—*G. Schmidt.*

TERRIBLE SUICIDE IN RUSSIA.

How a Despairing Lover Slowly Burned Himself to Death—Cursing His Love With His Last Breath.

A most extraordinary suicide has just taken place in the Russian town of Jhitomir under exceptionally fearful circumstances. The story is told by the St. Petersburg *Zeitung*:—"A few days ago a well-dressed traveller arrived at the Hotel de France, stating that he was Mr. Joseph O——, a colonial agent, and that he wished to stay a short time in Jhitomir upon business. A room on the second floor of the hotel was assigned to him and he spent two or three days in walking about the streets, although the weather was unusually wet and stormy. On the fourth evening he retired to his room early and locked himself in. Next morning he was called at his usual hour, but returned no answer to the summons. After a good deal of futile knocking and shouting the hotel proprietor became alarmed at his tenant's protracted silence, and caused the door of the room to be broken open. A terrible spectacle presented itself to the assembled household. Mr. O——'s body was lying on the bare bedstead, from which the mattress and bedclothes had been removed; one of the sheets partly covered the legs of the corpse, which was otherwise in a state of nudity, its left hand pressed tightly upon the region of the heart, and its right hand convulsively clutching the hair. The eyes were wide open, fixed in a glassy death stare, and the features distorted with agony. An oppressive odor, as of scorched fat, pervaded the room. No wound was perceptible on the body, but the chest was transversely tarred in several places by dull red stripes. As soon as the police, accompanied by the local medical officer, had made its appearance on the scene of this horrible tragedy, the corpse was turned upon its face, when the cause of death became for the first time apparent to the terror-stricken spectators. A deep and broad burn was exhibited in the middle of the back, and the spine was found to be completely carbonized. Upon the floor, underneath the bedstead, were discovered the wicks, embedded in a little blotch of cold stearine, of three candles, which had been taken out of the candle sticks and fixed up on a planking upon a layer of melted grease, and the flame of these candles Mr——had laid upon the skeleton framework of his beadstead, and suffered his spine to be slowly consumed until he died. A manuscript, placed upon a table close to the bed, contained not only a *resume* of the reasons which prompted this unfortunate man to undergo self-inflicted martyrdom, but minute details of the torturing process by which he had chosen to destroy his life. It was written in four languages—German, Russian, Polish and Czechish—and commenced in a firm bold handwriting, the last few pages, however, being scarcely legible, having evidently been penned in dire agony.

The first paragraph, in German, ran as follows:—"I thought it would cease, but it ceases not. So be it, then. Hereby I propose to solve an important question—namely, are suicides in their right senses, or are they the victims of mental aberration? Thus the question is commonly put, but I fancy that it does not touch the real point at issue. A man makes up his mind to put an end to his life when he finds that he takes no interest in it; when he cannot discover in the whole wide world the least thing which awakens sympathy in his breast. The question, therefore, is not whether the suicide be mad or sane, but whether or not he has anything to hope for from life. I hope for nothing in life, but my intellect is perfectly clear. (In Russian). There is still another question to solve. (In German). Are suicides cowards? That lover who allowed himself to be dragged to death by a horse before the eyes of his betrothed affords no proof to the contrary. Perhaps he would have cast himself loose from the cords that bound him had it been in his power to do so. That other fellow, who burned himself to death in Odessa, was probably no coward, for he might have thrown away the petroleum lamp and thus saved his life. Yet his clothes were already on fire, and the straw he was lying upon was smouldering; still he may have wished to escape death, had it been feasible. Now, a burning candle, to the flame of which the backbone and spinal marrow are exposed, must certainly make an end of life; that sort of death must be attended with atrocious sufferings, and the person inflicting such agony upon himself having no power to contend with but his own proper will and pleasure, can at any moment interrupt the process by the slightest movement of his body. I will submit myself to this torture. (In Russian) Should I not succeed in enduring the pain, the question, will be settled, at least for the present, in the sense that suicides are cowards. But if my corpse exhibiting proof that I have obtained death by two agencies—by burning candles, as ministering factors, and by my dominant will, which has not blenched before excruciating torments—that will be proof positive that men may die of their own free choice. Let me begin!" Here the writing became irregular and progressively more and more illegible. "I arise from my fiery couch amid hideous sufferings, but still not so terrible as I had anticipated and feared. I arise, but not to save myself. No! life is as obnoxious to me as ever. But I must send you (in Czechism), my mother, my father, a last farewell; my last remembrance, my last sentiments are dedicated to you! I think also of those who are the unwitting cause of this my dreadful death. Unwitting — for they knew not that their love was indispensable to my life. I die without their affection, like a fish without water, like a creature of God without air. My breath fails me. Farewell! You will follow me soon. Consideration of your feelings—you, who alone love me—has prevented me for a long while from thus putting an end to myself. I cannot do otherwise. It is so easy to follow the dead. But it would be better were you to forget me. Think not of me! I am dying; the experiment will succeed—the worst pains are past. I do not suffer so much now. Pain has at length become my friend. I repeat it—I am in the full possession of my faculties—my heart beats as steadily as usual, but my pulse seems to me a little deranged. Poor Werther! the star-gemmed still interested him! I also have gazed at it—it is a desert there above, like here beneath, like everywhere; aye, as in my heart and everywhere else! (In Polish.) I return to my strange, silently burning bed. I must put something under the candles to raise them up a little. Only one thing annoys me, that one cannot die nobly and pleasantly—the evil smell of my own consuming body offends my nostrils. (In Czechish.) Mother! father! forgive me! (In German.) Perhaps I should also set down that I forgive the being who has caused my death. But that would be a lie. I curse her; and if spirits have the power to return in ghostly terrors, oh! I will do so, and leave her no single moment's peace. It would have been so easy for her to make me happy, or at least contented. If I could remain alive my life should be vowed exclusively to vengeance on her. But I am going to my rest. Be she accursed with my last breath!" Such were the last words scrawled on this extraordinary document by an obviously dying hand!

THE BUTCHER WHO LOST.

A humped-shouldered old man, followed by a dog which seemed to have fasted for a year past, entered a Woodward avenue butcher-shop the other day, and the man made some inquiries about the price of smoked hams. The butcher saw the dog, of course, and who ever saw a butcher who didn't want to know all about a dog?

"Is that a good coon dog?" asked the butcher as he patted the shy canine on the head.

"Oh, no—he's a trick dog," answered the owner.

"Is eh? What tricks can he do?"

Oh, a dozen or two. He has one very peculiar trick, though. Would you like to see him do it?"

"I would, that. What is it?"

The man directed the butcher to put a pound of nice beefsteak on a sheet of brown paper and place the whole on the doorstep. He then said to his dog, which had watched matters very keenly:

"Now, Cato, I am about to call upon you to perform a trick. You have never gone back on me yet, and I have perfect confidence in you now. Cato, do you see that meat?"

Cato saw it. He walked over to it, seized it in his mouth, and as he went up the street it was hard to tell dog from dust.

"Hum! yes!" muttered the butcher; "do you call that a trick?"

"I do," confidently replied the man.

"Well, it's a blasted mean one!"

"Just so—just so," said the man. "You couldn't expect such a good looking dog as that to be around playing tricks on a guitar or a jewsharp, could you? I'll see you later about the hams."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A little girl who is a "lady" by reason of being a daughter of a noble English house, has betrayed a remarkable proclivity. All the canary birds were dying, and the governess discovered that the darling had been making pincushions of them while they were alive.

EMIGRATION OF FARMERS TO CANADA.

Appointment of Delegate from the Stewartry.

(From the Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser, Friday Sept. 12, 1879.)

A meeting of the farmers of the Stewartry called by Mr. Thomas Grahame, representative of the Canadian Government, was held in the town hall, Castle Douglas, on Monday afternoon, for the purpose of appointing a delegate to go out to Canada and report, to those who sent him, upon the agricultural advantages and resources of the country. There were nearly 300 present. Mr. Maxwell, of Munches, Capt. Clark, of Dunmuir, Mr. Biggar, of Chapelton, and Mr. M'Kie, of Dunjarg, were in the body of the hall.

On the motion of Mr. Lusk, Howell, A. Skirving, Esq., of Croys, was called to the chair, and was accompanied to the platform by Mr. Thos. Grahame, representative of the Canadian Government.

The Chairman said it was quite an unexpected thing for him to occupy that position. He had observed from the newspaper that a gentleman present at the dinner after the agricultural show at Kirkcudbright had stated he had come from Canada to give the farmers of this country some important information, and asked them to meet him at Castle-Douglas that day, when he would fulfil his promise. No doubt there was a general feeling in the Stewartry, as well as in other parts of the country, that farming was in a very depressed state, that there were too many tenants for the farms, and the farms might be too dear of themselves. This gentleman would tell them of a country where farms were more plentiful, and various other particulars connected with Canada. He had much pleasure in introducing Mr. Grahame to the meeting.

Mr. Grahame, after expressing his regret that the time to choose a person as delegate and the date of his sailing was so limited, said that when he was in Kirkcudbright ten days ago he had only received his first instructions, but since that time his second instructions had arrived, and it was necessary that the delegate should be ready to sail on Thursday first. He then read the letter from the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. J. H. Pope, which was confirmed by a letter from the Prime Minister, showing that he had complete authority from the Canadian Government. Since he had been in the country three delegates had already gone out, and on Friday, at Annan, Mr. R. W. Gordon, Comlongan, Mains, had been selected, and if they selected a delegate that day, and another was selected at Jedburgh on Tuesday, he would telegraph to Liverpool and secure berths for the three. He would now proceed to give them some information regarding our great North American dependency, and particularly to invite the farmers present to select a delegate to go out and to report to them on his return regarding the agricultural prospects of the country, with a view to the emigration of such farmers as the report satisfied, and who had sufficient means to enable them to settle there. The expenses of the delegate would be paid by the Canadian Government on his (Mr. Grahame's) certificate that he had been duly selected by not less than 25 farmers. The delegate, on going out, would proceed direct to Ottawa and place himself in communication with the official department of agriculture in the first place. Facilities would be given him to visit any of the older provinces he might wish to see, all reasonable expenses in obtaining necessary information being defrayed by the Government. The farms which were especially available to Englishmen were in these older districts, and the reason why so many offered themselves at this time was because large numbers of the farmers there who had families had gone up to the newer North Western territories, where land could be got for little or nothing, in order that they might have holdings for all their sons, which they would not be able to get in the older settlements, and many no doubt had shifted simply through their fondness for a pioneer life. The value of the farms they had left, and which were open to enterprising Englishmen, varied from £2 and £3 to £18 per acre, according to the state of the clearance, the buildings, and the nearness to a market. As to the amount of capital requisite, it would vary from £300 and £400 up to £1,000; but of course if the farm was rented much less capital would be required. Mr. Grahame next dwelt upon the suitability of the Canadian soil and climate for successful agriculture. The development of the cattle and sheep trade with this country had been enormous of recent years, and it was but in its infancy. Farmers from this country, with their superior knowledge of the breeding of cattle and of the kind of animals likely to suit the English market, would have a great advantage over the Canadian farmers. He anticipated that in the future, not only beef and mutton, but store stock would be sent over to this country in considerable quantities, and that in a few years America would be no farther distant in regard to exporting store stock than Ireland was thirty or forty years ago. Mr. Grahame then proceeded to describe the crops of the colony. In the spring there are spring wheat, barley, oats, peas, and in some instances Indian corn, buckwheat and rye. The root crops are the same as here. Hay operations commence about the middle of June and last till the end of July. The grain harvest is from the middle of July to the beginning of September. In the months the farmers are engaged thrashing, ploughing, and putting away their roots and fruits. One article sent over to this country in large quantities was the winter apple, from which many of the farmers made a great deal of money. He then gave some statistics of the extent and fertility of the soil, which was was sixteen times greater in extent than the whole of Great Britain, and not one-tenth of that land had as yet been inhabited or broken up at all. Speaking as to the produce per imperial acre of the various crops, Mr. Grahame said autumn for winter wheat would realize 25 to 40 and 45 bushels per acre; oats 30 or 40 up to 80 bushels; hay 1½ to 6 tons per acre; and roots about the same as in this country. Wages were also similar to those paid in Britain; but an important consideration was that the same amount of work was not required to cultivate the land as in this country. One matter which they could not be indifferent to, was the fact that the system of Government was the same as our own; they would not transfer their allegiance from the Crown of England by going to Canada. As they were aware the home Government had recognized the gravity of the crisis in farming by appointing a Royal commission of inquiry and representatives of that Commission had already gone out to the other side of the Atlantic to obtain information; and he urged that it would be well if the farmers of the district, looking to future contingencies, were to take advantage of the opportunity now afforded them. Canada was specially adapted to men with large and growing families, and perhaps, not too great means to maintain them. The population of the agricultural districts had greatly increased, and the land being all occupied competition for farms became so keen that the rents were higher than they ought to be. He therefore thought it would be infinitely better for all concerned if a large number went out to Canada. It would be better for those who emigrated, better for those who remained behind at home, and better for the landlord, who would then have things settled upon a stable foundation, and not to be continually asked to remit rent. (Applause). Regarding the climate he had heard many anxious inquiries; but although they had greater extremes of weather in Canada it was a very healthy climate. Winter, instead of being what it is here, was an enjoyable season, with a strong cold, clear and exhilarating air, and by no means prejudicial to the health. He had, for instance, driven out his own young family to a distance of twenty or thirty miles in the winter months and they had never been one bit the worse; on the contrary, many people who in this country had been ailing had been much improved in health since their arrival in Canada. There were not only the skating and sleighing tours of which they must all have heard, but a great deal of work could be also done during the winter months by the farmer in the shape of cutting his wood for fuel or for marketable purposes, and carting it in; and various other descriptions of work of a similar character were engaged in. On the other hand, summer, although warmer than they had it here, did not continue for a very great length of time, and the close vicinity of the larger inland lakes was great preservative of the health of the inhabitants; and it was a fact that during the time the British troops were stationed in Canada there was less of sickness or mortality among them than there had been during their sojourn in any other country; and he (the speaker, a stout, jolly, well-built, and altogether substantial-looking man) might offer himself as a specimen (though the youngest of a family of some) of the kind of men they produced out there. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Grahame, in conclusion, said that whoever was chosen must be prepared to leave on Thursday, the 11th inst., his latest instructions from the Canadian Government stating that it was necessary all the delegates should be in Ottawa by the 23d inst., the day on which the great exhibition of stock, grain, &c., commenced. Although the cereals were all in the barns, a good many of the crops and a great number of the Autumn fruits were still in the fields, and the delegates would have every opportunity of obtaining the description, quality, and extent of the grain produce by seeing it thrashed in the barns. He wished them to select a person in whom they had every confidence, and on whose report they could rely, for a report of that character would be much more satisfactory than any statement made by a person like himself, who might be interested in exaggerating somewhat. Mr. Grahame then intimated that he would be glad to answer any questions that might be asked.

The chairman said he thought the offer by Mr. Grahame, on behalf of the Canadian Government, was a very good one, and the next thing would be to select a delegate.

Mr. Lusk, Howell, said he did not expect to take any part in this movement, but he was sure they were exceedingly indebted to Mr. Grahame for his interesting address, and the large numbers who had turned out to hear him showed the general interest taken in the subject. No doubt the agricultural depression would cause shiftings, which a few years ago would not have been thought of, and it was well the subject had been brought before them. He thought it was most desirable they should appoint as delegate to proceed to Canada a gentleman having a knowledge of agriculture, of sound judgment and observation, and one who would be able to tell them something of what he had seen on his return to this country. He had much pleasure in proposing that Mr. James Biggar, jr., of Chapelton (tenant of Grange farm, Kirkpatrick-Durham), be selected as their delegate. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Craig, Hightae, seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Graham proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding.

The Chairman having briefly acknowledged the compliment,

Mr. Biggar said he was willing to undertake the duty of going as their delegate to Canada. He was aware there were many who were better qualified and had more experience than himself, but were unable to go in consequence of the short notice. He would be ready to go, and give a conscientious report, which he hoped would be satisfactory to those who were sending him, and also to the Government which had taken upon itself to pay the expenses.

The meeting then terminated.

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

A marked race-prejudice is shown against the negro immigrants by the farmers, who are mainly Republicans in politics. Among the small white farmers of the Louisiana hill-parishes and the German settlers in Texas there is exhibited the same antipathy to negro neighbors. It may be set down as a fact that any community of white men who themselves work in the fields object to being brought into competition with a race considered to be inferior. One of the objections raised by Kansas farmers to negro settlers is that the blacks are immoral, and they fear the results of an association of the children of the two races in the public schools. Ex-Governor Anthony of Kansas, a life-long abolitionist and "pronounced" Republican, said to the writer that he was opposed to a pauper immigration of any nationality or of any race, and therefore had no sympathy with the enthusiasts who would open Kansas to the pauper negroes of the South. The most potent reason against negro immigration in the minds of the leading men of Kansas is a well-grounded fear that the news of a numerous settlement of blacks in that State would serve to turn the tide of white immigration into Nebraska and Minnesota. A declared inclination on the part of the present administration in Kansas to invite a large immigration of negroes would immensely strengthen the feeble Democratic opposition, even if it should not result in a division of the local Republican party.

The employment of Chinese in the cotton fields of the South has often been mooted; but, to our knowledge, the only practical test, on a large scale, of the alleged superiority of Mongolian over African labor has been made in Texas, where about three hundred Chinamen, imported originally to build a railroad, have been employed as laborers on cotton plantations. These Chinamen have proved to be diligent and satisfactory. They are physically inferior to the negroes, but make up their deficiency in strength by unremitting industry. As tenants they are very shrewd, requiring that the land they rent be measured by disinterested persons, and confirming the surveyors' report by an independent measurement of their own. They will not submit to extortionate prices, and make their purchases where weights and measures, as well as prices, are satisfactory to them. The Chinaman contrives in some way nearly always to have a little ready money, and is accordingly able to buy his goods where he pleases, and to avoid getting into the power of the grasping merchants. The Chinaman is willing to work six days a week, while the average negro tenant is likely to make a holiday of Saturday as well as of Sunday. One of the evils of share-farming has been the readiness of the negro to take a holiday when the mood came upon him. Yet the plodding, patient Chinaman, although honorable in meeting the letter of his contract, is not looked upon with favor by the majority of the planters. They prefer the negro race, to all the peculiarities of which they have become used, and regard with disfavor the Chinaman, who is of alien religion, and destitute of every trace of American feeling.—*F. E. Guernsey, in International Review for October.*

AN INDIAN STORY.

"I once had what I believe was a marvellous escape from being bitten by a cobra. Lord Tom Norris, an old friend of mine, and I were riding along the road one moonlight night. It occurred to us that a horse race would be an agreeable variation to the routine of our somewhat monotonous horseback excursions. We were soon tearing along at a break-neck speed, but the race was quickly ended. Before we had galloped a hundred yards my horse struck his foot against something, rolled over, and I 'came a cropper.' I was a good deal shocked, and when I recovered myself my horse was out of sight. Neither I nor Tom Norris had the least idea in what direction he had gone, and while my friend galloped along one road I started on foot on another. I had walked about a mile, and was just passing the little post office, when I saw something nearly four feet high directly in front of me. It was like an upraised stick, and when in my haste I had nearly walked over it, it shot straight toward me. Mechanically, I raised the short stick I carried in my hand and struck at it. I took no aim whatever, and I am not all sure that I did not shut my eyes, like a young cricketer, as I delivered the blow. But it hit its mark, and, as I afterwards found, saved my life. For a cooly who came up a few seconds later with a torch held his light to the ground, where a full grown cobra lay writhing helplessly with its back broken. I was startled on that occasion; but I was far more disturbed at another time when, as it afterwards turned out, there was no snake there. It was the worst season of the year for venomous creatures, when Tom Norris and myself were occupying a small bungalow in Jubbulpore. We slept in the same room, each of us having a lounge, and it was about 2 o'clock in the morning and pitch dark when I was awakened by something striking me on the back and falling, as the sound seemed to indicate, in a coil upon the floor. "What's that?" exclaimed my friend, who awoke at the same instant, and I made no reply, for I had the strongest possible dislike to say what I believed it to be. "What's that?" he asked again, and then I answered, "I think it's a snake, and he has bitten me; will you get up and go for a light?" Tom Norris lay still for a while; then he said: "Now, look here, old fellow, if a cobra has bitten you, he won't do you the least additional harm if he bites you again, but what is the use of my being bitten too? Hadn't you better get up and go for the light? Could any logic have been more reasonable? I at once got up, and after some trouble procured a light, and we began our search for the snake. But first Tom Norris examined the place where I had been bitten, and his face grew very grave, for there were the two punctures, and it seemed clear that the snake had injured me. We hunted about the house for ten minutes, and although I felt myself growing drowsy I began to hope that I was not a cobra but some less venomous reptile that had bitten me. At last the mystery was solved. As we entered the bath room a wild cat, that for some incomprehensible reason had taken refuge in the bungalow went flying, half mad with fright, out of the window, carrying half a dozen panes of glass with her in her exit. In her confusion she had evidently jumped upon the bed, and her claws had penetrated my back, making two little holes precisely like the bites of a cobra. To say that I was relieved would give you a very poor idea of my sentiments as the cat sprang through the window. All my drowsiness vanished, and I slept no more that night.—*Exchange.*

—Of the seven million Hebrews in the world statisticians say there are five millions in Europe and a million and a half in the United States.

RUSSIA ARMING FOR A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE—ITS ARMY OF 3,000,000.

(From Le Messager de Vienne.)

Russia is at this moment in the midst of great military preparations. Her arsenals are day and night at work. Private letters, that come from perfectly trustworthy sources, tell us that she has already a store of guns and amunition sufficing for 3,000,000 of men. Moreover, in a single year she has cast no less than twenty-five hundred cannon on a model newly introduced from England. Against whom are these preparations levelled? Are they at Austria, Hungary, or at Germany? One is tempted for an instant to believe that the Russians mean to bring at once to a head the issue which is certain to rise between them and the Hapsburg dynasty with reference to the limits of their respective spheres of activity in the east. But, if our news be true, the sentiment which really governs them is one of jealousy toward Germany, whose influence in Europe they view with distrust. Prince Gortschakoff cannot forgive himself for having with his own hands pushed the Iron Chancellor to power and having put within his grasp the incredible successes of to-day. Prince Bismarck, on the other hand, believes that his work would be incomplete unless he conquered the Baltic provinces. Thus the two great statesmen, allies in the past, rivals in the present, are linked by this common hope—that by creating a powerful division in a foreign country one may contend with the Socialism of Germany, the other with the Nihilism of Russia. That is the duel which is now in the air, as surely as was that of France and Germany after Sadowa.

POWERFUL LYING—THE CAREER OF THE "REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN."

(Congregationalist.)

The wonderful life power inherent in some forms of lying has had striking illustration lately in the case of that "Rev. Joseph T. Inman," known to a few parties in New York as T. M. Allison, who has so long imprudently advertised his nostrums from the "Bible House," where he never had a room. The thing became such a nuisance that the Bible Society secured a perpetual injunction against Allison's further use of its name in his advertisements. The Post Office authorities at "Station D" also withheld for a time the stacks of money letters addressed to the "Rev," and tried hard to check the swindle, but they were defeated in the end. In the midst of all these movements, one Dr. McAllister, who had for years had a small medical practice in Brooklyn, died in that city, and the fact came out that he was the "Rev. J. T. Inman," *alias* Allison. He was well connected, and his own family, and friends disclaim all knowledge of his connection with this business; though how they could account for his extravagant style of living, on the income from his little practice, remains a mystery.

In the legal proceedings instituted by the Bible Society, Allison, as he was then called, acknowledged that he had received no less than $250,000 by his advertisements. Nor did he blush at the confession that he had never been a "missionary," had never seen "South America," had never known such a person as the Rev. J. T. Inman, and that the whole story told in his circulars was pure invention. One of the most singular things about the affair is that he could secretly carry on his game for years, well known across the ferry as Dr. McAllister, and on this side, by those who knew him at all, as Allison. Even his associate in the business, who had been with him for years, first as an office boy, then as a factotum, and, when it became necessary in his contest with the post office officials, as partner, never dreamed that he was any other man than Allison, till, on attending his funeral from curiosity, he recognized him in his coffin. The widow for a time again stopped the delivery of the "Indian" money letters, but she withdrew her protest, and the final decision being against the office, the business is still to go on. All who desire to pay their money for that self-sacrificing "missionary's" great remedy can have the privilege. But if he advertises from the "Bible House" hereafter, the society officers would be glad to hear of it.

A RIOT AMONG LEPERS.

(From the London Times.)

The great Leper Asylum at Mahaica, in British Guinea, has recently been the scene of a riotous outbreak, which threatened at one time to be attended with much bloodshed and some loss of life. Fortunately, however, the riot was quelled, and its only result will be to hasten the adoption of additional precautionary measures which the Government of the colony has long contemplated in its dealings with this troublesome portion of the community. The Mahaica asylum is a large hospital maintained by the Government for the reception of persons, chiefly coolies, afflicted with leprosy, and at the time of the outbreak contained about 200 patients. The Government is, unfortunately, powerless to enforce the admission of leprous subjects, or to prevent the removal of those who, partially cured, often leave and convey the infection with them; but every effort is made to prevent intercourse both with the outer world and within the asylum between the sexes. In a similar but smaller establishment in Kaow Island, in Essequibo, the afflicted people are not only entirely isolated from the rest of the world, but the sexes are kept strictly apart, and it is intended to adopt this plan to its entirely in the case of the larger asylum. At present, notwithstanding the watchfulness of the officers, it is impossible to prevent an occasional breach of the regulations by which the men and women are kept apart, and the authorities have, now and then, to chronicle an addition to the list of inmates within the asylum. The necessary stringency of the rules of the establishment, for the sake of the unfortunate parents as well as for the sake of the colony at large, has led to frequent difficulties with some of the inmates, and the ill-feeling lately culminated in an outbreak, which taxed all the efforts of a special body of police to suppress. The doctor in charge of the asylum, Dr. Hillis, was attacked while on one of his usual rounds and forcibly imprisoned in one of the rooms, and a leper armed with a razor kept guard over the door, while the others fell on the officers and servants and threatened to murder them. Fortunately, an alarm was raised and a large force of police despatched to the assistance of the besieged officers, who had to take refuge in the various rooms and lock themselves in. A hand-to-hand fight ensued, during which the female patients showed even greater ferocity and determination than the men. They were, however, fortunately, unable to find any dangerous weapons, and were eventually overpowered.

ESSAY ON WOMAN.

The following is from the Eureka (Nev. *Sentinel*;

After man came woman.

And she has been after him ever since.

She is a person of free extraction, being made of man's rib.

I don't know why Adam wanted to fool away his ribs in that way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did.

It costs more to keep a woman than three dogs and a shot-gun.

But she pays you back with interest—by giving you a houseful of children to keep you awake all night and smear molasses candy over your Sunday coat. Besides a wife is a very convenient article to have around the house.

She is handy to swear at whenever you cut yourself with a razor, and don't feel like blaming yourself.

Woman is the superior being in Massachusetts.

There are about 60,000 more of her sex than males in that State.

This accounts for the terrified hunted-down expression of the single man who has emigrated from the east.

Woman is not created perfect.

She has her faults—such as false hair, false complexion, and so on.

But she is a great deal better than her neighbor, and she knows it.

Eve was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, too, for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.

Still, I don't think she was happy.

She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, nor excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter bonnet to church.

Neither could she hang over the back fence and talk with her near neighbor.

All these blessed privileges were denied her.

Poor Eve! she's dead.

—The passions which act most severely on the physical life are anger, hatred and grief. The other passions are comparatively innocuous. What is called the passion of love is not injurious until it lapses into grief and anxiety; on the contrary, it sustains the physical power.

—Twenty dollars for carrying a loaded revolver on your person in Canada, no matter how thick the mad dogs are.

THE USES OF AN ENEMY.

Always keep an enemy in hand—a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the use of an enemy:—

1. The having of one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy washy, empty worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is proof of existence and position; to run against something is proof of motion.

2. An enemy is say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold; it permits you to know that you have your faults, and are therefore not a monster, and it makes them of such a size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to know it; when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you valuable work which your friend cannot perform.

3. In addition, your enemy keeps you wide-awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch—namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes lights, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next, and the mental *qui vive* must be worth something.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is much easier to assent than oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is scarcely a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of all his truthful assertions. Your friend will carry your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy around and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they cannot be mistaken.

The next best thing to have to a hundred real friends is to have one open enemy. But let us pray to be delivered from secret foes.—*Sunday Magazine.*

WHOM VICTORIA HAS OUTLIVED

(From the London Herald.)

And now, as she looks back on the two and forty years of her reign, what changes has her Majesty seen in the personnel of her privy council, her Parliament and her cabinet ministers, to say nothing of her judicial and episcopal bench? She has outlived by several years every Bishop and every Judge whom she found seated on those benches in England, Scotland and Ireland. She has witnessed the funeral of every Premier who has served under her except Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Not a cabinet minister of her uncle and predecessor's days now survives; and of those who held inferior offices under her first and favorite Premier, Lord Melbourne, I can find among the living only Lord Halifax (then Mr. Charles Wood) and Lord Howick (now Lord Grey).

Of the members of the privy council which sat at Kensington Palace on that bright summer morning in June, 1837, to administer the oaths to the girlish Queen, I can find in the land of the living only four individuals—Mr. George S. Byng (now Lord Stafford), Sir Stratford Canning (now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), Lord Robert Grosvenor (now Lord Ebury), and the veteran Earl of Wilton.

Indeed, it may be said that her Majesty has lived to receive at court in very many, perhaps in most instances, the successive wearers of the same coronet, and she has seen four Lords Beauchamp, four Lords Aberdeen, four Dukes of Newcastle, four Dukes of Northumberland and five Lords Rodney. She has received the homage of four Archbishops of Canterbury, of four Archbishops of York and of five Bishops of Chichester, Litchfield and Durham successively. She has filled three of the Chief Justiceships twice at least; she has received the addresses of four successive Speakers of the House of Commons; she has intrusted the Great Seal of the Kingdom to no less than nine different Lord Chancellors, and she has commissioned eight successive Premiers to form no less than eighteen different administrations.

A MOUSE THAT ROBBED A BANK.

It seems that the mystery surrounding a robbery committed in the First National Bank of this city many months ago was solved Tuesday evening. A long time ago Mr. Farnsworth, cashier in the bank, missed $1, $2 and $5 frequently out of a small pasteboard box he kept standing on the counter. In all there were $15 or $20 taken, and then Mr. Farnsworth removed the temptation of the mysterious bank robber by doing away with the "change box." Tuesday morning workmen were engaged in tearing down the old vault in the building formerly occupied by the First National, situated on the corner of Broadway and Main streets, and in a hole in the inside of the vault, just above the door, they found a dead mouse, lying on top of a large-sized "nest." On making an examination of the nest it was found to be wholly constructed of small pieces of one, two and five dollar bills. The pile was sufficiently large to cause the officers of the bank to believe that the entire fifteen or twenty dollars stolen from them were in the mouse nest, and the defaulting bank mouse, together with its expensive nest, is on exhibition in Mr. Farnsworth's office, in the Plummer block. Not a piece of the bills as large as a silver half dollar could be found in the pile.—*Council Bluffs (Ia.) Nonpareil.*

CARRIED HIS OWN PEA.

The following story is told in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "A friend of mine travelling afoot with a companion through the green lanes of the midland counties, came unexpectedly upon a country race-course, and found in one portion of the ground a thimblerig establishment in full work. In spite of remonstrances his companion, a thorough madcap whom I will call A, insisted on observing the games. 'Would a gent like to bet a crown he could find the little pea? said the expert. 'Agreed,' was the answer. The money on both sides was deposited, and A, lifting up the thimble, pointed out the required pea and took stakes. A second bet 'double or quits,' ended, to the obvious surprise of the officiator at the board, in the same result. A third bet, 'a pound or nothing,' steadied the nerves of the loser, and the trick was accomplished with much circumspection. Again A lifted up a thimble and showed the pea, taking at the same time the stakes. 'S' help me,' etc., said the bewildered artist, 'I didn't put it there.' 'No,' said the winner, retreating with the spoils of war; 'I always carry my own pea.' I am not answerable for the morality of this story."

THE LONGEST BEARD IN THE WORLD.

In Norwich, Conn., there is a man who probably wears the longest beard of any man in the world. His name is Henry C. Cook, a tailor by trade. He never makes a display of his beard, but wears it concealed in a little bag in his shirt bosom. The beard is six feet six inches in length, and when allowed to fall its length it will reach to his toes and stretch out on the floor ten inches, and looks like a large skein of brown silk. It was six inches longer than at present, but a short time ago he trimmed it off to its present length. Mr. Cook says it has been growing about twenty-one years. A year ago Mr. P. T. Barnum called on him and tried to induce him to travel with his show, but Mr. Cook's modesty and the desire of his wife that he should not accept Barnum's liberal offer, induced him to reject it. In speaking of Cook in connection with the man with a long beard in Michigan, Barnum said that Cook's was by far the longest and finest of the two. Mr. Cook often shows his beard to visitors, but is not in the habit of making a great parade over it. The truth of these statements can be substantiated by calling on him at his place of business.

—The prime conditions of health in a house depend upon cleanliness, pure air and unpolluted water; the prompt and thorough removal of all refuse; and the perfect exclusion of all foul matters arising outside the house.

—The following grave remark is credited to a Dundee sexton. It was an exceptionally fine day in September, when the fashioner of final resting places said with a sigh of regret: "This would be a lovely day for a berrien—if there was anybody to be berried."

OLD COUNTRY ITEMS.

Scotland.

The amount of the personal estate of the late Mr. Alex. Whitelaw, M. P., is £692,307, 2s.

It is proposed to reduce the price of gas in the city of Glasgow from 4s. to 3s. 10d. per 1,000 feet.

A new station on the Glasgow and Paisley Joint Line, to be known as Cardonald, has been opened.

The Edinburgh Town Council has granted to the Company of Golfers a silver club, to be played for annually.

A "Business Women's Fund" is being formed for furnishing a ward in the new infirmary in Edinburgh.

The handsome Synagogue erected on Garnet Hill, Glasgow, by the Hebrews, was consecrated on the 9th inst.

The Rev. John F. Ewing, of Dundee, was inducted to the pastorate of the Free West Church, Kent Road, Glasgow, on the 9th inst.

The Clyde shipbuilders were not busy during August, and have turned out a smaller tonnage than during the corresponding month of several years past.

The directors of the Glasgow and Southwestern Railway have resolved to declare a dividend at the rate of 2¾ per cent. for the past half year, carrying forward a sum of £4,700.

The half-yearly dividend of the Caledonian Railway Company is announced at the rate of 2½ per cent., compared with 4½ at the same date last year. There will remain a balance of £15,000.

A petition has been presented in Glasgow to Sheriff Lees on behalf of Mr. Stewart, one of the City of Glasgow Bank directors, now in Ayr prison, asking that his estate should be sequestrated.

The first report of the Edinburgh Dispensary for women and children shows that the whole number of patients attending during the year has been 681; the whole number of visits paid, 2,464; and of prescriptions given, 3,942.

A circular has been issued by Lord Moncreiff and Sir James Fergusson, inviting an expression of opinion as to the proposed formation of an association for the inspection of religious instruction in the public schools according to the use and wont of Scotland.

The death is announced at Hereford of Mr. Thomas Chapman, after a lingering illness, accelerated by the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, in which undertaking he was a shareholder. Mr. Chapman was well known and highly respected as a citizen of Glasgow.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Interesting Items From All Sources.

—How fond some people are of borrowing trouble. The remark is quite a common one now that "we will have to pay for this fine weather after a while."

—The most remarkable of recent opinions concerning divorce (by a woman, of course): "Divorce is all very well in its way, but I prefer widowhood,—it's surer!"

—Chicago has invented a machine which will take the bristles off a live or dead sow in exactly forty seconds, and if you lend money at 12 per cent. you'd better keep clear of this new invention.

—When the old gentleman comes home and finds his daughters have got his slippers and the easy chair and the evening paper ready for him, he realizes that it is the season for a fall opening of his pocketbook.

The St. Thomas *Times* regrets to chronicle the death of Mr. Thomas H. Hooper, B.A., son of the Rev. Mr. Hooper, Bible Christian minister, which occurred at his father's residence on Friday last. The deceased was a young man of extraordinary promise. The remains were taken to Exeter for interment.

—A correspondent writes the London *Echo* in criticism of Talmage's lectures in England entitled "New York by Midnight." The critic says that once, when canoeing on a strange river, he had the misfortune to be upset, and that when he fished out and looked into his carpet bag there lay before him a limp, gruesome, heterogeneous mass—shirts, collars, cuffs, neckties, trousers, jerseys, socks, boots, and hair brushes—all included together in one moist, mixed and uncleanly lump. Talmage's lecture reminded him of the contents of that carpet-bag.

—The seventh husband of a widow died recently in Smyrna, Del., and the energetic and indomitable lady survives him. She is only eighty-five or eighty-six years old, as spry as of yore, and in the light of the experience of the past, it need not be surprising to see the eighth marriage announced. In every instance, save the first, she has married widowers, some of them with a goodly number of children, and one occasion in her early married life she went to the almshouse and took therefrom three children. She never had children of her own. All her husbands have been buried by the same undertaker.

—A Justice of the Peace in Illinois, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his parlor on the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows: "It 'pears that this young feller was courtin' the plaintiff's gal, in plaintiff's parlor, and that the plaintiff intruded and was put out by the defendant.—Courtin' is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore, the law of Illinois will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is afoot, and so the defendant is discharged and the plaintiff must pay costs."

—The Chicago *Tribune* has put in use the following reformatory rules in orthography; Omit ue in demagog, catalog, synagog, and other words ending in "logue" and "gogue." Omit the superfluous me in programme, making it program. Omit the second m in dilemma (dilema). Omit the superfluous te in cigaret, etiquet, parquet, coquet, and all similar words. Spell definit in all its forms without the final e, thus: definit—ly—ness; indefinit—ly—ness. Omit final e in hypocrit, favorit; also, opposit—ly—ness and apposit—ly—ness. In words ending in "lessness," drop one s from "less," viz., carelesness, thanklesness. Omit the fourth s in assassin (asasin) and other forms of the word. Change ph to f in fantom, fantasm, and all other forms of the word; also in fonetic—s—al, fonograf, orthografy, alfabet, digraf, difthong.

—I asked a famous chemist a few days ago, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, why platinum and iridium are so scarce, and his answer is probably news to most of your readers, as it was to me. He told me that the highest degree of heat that can be obtained artificially by electricity is four thousand degrees centigrade. At that intense temperature the various gases do not mix, and by the aid of the spectroscope it is known that all the metals that are in the earth are also represented in the sun. But at the surface of the sun the heavier metals are not found, and such metals as gold, platinum and iridium, on account of their superior attraction, form the core of our luminary. In the same way these metals abound in the centre of the earth, while comparatively small quantities are found near the surface, so that the electricians of the future will either have to find Symmes's hole or do without iridium.

—We recently noticed the discovery of a remarkable subterranean body of water in Australia. A similar discovery is now reported from Algeria. At Tlemcen there are some beautiful cascades, near which a number of miners were engaged in blasting. They had blasted a huge rock, and were removing it, when they came upon the opening to a large cave. The floor was covered with water. The men made a raft, and taking candles, embarked on the stream, which led into an underground lake, overspread by a lofty, arched roof, brilliant with stalactites. Here they encountered difficulty in navigation, for the stalactites from above met the stalagmites rising from the water, forming massive white columns, by which their progress was considerably impeded. At the end of the lake an out-flowing stream was visible, but the explorers did not pursue its course farther. They estimate the total distance of this point from the mouth of the cave at about a mile and a half, and the width of the lake at one mile. A number of blind fish were obtained from the waters.

A VERY OLD WOMAN.—There is a remarkable old lady in Skye. Widow Macpherson entered upon her 106th year last Christmas. She was born there in the same year that Dr. Samuel Johnson and Boswell visited Skye and met with Flora Macdonald, the Jacobite heroine, who befriended Prince Charles after his disastrous defeat at Culloden in 1746, when the government reward of £30,000 offered for his surrender did not induce her to betray her trust and yield up this sole survivor of a fallen dynasty. During the 105 years of Widow Macpherson's life, she has lived in a turf hut, the smoke from the peat fire on the hearth finding its way out by every crevice, and giving a lustre, as if of varnish to the rafters which support the thatched roof. She has survived six Lords of the Isles, the present being the seventh Lord Macdonald. She has never been out of the Island, and does not understand one word of English, but converses freely in Gaelic. She has been blind for ten years, but her hearing and memory are both good, and she is nursed by her daughter Kitty, who is unwearied in her attendance upon her old mother.

North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW." TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

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HOLMBY HOUSE.

"The Brand" himself was one of the last to leave the vault. The concluding words of the sermon he had just heard seemed to ring in his ears; the wild, eager, imploring face to be still before his eyes. "Why will ye die?" The appeal seemed at once so appropriate and so natural, the admonition so friendly, the warning so well-timed. It was the spark to the train of gunpowder, the corner-stone to the edifice, the appeal to the feelings where the Reason had long ago been satisfied. Effingham had been for months a Puritan from conviction; he was now, as he was forced to confess himself, a Roundhead and a rebel at his heart.

As he ascended the steps leading from the vault into the shop, an arm was thrust under his own, and looking round he discovered that the only remaining individual of the congregation was about to depart in his company, and signified his intention of so doing in this somewhat unceremonious manner. It was the same person who had stood next him on his first entrance, and whose mutilated head bore so fearful a witness to the sincerity of his professions. "You may trust me," said he abruptly, and without any further apology or explanation; "I am a friend and brother. I can read your soul, young man; and you are *with us*, though not *of us*. 'The voice is Jacob's voice, though the hands are the hands of Esau.' I marked you when the shepherd invited you to the flock; and I cannot be deceived. Will you cast in your lot with the children of the congregation?"

Contrary to his wont, Effingham felt confused, and, so to speak, taken by surprise at this sudden reading of his inmost feelings by a thorough stranger. He could not but acknowledge that they were interpreted aright; yet his bold, masculine mind shrank from the avowal that his actual sentiments were so opposed to the profession he had adopted, nay, to the very clothes he wore. A blush, half of eagerness, half of shame, clothed his bronzed features as he replied, "I would fain see a more righteous party at the head of affairs. I would fain see a Godly Government, and a people living in peace and morality, and the enjoyment of civil as well as religious liberty. But I am a soldier of the Crown; I bear the King's commission; what am I to do? And yet," he added abstractedly, and more as it were to himself than to his companion, "I have often thought ere this that Heaven is not on our side."

"Can you doubt it?" eagerly urged the stranger, his features lighting up with enthusiasm and excitement. "Can you doubt that He whom we serve takes care of his own? Have I not survived the degradation of the pillory, despising the shame, and endured the torment, regardless of the pain, in looking for the martyr's crown—the crown that shall be doubly set with brilliants because of this mutilated head? Listen to me, George Effingham. I know you well, and I have watched you long. It was to snatch you like a brand from the burning that I ventured here into Oxford, into the very camp and stronghold of my enemies, and I will save you from destruction—save you for that my heart yearneth towards you as doth a mother's towards her first-born. They took me prisoner as I neared the godless city, and bound me on one of their war-horses, and brought me into their guard-rooms; and mocked me in the ribaldry of their mirth; and I was dumb, and spake not. Then did one of their captains, a young and well-favored Malignant, whom the soldiers accosted with the blasphemous title of *Lord Francis*, take pity on me, and bade his men of war to scourge me, and let me go. 'Verily the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' I was stripped and bound to their accursed halberds; and two sons of Belial, tall and strong, and stimulated with strong drink, were appointed for my executioners, when the young Malignant again interposed, and I was suffered to depart, an object of derision and scorn, and cruel mockery, which I pray may not be visited on my persecutors in another world. Then did I flee to the vault in which we met, athirst for the living water, of which to-night we have both drunk freely, and yet not athirst for myself alone. It was borne in upon me that he for whom I have prayed and wrestled would be there too, and I found him for whom I looked seeking his portion with the children of the congregation. Verily, my prayers have been answered. Verily, the truth hath prevailed; and now will not you, George Effingham, cast in your lot with the elect for time and for eternity?"

They had already reached the street, and were pacing thoughtfully along in the moonlight. One solitary figure walked slowly on before them. It was the preacher; his head bent down, his whole being wrapped in meditation. They neared him rapidly, and were in the act of passing him when Effingham replied to the fervent appeal of his companion:—

"Could I do it with honor, I would shake to-morrow the very dust of the Court from off my feet. And yet what is earthly honor compared to eternal life? My friend!—if indeed you are my friend—I have never sought counsel yet from mortal man. I ask it now in my present strait, in the agony of my doubts. Are ye not too rash—too violent? Is there no possibility of saving our country, ay, and our religion, without bloodshed? Must we be all at each other's throats, in the name of peace and goodwill? Counsel me, I pray, for I am sorely distracted even to the very harrowing of my soul."

The stranger looked at him with a satisfied air. "The seed has fallen on good ground," he muttered; "let it remain there and fructify." Then added aloud, "I will talk with you again on these matters. The night is now far advanced. To-morrow I will seek you at your own quarters. I know where you lie; fear not, George Effingham, I will be with you in secret and unobserved."

With these words he turned up a bye-street, and was soon out of sight, leaving Effingham a few paces in advance of the preacher, who now walked quietly up to him, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and looking into his face once more with the same wild, imploring, mournful glance, whispered in his ear, "He that is not with me is against me. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" And he, too, disappeared like some unearthly vision that leaves behind it only a feeling of dread uncertainty and supernatural fear.

Effingham paced on, absorbed in meditation. With a strong sense of religion, that wanted but the stimulus of suffering and consciousness of oppression to be fanned into the flame of fanaticism, he likewise entertained the feelings of a soldier on the point of honor and the sacred duty of remaining stanch to the banner under which he had once enlisted. It was a conflict that tore and vexed the strong man's mind to the verge of madness. Combining a wild and dreamy enthusiasm with keen reasoning powers, the imagination of a poet with the acute perspicuity of a logician, his was a nature above all others calculated to suffer from religious doubts, appreciating as it did, on the one hand, the importance of the subject, and on the other, the probability of error, where error was fatal and irremediable. He longed for the solitude of his own chamber, there to compose his powerful mind, and draw his own conclusions, uninterrupted and alone; and he never greeted his friend Bosville with so inhospitable a welcome, as when he found him installed in that bare apartment which he had hoped was to afford him a refuge for the solitary meditation he required.

"What have you been doing?" exclaimed Humphrey, grasping his friend's hand with a cordiality which had in it something ominously suggestive of a desire for advice or assistance. "Where have you been spending the livelong night? I trust you have employed it better than I have. I have been waiting here for hours to see you; and have read through the whole of that blundering tactician's work without understanding a word of it. George, I'm in a devil of a scrape, and I want you to see me through it!"

"A woman, of course," answered Effingham, jumping, at once, like the rest of mankind, to the most charitable conclusion. "Oh, Humphrey! I thought you knew better. I thought that even in Oxford you were too good to be lured like a kestril by the flutter of a petticoat or the flirt of a fan. Young one, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Nay," replied Humphrey, "It's not so bad as that. Hear me. I've got into a quarrel, and we must fight it out according to the laws of the duello, and I want you to be one of my witnesses on the occasion. The worst of it is, it's with Goring, and you see he is the general of our division."

Effingham drew a long breath, as if inexpressibly relieved. "With Goring?" said he, "and you know he's the best swordsman in the Royal army. Must you always fly at the highest game on the wing? Well, well, go thy ways, Humphrey; for a quiet amiable lad with far too much mother's milk still left in his constitution, thou certainly hast an inordinate liking for the whistle of hot lead, and the clink of cold steel. Nevertheless, if we must fight him, we must; and though it's contrary to my principles, and I had rather you had picked a quarrel with any one of them, except Lunsford, who has brought back a curious thrust in tierce from amongst the Puritans, that they boast no Royalist can parry, yet I cannot leave thee lad in the lurch. So open that cupboard, where you will find a flask of mine host's canary, and a couple of tall glasses; and let me know all about it. In the first place, hast got the length of his weapon?" Truly, the human mind, like the chameleon, takes its coloring from surrounding objects. A few minutes ago, and George Effingham was pondering deeply upon no less important a subject than his soul's salvation: behold him now, at the spell of a few words busily engaged in planning a *combat à l'outrance* between his dearest friend and his superior officer. So the young men filled their glasses and measured the length of their weapons, and sat till daybreak arranging the preliminaries of the duel.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAN TO MAN.

Morning broke with a thick fog, highly favorable to those who meditated such an undertaking as that of Bosville and his friend. Notwithstanding the licence and immorality which pervaded the Court, and which the so-called laws of honor scarce restrained within the bounds of common decency, Charles, in a fit of conscientiousness, had issued a most stringent order against the practice of duelling, and had threatened to inflict the punishment of mutilation by the loss of the right hand on any who should be found bold enough to transgress in this point—nay, under aggravated circumstances the penalty of death was to be exacted from the principals in the transaction. Such a state of things was not calculated to inspire with confidence the anxious belligerent who found himself thus hemmed in by a variety of evils, of which it was scarcely possible for him to decide on choosing the least. The alternative of being scouted for a coward, or run through an empty stomach in the early morning, is sufficiently unpleasant without the further aggravation of a gallows in perspective, should superior "cunning of fence" or strength of body enable the successful combatant to turn the tables on his adversary; and it is no wonder that Bosville wrapped himself in his cloak with a chill consciousness that the misty autumn morning was more than usually raw and lowering, and a sort of dismal foreboding that the tufts of wet grass beneath his feet, saturated with the night dews, might prove a very cold and uncomfortable resting-place after some half a dozen passes with the keenest rapier in the Royal army.

Perhaps it may have been reflections such as these which caused the young officer to hum a loyal air, expressive of great devotion to his Majesty, a trifle louder than common, and to reply to his companion's eager inquiries with a little more than his usual gaiety and carelessness, though to do him justice every note was in tune, and his manner, though excited, was as courteous and kindly as ever. Mist or sunshine, up or down, in his stirrups on the good sorrel, or on his back amongst the wet grass, there was no *white feather* about Humphrey Bosville.

He and Effingham were first upon the ground. It was a secluded spot at all times, and in a fog impervious at a hundred yards, offered every appearance of uninterrupted secrecy. A meadow some two acres square, surrounded by a high blackthorn hedge not yet denuded of its leaves by the early frosts, and teeming with hips and haws and huge ripe blackberries, overshadowed moreover by a deep close copse of hazels, in which the nuts were ripening and the birds fluttering, and the quiet hares stealing about to crop the rank wet herbage, was no likely place for intruders at that early hour. A flat surface of thick, smooth turf afforded an excellent foothold for the combatants, and a distant farmhouse, from which, although its buildings were themselves unseen, the lowing of cows, the cackling of flowls, and other bucolic sounds were distinctly audible, promised shelter and assistance in the event of fatal consequences to the lawless *rencontre*. The two cavaliers looked about them, wrapped themselves closer in their cloaks, and walked to and fro, making foot tracks in the wet grass to keep themselves warm.

"I like a short blade best, after all," quoth George Effingham, after a few minutes of deep cogitation, during which he had been perfectly silent, and his principal had hummed the same bars of his song over and over again. "I like a short blade best against a delicate fighter. You must force Goring to close quarters, Humphrey, as soon as you can."

"A short blade on foot, a long one on horseback," answered his friend sententiously, and then relapsed into a profound silence. It was evident there was something on the minds of both foreign to the question of carte and tierce, and thrust and parry, and all the jargon of polite murder.

"Not here yet," observed Effingham, once more peering through the fog on the lookout for the enemy. "Zounds, Humphrey, I must speak out, lad! Thou and I are no two raw fledgelings to keep up an affectation of courage by pretending to ignore the presence of danger. Young as thou art I have seen thee tried, and I know thy mettle, man—ay, as well as I know my own sword. 'Twas but yesterday, so to speak, we held the old farmhouse against Ireton's pikes, and we've had many a ride together after Waller before our last affair at Newbury. Look ye here, lad; Goring's a good blade. He's always in practice, and he's got a trick of turning his wrist down and coming in here just under your elbow with a pass that has put many a tall fellow on the grass. You may get it in a queer place, Humphrey—mind, I don't say you will. Is there anything I can do for you, lad, any last word I can carry, if you should go back feet foremost into Oxford?"

Bosville's face brightened considerably. He pressed his friend's hand as he replied:

"I have been thinking of it all the morning, George, but it wasn't for me, you know, to begin on such a subject. I don't mind running my chance any more than my neighbors; and somehow, though my life has become dearer to me in the last twenty-four hours than it ever was before, yet I feel as if I could lose it contentedly and happily too. There is one favor you can do me, George, and that I would entrust to no man alive but yourself; one that I would only entrust to you at a moment like the present. George, I can depend upon you, I know. Give me your hand again."

Effingham shook him cordially by the hand. "Name it," he said; "if I'm alive I'll fulfil it for you."

"'Tis but a few words, a short message to deliver," replied Bosville, with a smile that softened his whole face. "If I fall, and *only* if I fall, seek out a lady in the court—you have never seen her, but you know her by name—it is—it is Mistress Mary Cave" (he blushed and hesitated when he mentioned her name); "give her a glove you will find in my doublet, and tell her that I could not as a gentleman avoid this foolish quarrel, and that I regretted it chiefly because I had wished to devote my life wholly and exclusively to my sovereign. Tell her I have not forgotten what she said to me; that I repeated with my last breath, 'Loyalty before all!' And now, my dear Effingham, promise me that you will not fight if you can help it. It is a foolish custom, and leads to no good that the seconds should be involved in the quarrel of their principals. Do me this favor—promise me this, quick!—here they come."

Even while he spoke two Cavaliers, cloaked and wrapped up like Humphrey and Effingham, loomed through the fog as they surmounted the stile which gave them admittance at one angle of the orchard. They were talking and laughing loudly. It seemed they had neither regard for consequence nor fear of detection.

It was the fashion of the day to affect a haughty carelessness of bloodshed, and to look upon a duel as a pleasant opportunity for the interchange of lively sallies and jocose remarks.

Indeed, until the late Royal edict it had been the practice for each of the original combatants to appear upon the ground attended by two, three, sometimes even as many as four assistants, chosen as a mark of the deepest respect amongst his own intimate friends. As these gentlemen esteemed it a high point of honor and an unpleasant privilege to engage their points with each other on their own accounts, and totally irrespective of the quarrels of their principals, it would sometimes happen that ten couples of reasoning beings, hitherto constant associates and sworn *friends*, would be doing battle to the death upon such weighty question of dispute as the length of a lady's eyelashes or the color of her breast-knots. Now, however, the threats of death and mutilation issued from the Council, and which extended to all concerned in a duel, whether principals or witnesses, had somewhat damped the ardor of the Royalists for this particular amusement, and Goring had considered himself sufficiently befriended by the single presence of his worthless associate, wicked Tom Lunsford, on whose arm he leaned heavily as he approached the ground, limping along with an affectation of more than his usual lameness, probably with a view of enhancing his adversary's astonishment at the activity which he would too surely display when stripped and with steel in his hand.

He doffed his hat till its plume swept the grass, with a bow of supreme courtesy to his antagonist, who returned the salute with equally studied politeness; it being scrupulously exacted by the laws of arms that the duellist should assume an attitude of the most deferential humility towards the individual whose blood he proposed to shed, whilst to all else on the ground it was considered good taste to behave with a boisterous cordiality bordering upon the jocose. Goring, too, was in the best of humors, for in addition to the natural gratification which he derived from all scenes of this kind, he had passed the two or three previous hours much to his own satisfaction in imbibing burnt canary, and as it was too late to go to bed, in flinging a quiet main or two with his second, which resulted, as usual, in his winning largely. True, Tom Lunsford would never pay him; but still there was the prestige of success, and he now proposed himself the pleasure of running Bosville gracefully through the body, as an appropriate wind-up to his night's amusement and preparation for his day's duties and interview on business with the King.

"I fear we have kept you waiting, Captain Effingham," he remarked with a cordial greeting to that gentleman, for Goring knew every officer in his division, and his private pursuits and habits, better than those who only observed the surface of the general's character would have suspected. "My lameness must be my excuse, though Tom and I have hurried hither as fast as we could. Lunsford, let me present to you Captain George Effingham, with whom, if you mean to try any of your cursed Puritan tricks, you will meet with your match, for he has been with the crop-ears later than yourself."

Effingham started and colored violently; his last night's visit was then known—and to Goring! What if he should be denounced, seized, examined as a traitor! perhaps lose his life without striking another blow on either side. For a moment he forgot the duel and all about it. The image of Caryl and his martyr-friend rose upon his mind. What would those good men think of him now—what was he even now about to do? Nevertheless habit, as it always is, was too strong for conscience; he mained himself with an effort, returned Goring's malicious leer with a haughty though respectful stare, and saluted Sir Thomas Lunsford with the punctilious politeness due to one whose sword-point might probably that morning be at his throat. The later, with a facetious remark anent the coldness of the weather, and a wish expressed with much unction, for a cup of burnt sack, produced a small piece of tape from beneath his cloak, and proceeded to measure with it the swords of the combatants. "Right to a barley corn," remarked the cavalier, returning to each the rapier he had borrowed of him with a courteous bow. "The morning is too raw to waste your time in any further preliminaries, therefore, gentlemen, if you please, we will strip and get to work at once."

"Hold!" interrupted Effingham, as the duellists stripped to their doublets and hose, first baring their breasts to show that no unfair defences, no secret coat of mail or proof cuirass lurked beneath their garments, took up their positions with watchful eager eyes and bare quivering blades, and an ugly smile on each man's countenance, paler than his wont, though each was brave, and wearing the peculiar set look that may be seen any day on the human face, ay, even in a common street fight, when man is fairly pitted against man. "Hold, gentlemen! this duel is not to the death. Sir Thomas Lunsford, by your leave we will draw and stand across our men; at the first flesh-wound we can then strike their swords up, and proclaim satisfaction given and received!" As he spoke the two principals lowered their points, but etiquette forbade that either should speak a word; strictly, they ought to have appeared totally unconscious that any remark had been made, but although their ground was taken they had not yet crossed swords, and the duel had not begun.

Lunsford laughed loudly as he replied, "Hardly, Captain Effingham; and think what cold work it would be for you and me standing to look on. Besides, sir," he added, in a graver voice, "consider the provocation, a blow struck and not returned! Really, Captain, your notions of honor must have been somewhat tarnished amongst your Puritan friends, when you can talk of bringing out four cavaliers such a long walk on such a dark morning for a mere child's-play you describe. No, sir, we decline anything but the last satisfaction. Be good enough to waste no more time about it, but place your man and begin!"

"Their blood be on their own head!" muttered Effingham, as he advanced to Bosville once more, and, squeezing his hand, placed him on the exact spot which the laws of the duello marked out for him; then casting his cloak and plumed hat upon the ground drawing his trusty rapier and talking up his own position, "on guard," exactly six paces—the prescribed distance—on the right of his friend, he called upon Lunsford to do likewise, reminding him that "when a duel is to be fought out to death, it is incumbent on the seconds to mark their sense of the gravity of the business by engaging themselves," and adding, with peculiar courtesy, "I hope Sir Thomas Lunsford will not disappoint me of a lesson in fencing from the best blade now in Oxford."

"At your service, sir," replied Sir Thomas Lunsford, who could scarcely refuse to accept so rational an invitation, but whose secret inclinations for a "pass or two" were but little stimulated by George's square muscular figure, easy attitude of practised swordsmanship and dark determined face, on which a remarkably dangerous look was gathering about the brows. As he spoke he also drew, and placed himself in position, and the four men crossed their thirsty blades at the same moment, with the same terrible expression, the family likeness inherited from Cain coming out fierce and ghastly on each forbidding face.

Humphrey Bosville was a young, active man, a complete swordsman, and of a bold determined nature, but he was no match for his antagonist, who, to the confirmed strength of mature manhood, added the ready facility of incessant practice, and the immovable calmness peculiar to his own cold vigilant nature. Man of pleasure, drunkard, debauchee as he was, Goring's passions, however strongly they might be agitated, worked below the surface; nothing ever seemed to shake his nerve or discompose his equanimity. Even now, fighting to the death, an exasperated enemy in his front, and a glittering small-sword thirsting for his blood within a few inches of the laced bosom of his shirt, his eye was as steady, his color as unvarying, his whole demeanor as cool and insolent, as though he had been standing in the presence-chamber or sitting at the council. In this he had a great advantage over his adversary, who, with all the excitable feelings of youth, became less and less wary as he warmed to his work, and once or twice laid himself open to a thrust that might have put an end to the combat by inflicting on him a pretty smart flesh wound, such as should incapacitate him from again holding a sword for a while. This however, was not Goring's object. In a conversation with his second on their way to the ground, he had laid a bet of ten gold pieces that he would run his antagonist through the body without himself receiving a scratch, and he had made up his mind to do so by bringing into play a thrust in tierce for which he was celebrated, and which if unskilfully parried was a certainty. This deadly manœuvre, however, to be successfully carried out, demanded a very exact measurement of space, so, while Humphrey attacked fiercely again and again with all the impetuous ardour of his disposition, the more practised duellist lunged and parried and returned and traversed here and there, and drew his man inch by inch within the fatal distance.

In the mean time, Sir Thomas Lunsford and George Effingham, exchanging, to use the language of the day, "a friendly pass or two," to fill up the time, were sufficiently engaged with their own struggle to have but little observation to share for their principals. The knight, however, weakened by his excesses, and of feebler frame than his antagonist, soon found himself a mere child in the hands of so powerful a fighter as the Cavalier captain. Twice he tried the ruse he had learned amongst the Puritans, and each time he found himself foiled by the iron arm and wrist opposed to him; twice he was driven from his ground, and only regained it by making in turn a furious attack, which left him each time more faint and breathless than before. Wicked Tom Lunsford thought his hour was come; and so it would have come indeed had Effingham been such another as himself; but George's heart, though he knew it not, was softened by his last night's company and conversation. Amidst the struggles of conscience had arisen a strange, awful sense of responsibility; and even in the heat and hurry of the assault, something seemed to whisper, "Shall this man's blood too be on thy head?" So he contented himself with forcing his adversary to a disadvantage, and then rapidly disarming him by sheer superiority of strength.

As Lunsford's sword flew several paces from his hand, a heavy fall and a deep groan withdrew Effingham's attention from his own helpless enemy. Bosville was down at full length upon the wet grass, and Goring was wiping his bloody rapier carefully upon his glove ere he returned it to its sheath.

It was no time for punctilious courtesy. The accursed thrust had done its duty well. Humphrey's face was deadly pale; there were livid circles round his eyes, and the dark blood was welling up from his chest and saturating the white front of his delicate Flanders shirt. George's heart stopped beating as he knelt over his comrade to examine the wound. Even Goring was touched; and the man who had inflicted the injury—the man who but one short minute ago had hate burning in his eye and murder lurking in his heart—would have given his best horse, little as he valued human life, that he had left the deed undone.

"Take care of him, Tom," said he, wrapping his cloak around him as he prepared to return to Oxford by another route, the only precaution he thought it necessary to take against discovery, "and mind you owe me ten gold pieces fairly won. D—— it, I wish I hadn't too," he added, as he strode away; "he was a fine bold lad, and the prettiest horseman I had in my whole division."

Lunsford and Effingham, now fast friends, lifted poor Humphrey between them, and obtaining assistance at the farmhouse, bore him back with them to Oxford. As they entered the old city, morning service had but just concluded, and the bells were ushering in the day with a holy peaceful chime. And yet what a day's work had these men already finished! what a host of evil passions had they called up only to be allayed with blood! and now the blood was spilt, were the passions raging one whit less fiercely than before? Would not fresh provocation produce fresh crime, and so on, *ad infinitum*? Sin seems to be like hunger and thirst, repentance but the lassitude of repletion; anon we hunger and thirst again, and eat and drink our fill once more—only this once more—and then we are *sorry* for it, and promise faithfully this transgression shall be the last—till the next time—and so *audax omnia perpeti gens humana ruit*; and knowing this, we, who are never weary of requiring forgiveness, can refuse to forgive each other. Oh, man! man! created but a "little lower than the angels," how much higher wouldst thou be than the devils, if left to perish helpless by thyself.

CHAPTER XV.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Sir Giles Allonby, whistling cheerfully as he emerged from his lodgings to commence the military duties of his day, was no less horrified than astonished at the first sight that met his eyes in the street. A limp, helpless body, from which the life seemed to be ebbing rapidly away, covered with a dark cloak, was being borne upon a rude litter, formed hastily of a couple of hurdles, and a hedgestake or two, by four stout rustics, whom Sir Thomas Lunsford, with many oaths and entreaties, was adjuring to move as easily as possible to their burthen. Effingham, with a lace handkerchief in his hand, was wiping the froth from the lips of the sufferer, and the countenance of each Cavalier was darkened with an expression of ominous foreboding as to the result. Sir Giles, who expected to encounter nothing more alarming at that early hour than a tumbril of ammunition, a wagon-load of rations, or a drunken trooper deserving of the guard-room returning from his night's debauch, was fairly startled out of his self command by the ghastly procession. "Zounds, Tom," said he, laying his hand upon Lunsford's arm, "what mischief have you been at already since daybreak? This is some of your accursed tilting-work, I'll be sworn. Your staccatos and passados, and cursed Italian tricks of fence, that leave a good back-swordsman as helpless as a salmon on a gravel walk. Who is it now that your quips and your punctilios, and your feints and your ins-and-outs, have placed heels uppermost, when the King sadly lacks soldiers, and every man's life is due to his sovereign? Who is it? Tell me, man, before I turn the guard out, and bring ye all up before the Council, who will take such order with ye that ye shall never so much as handle a riding-wand again!"

Lunsford, with all his impudence, was fairly brow-beaten by the old man's vehemence. "Hold, Sir Giles," he gasped out, quite humbly. "The fight was a fair fight, and Captain Bosville brought it on himself. There is life in him still, Sir Giles, and leech-craft may bring him round yet. What, man, 'tis but a hole in his doublet, after all, and the fight was a fair fight, and fought with proper witnesses; ask Captain Effingham if 'twas not."

"Bosville!" exclaimed old Sir Giles, the tears filling fast in his keen blue eyes, though with the instinctive repugnance of a good heart to a bad one, he turned from Lunsford, and dashed them away with the back of his hand. "Bosville; the best lad in the whole Royal army. The bravest, the kindest, the cheeriest." Here the old man's voice faltered, and he was forced, as it were, to bully himself into composure again. "Had it been ranting Will Scarthe, now, or fierce Nick Crispe, or thyself, Tom, who art never out of mischief save when the rest of us are fighting, I had said never a word. But Bosville," he muttered under his breath, "Bosville was worth a thousand of ye all. Within, there!" he cried, raising his voice, and turning back towards his own door. "Grace! Mary! make ready the tapestry chamber. He lies nowhere but here. Steady there, men; bear him gently up the steps. Do you, sir," to Effingham, "run for a surgeon; one practises at yonder shop, where you see the pole. Sound a gallop, sir, and hasten, for your life. My service to you, Sir Thomas Lunsford; if this turns out badly, it will be a black day for some of ye when Prince Rupert comes to hear of it, or my name's not Giles Allonby."

As he spoke, the old Cavalier officer busied himself in removing the cloak from Bosville's helpless form, and assisted in bearing him up the steps, and into his own house, where his servants relieved the rustics from their burthen. Those philosophers, having been dismissed with a handsome gratuity, returned to their original obscurity, enlivened as long as the money lasted by a strenuous course of tippling, and many a revised version of the adventure in which they had been engaged; whilst Humphrey, now for the first time exhibiting signs of returning consciousness, was carefully conveyed to the tapestried chamber, and there laid under a magnificent canopy, adorned with ominously funereal feathers, on a huge state bed.

As they bore him upstairs, a pale scared face was seen looking over the banisters, belonging to no less important a person than Faith herself, the conscious cause of all this disturbance and bloodshed. Breathless and trembling, she rushed instinctively to Mary Cave's chamber, to bid her, as the holder of the two, break the sad news to Grace Allonby; but Mary had not returned from her early service about the person of the Queen, to whom she was again attached, and Faith, beside herself with mingled feelings of terror, pity, and remorse, was fain to seek her own pallet, and bury her face in the pillow in a fit of hysterical weeping, affording but little relief to her own agitation, and calculated to lead to no very decided result.

Thus it came to pass that Grace Allonby, leaving her chamber, neat, well dressed, and composed, to commence her daily duties was met in the passage by three or four servants bearing that which to all appearance was a corpse, and although Sir Giles considerately interposed his tall person between his daughter and the ghastly burthen, one glimpse which she caught was sufficient to assure her loving heart that it was Humphrey, and none but he, who lay stretched out there before her eyes.

Had Grace been a heroine of romance, she would have had two courses open to her. She might either have given vent to one piercing shriek, which would have rung in her listeners' ears till their dying day, and then, letting all her back hair down at once, have clasped both hands upon her heart, and fallen stone dead in the effort, but always with a tasteful regard to the disposition of her draperies, on the floor; or, with a lofty disdain for all feeling in such an emergency, but with a stony glare and a white statue-like face, she might have bled him herself on her own responsibility with her own bodkin, and so, seeing he had already bled nearly to the verge of the next world on his own account, have perfected the sacrifice of the man she loved, and exhibited at the same time her own presence of mind and mistaken notions of the healing art. But Grace Allonby was no heroine, only a loving, timid, trusting young woman, so her knees knocked together, and her lips grew quite white and twitched while she spoke, but she managed to clasp her hands upon Sir Giles's shoulder, and to ask him what she wanted.

"Oh, father, father! he's not quite—" she could not bring herself to say the word—"he's only wounded; only wounded, father!"

And she could not ask if he was dead, so she could not bring herself to think him dead. 'Tis always so with the young, with those who have never known sorrow. There is an elasticity about the heart that has never been broken down, which bears up and protests as it were against the possibility of despair. Who knows how often she had brooded over her love, the love she scarcely confessed even to herself in the depths of her virgin heart; how many probabilities she had calculated, and possibilities she had fancied; how many chances had occurred to her that he might not perhaps care for her; that he might think her too plain, though her glass gave the lie to that; or too ignorant, or too humble and foolish and girlish for such a Paladin as she imagined him; how he might be separated from her by accident or duty, or her father's command, but by death—no, that had never entered her head; it could not be, she loved him so; it could not be. When George Effingham returned with the doctor, and the man of science, after shaking his own head and feeling his patient's pulse, and probing his wound, and otherwise putting him to no small pain and discomfort, declared that life was still hanging by a thread, a thread, moreover, that only required great care, and his own constant skill, to become once more the silver cord which Goring's rapier had so nearly severed, she felt scarcely grateful enough for the good news, she had been so persuaded of it all along. Die! she never thought he was going to die. He would get well, of course, quite well, and she would nurse him and wait upon him; there could be no harm in that, and it would take a long time to restore him, and when he was *quite* strong again, not before, he might leave them and go back to the army, to be wounded perhaps again. All this was consolatory, no doubt; nevertheless she went to her chamber, and prayed her heart out upon her knees, weeping plentifully, you may be sure, and such prayers never hurt a wounded man yet, to our thinking, nor a strong one either, for the matter of that. Happy he for whom such tears are shed, such orisons offered up.

She soon came back, with a pale steady face and red eyes, to take her place in the sick chamber, where, according to the custom of the time, she quickly established herself as nurse and watcher, and general directress of the whole establishment. There was less mock modesty in the days of which we write than in the present; less fancied evil, less of that strange prudish virtue which jumps at once to the most improper conclusions, and which, if there be any truth in the old adage, that "to the pure all things are pure," must have some dark mental spots of its own to justify its suspicions. Though the manners of the Court were sufficiently corrupt, the great bulk of the higher classes were to the full as correct and decorous in their demeanor as those of the present time; while for true purity and kindliness of heart, the charity that thinketh no evil, the generosity that forgiveth wrong, who shall say that the keen, high-minded Cavaliers, and their simple, straightforward dames, had not the best of it, as compared with the framework of our own cold, conventional, and somewhat cowardly state of society? with whose members the prime moral maxim is founded, not on what you do, but what people say of you; who wink conveniently enough at the infraction of every commandment in the Decalogue, provided you are scrupulous to keep the eleventh which they have themselves added to it, and which says, "thou shalt not be found out!"

George Effingham, returning from the doctor's house, he having accompanied that skilful practitioner home to his surgery, with lint, bandages, divers curiously colored phials, and other munitions of the pharmacopœia, was somewhat startled to find an exceedingly fair and graceful young lady established in supreme command of the sick room, and issuing her orders with the tact and decision of one to whom such a situation was neither new nor confusing. Indeed shrewd blows had been going now for sometime between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and Grace had already been often present at the healing of a broken-head, a sabre-cut, or the dangerous orifice of a musket-ball. Therefore George, as we have said, thrusting his grim face into the half darkened chamber started as though at the presence of an angel of light when his eyes encountered those of the young lady, and it was with a degree of bashfulness somewhat foreign to his nature that he assisted his new acquaintance in the disposition of the coverlets and pillows, and other arrangements for the ease of the sufferer, question and reply passing at the same time in subdued whispers, which promoted a far closer acquaintance in a short half-hour than would have sprung up under ordinary circumstances in a month.

Perhaps a woman never appears to such advantage as when tending the sick, moving gently through the room, or bending tenderly over the couch of the sufferer. George followed her about with his eyes, and wondered as he gazed. This was the sort of woman he had never seen before, or, if he had, only in the conventional circles of society, never as now in her own home, that home's prime ornament and chiefest blessing. Like many another, he had not arrived at manhood without experiencing certain partialities for those of the other sex,—here dazzled by a sparkling eye, there wooed by a saucy smile; but his experience had hitherto lain amongst women of a far different class and character from Grace Allonby. Phyllis was all he could wish, nay, more boisterous in her glee than accorded with George's melancholy temperament; but Phyllis must first of all have a purse of gold chucked into her lap—after that who so kind as Phyllis? Lalage, again, required constant devotion; but it must be offered at her shrine in public for all the world to see, or it was valueless, and he who would win her smiles must be content to take them as they came, share alike with fifty rivals. So George's higher feelings soon revolted from free, flaunting, flirting Lalage. He had got tired of woman's society altogether, had devoted himself ardently to his profession, was plunged heart and soul in the whirlpool of controversy, engaged in a struggle of conscience against habit, prejudice, loyalty, and worldly honor; and now, just at the moment when of all times in his career he had least leisure and least inclination to wear a woman's chain, burst upon him the vision of what had been his ideal all his life—a pure, high-bred, high-minded girl, simple and sincere as the veriest wild flower in the woodland, yet cultivated and refined as the most fashionable lady about the court. Alas, poor George Effingham! It was in short and broken whispers that he explained to her the origin of the duel which had terminated so seriously. For once George Effingham found himself quite eloquent as he defended his friend, and threw all the blame of the affair on the aggressor. "It was your maid as I understand, Mistress Grace, who was so shamefully insulted by Goring, and Humphrey could not do otherwise, as a man of honor and a gentleman, than interpose in her behalf. Had it been any other swordsman in the army we should have had the best of it; but I knew from the first that trick in tierce of the General's would be too much for the young one. You see he feinted twice, doubled, disengaged, and then came in under the arm—thus. Pardon me, madam," said George, interrupting himself as he caught the bewildered expression of his listener's countenance, and half laughing that his own clumsy enthusiasm should have betrayed him into a disquisition on swordsmanship with a young lady. "Pardon me, you cannot be interested in such details, but indeed it was no fault of Humphrey's that he was led into this embroilment. He was always a chivalrous lad, and a gallant, and one who would face any odds to defend the weak against the strong." And then he went on to tell her how the young soldier now stretched out so pale and helpless on that bed had saved the child in a deadly cross fire at the attack of a small redoubt in Flanders, and had held the back door of the farm-house in Wiltshire so gallantly with his single rapier against half a score of Ireton's pikes; and how he had given quarter to the tall corporal that thrust at him from behind after he had taken him prisoner at Kineton; and sundry other anecdotes illustrative of Humphrey's chivalry and Humphrey's tender heart.

Grace listened with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "I was sure it could not be his fault," she said; and equally sure she would have been doubtless, had all the witnesses sworn and all the juries in England found the reverse. Will any amount of proof destroy a woman's faith in the man she has once taken into her heart? On the contrary, it seems that the worse he behaves, the closer she huddles him up and hides him there, and defies all truth and reason to make her think ill of her nestling. Verily he who has a place in that sanctum should strive to bear himself worthily of such unbounded faith and constancy. "I was *sure* it could not be his fault," she repeated, and removed the locks that had fallen across his brow, and propped the cushion under his shoulders with such a tender caressing hand that rough George Effingham turned away his head to hide his emotion; yet there was a strange feeling as of pain creeping about *his* heart too.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WONDERFUL SCRIPTURAL AND SCIENTIFIC FACTS FROM THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Carefully Selected from the Most Eminent Learned and Scientific Writers on the Subject, viz., Prof. Piazzi Smyth Astronomer Royal of Scotland, Rev. J. A. Seiss, D. D., of Philadelphia, W. H. Wilson, etc., and Other Scientific Investigators.

"Aside from the theory advanced by many learned men throughout Europe, that the real architect of the Great Pyramid, under King Cheops, was none other than Melchizedek, and that the mysterious mass was constructed by Divine inspiration, it is nevertheless true that it contains an infinite number of curious facts, embracing the mathematical, physical, astronomical, geographical, and meteorological sciences, seemingly unknown at the date of its construction—2,170 years before the advent of Christ—and which have only been revealed to us four thousand years later. Among those facts which have recently excited so much attention and speculation among the learned, we may quote the following:—1. The relation of the circumference of the circle to its diameter, the solution as near as possible of the great problem of the quadrature of the circle. 2. The length of the rotatory axis of the earth. 3. The exact distance of the earth from the sun (a little less than 92 millions) in computing which modern astronomy, only a few years ago made an error of many million miles. 4. The mean density, and consequently the weight of the earth. 5. The fixation of its own date, and of the singular astronomical circumstances which accompanied it at the time when the first of the Pleiades was at the equinox of spring, and when one of the most remarkable stars of the Egyptian firmament—removed ninety degrees from the Dragon—was the most brilliant or the most visible star in the neighborhood of the pole. 6. A measure of latitude, it being exactly thirty degrees latitude north. 7. The geographical centre of the earth's surface. 8. The geometrical centre of the great Delta of the Nile, perhaps the greatest and most fertilizing watercourse in the known world. 9. An exact and logical system of weights and measures, constructed in accordance with invariable principles, differing little from the British system actually in force. 10. A clearly established prophecy foretelling the exodus from Egypt, the precise year of our Saviour's advent, together with the chronological details of His life and death, and last, but not least, a figure of the end of the order of things as at present established.

And still further a number and figurative representation of the end of the Gospel Dispensation, second coming of Christ (for his saints) and, in short, the end of the world under its present conditions in 1881-2. At the beginning of a time of great tribulations, wars and commotion, anterior to the millennium in its full glory and contemporaneously with the conjunction and expected perihelia of all the principal planets, commencing in 1880 and lasting about seven years. And also at or about this date 1880-1 according to many eminent scholars is the end of the great prophetic vision of Daniel the 2,300 prophetic days (*i. e.* years) which span both Jewish and Gentile time when the sanctuary and host shall no longer be trodden under foot.

In regard to the unusual conjunction beginning 1880, scientific authority and many astronomers predict great atmospheric and magnetic disturbances not only affecting this world but the whole solar system and possible darkening of sun and moon, but however that may be and though we are not given to know the day or hour of Christ's second coming, yet an approximation can be judged of both from old and new Testaments and Christ's own words, Matthew xxiv. 32, 33 etc., "and blessed is he whom when the Lord cometh he findeth watching, expecting and ready."

Now as this Great Pyramid of Egypt has been so far correct in the past, both in its scientific, astronomical and different mathematical problems, and also in its various predictions, may we not expect its accuracy in the future. And thus it indeed may be called as Scripture briefly but accurately sums up Isa. xix, 19 and 20: "In that day there shall be an altar and pillar unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt, for a sign and for a witness." Yes, truly to put to blush the profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science, falsely so called to shut the mouth of the sceptic, the infidel and atheistical scientist who would make nature, reason and evolution their gods, and would array scientific reasonings in objection to revelation, ignoring the fact that God is the author of all wonders both in science and revelation, and controls all the atoms and elements of nature, and the laws that establish them and that under his divine inspiration and guidance this wonderful monument was erected for a sign and for a witness which in many points puts even our present knowledge in the shade, and thus the Great Pyramid in combining both science, revelation and prophesy may well be regarded as the most marvelous monument of antiquity.

O. M. J., Hamilton.

—Thirteen tramps, armed with rocks and other missiles, boarded the train from Cumberland, on the Maine Central Railroad, Sunday morning, and defied the conductor to oust them. After running some distance the train halted on the iron bridge here, and help was called for, when the ruffians left the cars. Several arrests were made.

PERU AND BOLIVIA.

Movements of the Fleet—The Antofagasta Fight—Arrival of the Union—New Issue of Paper Money—General News.

LIMA, Sept. 17.—Although no official news has been received here we are informed that the Huascar left Arica about the 14th inst. on another of her adventurous voyages, but as the object of her mission is carefully concealed—as, indeed, it must be, for the organization of espionage on the part of the contending parties is very complete—we have no fixed idea as to the field to be selected by the famous Ram for her new exploits. From Chilian sources, extra official, the intelligence comes to hand that more damage was done to the enemy's forts and ships at Antofagasta on the 28th of August by the guns of the Huascar than we at first imagined. The three-hundred-pound gun on shore was dismounted by a shell from the Ram after the first discharge had been made, and a 150-pound Krupp was also placed *hors de combat* by a similar compliment. The men serving the 150-pounder were badly treated by the Peruvian missile—several killed and more wounded. The Abtao, a Chilian corvette (wooden), received three shells on board and her machinery was so damaged as to enforce her removal to Valparaiso under tow for repairs. The other Chilian ship, the Magallanes, is reported untouched, thanks to her greater agility in finding shelter behind the rampart formed by the thirteen or fourteen merchant vessels then anchored in the harbor. A large force of troops has been conveyed from Antofagasta to the neighboring fort of Tocopilla, a short distance north, by the Chilean transports, and it is rumored that a forward movement will be made toward Calama on the Bolivian and Peruvian frontier to prevent the further advance of General Campero, who, with his corps of three thousand Bolivians, now armed with the Remington rifles received *via* the Argentine Republic, was and is threatening the Chilian communications on that line. We hear nothing more about the proposed descent on the Peruvian coast. The Union arrived at Arica on the 14th inst. from her voyage to the Straits of Magellan, but without the prize she hoped to capture, a vessel with a cargo of arms and ammunition from Europe bound to Valparaiso.

THE ALLIED ARMIES.

The Bolivian and Peruvian armies in the field have not changed their base, neither can they until the intentions of the enemy become apparent, since with five hundred miles of sea coast to guard and defend against any attempted landing the presence of the twelve or fifteen thousand men under arms in the south is absolutely necessary. The same enthusiasm prevails in Peru regarding the war, and the people have made a firm determination to make a hard fight for it. Still money is somewhat scarce, and a new paper-issue for only five millions of soles has been authorized by Congress. It was found that loan to be obtained from the people was regarded with some repugnance, as large amounts have been secured from the same source in the shape of donations. Moreover, as the government is always considered as wealthy, possessing the nitrate and guano deposits, the public was somewhat backward in responding to the call. The fact is that we have an insufficient sum of paper money in circulation—twenty millions of soles for three millions of people—and silver and gold coin are as rare as angels' visits. A law has been enacted by Congress ordering that all guano exported from Peru having from six to seven per cent. of azoe must be sold at the uniform rate of £12 10s. per ton, instead of the present ruinous system of analysis, by which the nation has lost fully £3,500,000 in two years. The Congressional plan now adopted was originated two years since by the Messrs. Dryfus, anxious to serve the interests of the Government and to consolidate the agencies abroad; but the Guano Company, limited, of London, was too poor to accept the offer, having to sacrifice the fertilizer in order to recover advances, and being too powerful, politically speaking here, to test opposition. Now the tables are turned. A good deal of guano is being sent abroad from the Lobos de Afuera deposits, and of a very fair quality. In Callao there are three first-class ironclads—the English Triumph, Admiral Sterling, who relieved Admiral De Horsey a few days since; the German Hansa and the French Victorieuse. The Pensacola was in Iquique at latest dates.

CAN A MAN AND WOMAN MARRY THEMSELVES?

[New York Herald.]

No branch of American law is, perhaps, in a worse jumble than that relating to the marriage contract. In hardly any two States in the Union are the statutes on the subject the same, and in more than one instance marriages which have been held valid by the Supreme Court of the United States would be, if contracted under the laws of several of the States, null and void. The latest interesting case involving the question of what is a legal marriage has arisen in Massachusetts, and it now pending in the Supreme Court of the State. It involves an answer to the question "Can a man and woman marry themselves?" or, in other words, does a contract of marriage before witnesses constitute a legal marriage in that State? The facts are briefly these:—Last July the Rev. Mr. Munson, a Second Advent minister, of Worcester, undertook, at the close of the services in his church, to marry himself to a Miss Eaton. No other clergyman or legal representative of the Commonwealth officiated; he simply took the lady to be his wife and she declared her willingness to take him as her husband. The parties were of full age, the usual notice was filed in the office of the City Clerk and the parties to the contract believed the ceremony they had performed constituted a valid marriage. The Commonwealth, however, was of an entirely different opinion, and the Rev. Mr. Munson was criminally prosecuted in the Superior Court and found guilty. An appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court of the State, where the case was argued a few days ago. In behalf of the State it is contended that the presence of a clergyman or a civil officer was necessary to make the marriage valid, and in a case which arose some years since, in the same State, it was so held by the supreme legal authority in the Commonwealth. The defendant, on the other hand, contends that the statute provisions on the subject prescribing the presence of ministers or civil magistrates are merely permissive, not mandatory, and that their absence does not create such an informality as to nullify the marriage. The marriage laws of Missouri and Massachusetts are nearly similar, and this position of the defendant has been sustained by the Supreme Court of Missouri. The Supreme Court of the United States has also thrown its weight of its authority on the same side, but notwithstanding these two decisions the Massachusetts precedent is the other way. The decision in the case will be watched with interest not only in the old Bay State, but outside of it. Meanwhile Mr. Munson occupies the curious position of being legally married according to United States and Missouri law and of being illegally married and therefore guilty of a crime according to the law of Massachusetts. The fact is, the laws of the States and of the United States on the subject are in so much confusion and so contradictory that it would be really difficult to say with certainty who are and who are not legally married.

TALMAGE'S FRUGALITY.

(New York Star.)

Dr. Talmage, so we are informed by the London *Truth*, lectured at a large town in Lancashire. His fee, as usual was £100, the receipts £60. The lecture had been got up by workingmen in aid of a chapel fund, and at the close the minister of the aforesaid chapel appealed to Dr. Talmage to consider the unfortunate position of the promoters, who were responsible for the deficit—a very serious amount to them. The pious man promptly replied that he had "lectured according to agreement, and as to their local finances he had nothing to do with them." At a town in the West Riding the same thing happened, and at the Yorkshire watering-place, where Dr. Talmage so far forgot himself as to lecture without being paid in advance, his appearance was such a failure that the local Christian Association have declared their inability to pay £100, and the reverend lecturer is reported to have issued a writ against the society.

All this, which looks like "business" in a lecturer, is hardly the sort of thing that we expect from so earnest, so self-sacrificing and so disinterested a preacher of the Gospel as is Dr. Talmage.

TAXING THE BACHELORS

The General Council of the Department of the Rhone have just adopted a resolution calculated to win them world-wide fame, though adverse critics have variously characterized their proceedings as stupid, ridiculous and extraordinary. But while this ultra-radical body are thus stigmatized by opponents of the "male persuasion," their resolution is likely to gain for them the good will of the ladies, and especially of those ladies of mature years who are condemned to single blessedness through the shortsightedness, if not selfishness, of bachelorhood. The resolution which was gained for the Rhone General Council this distinction is one adopted on the motion of M. Ferrier, and in favor of a substantial tax on mature celibates. Convinced that continence is alike unnatural and impossible, that vows of celibacy promote immorality, and that a woman who brings up two children renders more service to the country than all convents, they are in favor of deducting twenty-five per cent. from certain classes of bachelors, the product of this tax on celibates to be applied to the relief of indigent children. The Paris papers are disposed to deride the Rhone General Council. One evening journal exclaims, "The great citizens who vote these absurdities are the elect of the second town in France!" But the men who had the courage to vote for the tax on celibacy are not likely to be affected by the shafts of journalistic ridicule. It may be worth while to quote some of the terms of the resolution. "Considering," says the Council, "that celibacy is contrary to nature and the ends of Providence, to be born, to bear children and to die being the law imposed on all who exist; * * * that it is bachelors, military men, sailors, lawyers and men of all conditions who fill all the States with corrupt opinions and evil morals; that churchmen, Trappists, and all the so-called higher world, are irremediably given up to debauchery and to shame, which is worse than death—Resolved, The support of abandoned children will be provided for by deduction of a quarter of the pay or pension of every employee or pensioner who is a bachelor and resident in the department of the Rhone, from the most modest employee up to the highest official who belongs, or has belonged to the army, magistracy, or any public administration whatsoever." If this has not the effect of increasing the financial resources of the department it may be expected to promote matrimonial desires among the bachelors of Lyons and other places in the district. A man who balances the blessings and disadvantages of married life will find a wonderful make-weight in the twenty-five per cent. of his pay condemned by the General Council. Some cavaliers question the justice of condemning the celibates to support abandoned children as an unmerited reflection on the order, but then the Council declare that celibacy is "contrary to nature," and that the children should be maintained by the bachelors rather than by men who have to support legitimate families.

WHO ARE LEAVING, AND WHY?

[Halifax Herald.]

The morning opposition organ still endeavors to deceive its few remaining readers on the subject of the passengers at present leaving in the steamers from Halifax, and other ports, for the United States. It tries to represent it as "an exodus," and, of course, attributes it, with all other evils, to the adoption of a protective tariff. Of course, our contemporary never reflects that the United States has a more protective tariff than ours; and that, consequently, if its theories of political economy were true, these people ought to be fleeing to Great Britain or the Sandwich Islands, and the unfortunate inhabitants of the United States coming here or to some other less protection-cursed country. The organ never reflects on this or imagines that even *its* readers have *some* brains, and can see that Protection cannot be such a bad thing for a country, or people would not be going to States, especially from a country like ours, that has enjoyed jug-handled free trade so long.

As usual, however, our contemporarary is not only wrong in its logic but altogether astray in its facts. The *Reporter* has taken the trouble to look into the matter, and it finds that this year there are actually *less* people leaving Nova Scotia for the United States than what *came here* from that country, during May, June, July and August last. It explains the matter thus:—

The reason for this movement is, as we have said, found in the social characteristics of our neighbors. The hot weather drives people out of the cities to the various resorts of the United States. Any one going through, for instance, the "White Mountains" in the proper season, will see in the constant stream of families pouring into the score or more of hotels scattered through that charming region, how largely Boston, for instance, avails itself of the mountain sanatorium provided for its people. Other resorts take their hundreds of families, who close up the home establishment, and find health in the change. The hundreds of families go away, and as they scatter, the domestics, the female helps have about three months' holidays. It is this class of families that the Nova Scotia girls select. They get good wages. It suits them to come home during the hot term. It suits the families. It suits all round. The girls, with their love for Nova Scotia, with their parents and relatives here,—able to come home, and help the old folks and escape the hot weather, just fall into the groove as if they were made for it.

Here then is the solution of a seemingly perplexing movement which shallow observers like the *Chronicle* attribute to foolish causes, because they do not connect the inward flow of July with the outward flow of September and October.

And the *Reporter* might have added that these people that are now leaving the Province, were driven out of it to seek the homes and employment which they are now returning to, by the malign and blighting influences of that very jug-handled system of trade which the Opposition organ and its party are doing their utmost to re-establish. We advise the Opposition to leave this "exodus" matter alone, or they will find it as great a boomerang as they did the question of "Government supplies."

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Value of Prof. Nordenskjold's Discoveries.

The following has just appeared in the *Weser Zeitung*: "Commercial navigation through the Kara Sea to the mouth of the Ob is being actively continued this summer. From the advantage the Ob possesses in flowing through the most populous and productive portion of Siberia, as well as from the circumstance that its navigation is already fairly developed, it offers far greater facilities in connection with the new sea route than the Jenisei. Every summer now for five years vessels (sixteen in all) have sailed to the Ob and Jenisei without encountering any dangers from the ice. But the hopes founded on this fact have received a great check this year. At the beginning of September the sailing ship Express, bound for the Jenisei, returned to Hammerfest with the report that the Kara Sea was still full of ice, which none of the six steamers despatched to the Ob and Jenisei had as yet succeeded in penetrating. The steamer Neptune again (Captain Rasmussen), which in 1877 went safely to the Ob and back, returned foiled on the 6th of September to Bardoe, and is now on the way home to Hamburg. A second steamer, Samuel Owen, has also returned to Bardoe. The steamer Louise, on the other hand, which sailed somewhat later, not being as yet reported to have returned to Norway, it may be inferred that she had got through the Kara Sea. The three ships which sailed from Tobolsk to England—namely, the Ob the Tjumen and the Nadeschka—are, it is to be feared, in a most unfortunate position. These ships were built in Tjumen and laden with tallow and wheat. They must have made the mouth of the Ob about the end of July and are in the greatest danger of being wrecked in the Kara Sea, a return to the Ob with present changing winds and frequent calms being extremely difficult. That a voyage in these regions with sailing ships unaccompanied by steamers is a most hazardous experiment all captains who have been in those waters are unanimous upon. The fact of the sailing ship Siberia, also built in Tjumen, having safely reached England last year, was entirely due to the exceptional ice conditions of that season. Decades may elapse before it is possible to repeat such a voyage as Prof. Nordenskjold's. Should the three ships mentioned succeed in getting back to Siberia it will be interesting to learn how far the Kara Sea has become clear of ice, for there is a possibility that the three western approaches only—namely, Jugor Strait, Kara Gate and Matoschkin Passage — are obstructed by ice, and that the sea further eastward is ice-free."

—Vice is a monster of such hideous mien, he who adopts it must be monstrous green.

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Mr. Titus, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
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North Hastings Review

MADOC, OCTOBER 23, 1879.

ON Saturday last the Princess Louise sailed from Quebec per s. s. *Sarmatian* on a visit to England. She is expected back early in the new year. She took with her a birch bark canoe, snow shoes lacrosses, and other articles characteristic of Canadian life.

THURSDAY, the sixth of November, by order published in the *Canada Gazette*, has been fixed by the Government as a day of public thanksgiving throughout the Dominion for the mercies of a bountiful harvest, peace and increasing prosperity vouchsafed our country by the Almighty. Canada has much to be thankful for, and we hope that this year the acknowledgement will be a hearty and unanimous one.

MR. W. H. SCOTT, M. P. P., President of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway Company, has written to the Reeves of Madoc village and township that he purposes visiting this place about the 1st November for the purpose of securing aid for the above road, and requesting that a meeting of the ratepayers be called for that date. Our readers must be all pretty well versed in the merits and prospects of this scheme, but the presence of Mr. Scott here will explain their future movements and requirements yet more clearly. We will definitely announce the date of the meeting in our next issue.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS, who, as late President of the Consolidated Bank, was placed on trial in the Court of Queen's Bench in Montreal, for making, or permitting to be made, false returns of the standing of the Bank, whereby its shareholders were misled and suffered loss, was on Monday found guilty of the charge by the jury. The verdict was a great surprise to his friends, who will endeavor to do something in his behalf. His counsel obtained an arrest of judgment and Sir Francis was admitted to bail. The trial of the other directors, on the same charge, has been laid over for another term.

THE HANLAN-COURTNEY boat race at Chatauqua Lake, for a purse of $6,000, which was to have taken place on Thursday last, did not come off. On the morning of the race it was discovered that the American's boats had both been sawed in two, and he was consequently unable to take his place in the race. Suspicion strongly points towards himself as the perpetrator of the "outrage," for the reason that he was afraid to meet the Canadian at the last moment. Hanlan rowed over the course in 33 minutes 56¼ seconds, the fastest five mile time on record. At the finish the referee awarded the race and purse to Hanlan.

GENERAL ROBERTS, the commander of the British forces in Afghanistan, after a series of hard-earned victories over the revolting tribes, has entered Cabul, and made a speech to the inhabitants to the effect that for their treachery it will be necessary to inflict a severe punishment. The buildings of Bala Hissar and of the city interfering with the proper military occupation will be destroyed and a heavy fine will be levied on the citizens. A military Governor will be placed over the city and country, within a radius of ten miles, and all the inhabitants under his jurisdiction will be required to surrender their arms within a week on pain of death. Rewards will be paid for the denunciation and conviction of any person concerned in the massacre of the British Embassy. Ameer Yakoob Khan is reported to have been advised to abdicate the throne. The English will then place at the head of the government a man on whose friendship they can rely.

THE diplomatic relations between England and Russia are every day assuming a more serious shape. The English are regarding with jealous eyes the progress of the Russian expedition against Tekke, and are determined to prevent if possible the occupation by the latter of Herat, to extend his territory towards and secure which the Czar is aiming. In a recent interview with Lord Salisbury, Count Schouvaloff, the Russian representative at London, proposed that the Afghanistan question should be settled by Russia taking the western part of that country, and England should have the eastern part as far as the Hindoo Koosh. Lord Salisbury declined in most emphatic terms, saying England would not allow Russia to meddle in any way whatsoever in the matter. He said the future of Afghanistan would be settled by England exclusively, and refused to entertain any proposition on the subject. The English Government have obtained assurances from the Shah of Persia, that in the event of complications he will not side in with Russia. The English troops would be certain to reach Herat before the Russians.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

As we foreshadowed in our article of last week, there has been a good deal of fluctuation in the market. Rye has reached 65 cents where it now remains, though outside markets are lower. Barley went up to 60 cts., but has receded to 57 cts. as we go to press. Wheat and oats have advanced, wheat bringing $1.20 and oats 34 cts. Peas remain as they were, 55 cts. The delivery of grain since our last issue has been constant, over 11,000 bushels having been received at the warehouse. The demand during the first part of the week for rye was active, but to-day has lessened from the prices weakening in New York and Oswego. The grain market has been a great success. There is a universal opinion that exact weights are given and every courtesy to buyers that could be asked for.

TUDOR FALL SHOW.

The annual fall show of the Tudor, Wollaston, Limerick and Cashel Agricultural Society was held at Millbridge on the 8th inst., and was, we believe, equal, if not superior, to any previous show of this society. The weather was all that could be desired, and, as a consequence, an immense crowd of people were present, a large number of them being from Madoc and Huntingdon. The display in many of the departments was large, varied and excellent. The show of horses and cattle was very good, while that of sheep and swine was poor. Some excellent samples of grain were shown. The display of potatoes was first-class, but that of roots and vegetables generally was not so large, however, as on some previous occasions. A very good display of butter was also made. We understand that the show of ladies' work, &c., was superior to that of former years. A number of buyers were present for the purpose of purchasing sheep and cattle, a very large number of the latter having been brought there to sell. Quite a number changed hands, the prices offered, however, in general being low. Without proper management no fair can be successful, and much of the success of this year's show is no doubt owing to the energy of the officers of the Society. Special credit is due, we think, to the President, Mr. John Ray, the Secretary, Mr. Chas. Donaldson, and the Treasurer, Mr. J. F. Morrill. The following is the prize list:—

HORSES.

Entire Horse, 3 years old or over, 1st, Chas. Murphy, 2nd, James Best.
Span of Draught Horses, 1st, Peter Conlin, 2nd, John Ray, 3rd, Denis Hogan.
Brood Mare with foal at her side, 1st, Geo. Smyth, 2nd, Jacob Ward, 3rd, William Smyth.
Colt, 3 years old, 1st, John F. Morrill, 2nd, Isaac Golding, 3rd, John Ray.
Colt, 2 years old, 1st, James Stark, 2nd, Wm. Armstrong, 3rd, George Pound.
Colt, 1 year old, 1st, Wm. Lamb.
Colt of present year, 1st, George Smyth, 2nd, Jacob Ward, 3rd, Wm. Smyth.

CATTLE.

Bull, 3 years old, 1st, Sidney Spencer.
Bull, 2 years old, 1st, Isaac Golding.
Bull, yearling, 1st, Wm. Pilgram, 2nd, D. Hogan, 3rd, George Smyth.
Milch Cow, 1st, Francis Newells, 2nd, J. Pine, 3rd, Andrew Gunter.
Heifer, 2 years old, 1st, John Ray, 2nd, I. Golding, 3rd, Daniel Lummis, sen.
Heifer, yearling, 1st, Wm. Hartley, 2nd, D. Hogan, 3rd, John Ray.
Yoke of Working Oxen, in yoke, 1st, Isaac Golding, 2nd, Daniel Lummis, 3rd, Henry B. Gunter.
Yoke of Steers, 4 years old, 1st, John Davidson, 2nd, James Stark, 3rd, William Hartley.
Yoke of Steers, 3 years old, 1st, Henry Rucksthule, 2nd, John Moran.
Yoke of Steers, 2 years old, 1st, William Conden, 2nd, John Ray, 3rd, Dennis Hogan.
Pair of yearling Steers, 1st, Isaac Golding, 2nd, Daniel Lummis.
Spring Calf, 1st, John Ray, 2nd, James Stark, 3rd, Wm. Hartley.

SHEEP.

Ram of any age, 1st, Charles Donaldson, 2nd, Geo. Smyth, 3rd, D. Hogan.
Ram Lamb, 1st, Wm. Conden, 2nd, John Armstrong, 3rd, Wm. Lamb.
Pair of Ewes, any age, 1st, J. Armstrong, 2nd, A. Gunter, 3rd, Wm. Lamb.
Pair of Ewe Lambs, 1st, Chas. Donaldson, 2nd, J. Armstrong, 3rd, Wm. Lamb.

PIGS.

Boar Pig, under 1 year old, 1st, Isaac Golding.
Sow Pig, under 1 year old, 1st, Isaac Golding, 2nd, Denis Hogan.

POULTRY.

Pair of Fowls, 1st, John Ray, 2nd, Ralph N. Norman.
Pair of Turkeys, 1st, Denis Hogan, 2nd, Ralph N. Norman.
Pair of Geese, 1st, Palmer Baker, 2nd, Isaac Golding.
Pair of Ducks, 1st, Jacob Ward, 2nd, R. S. Tivy.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Fall Wheat, 1st, George Smyth, 2nd, Wm. Smyth, 3rd, James Best.
Spring Wheat, 1st, Geo. Smyth, 2nd, T. Cuttle, 3rd, John Ray.
Barley, 1st, Wm. Smyth, 2nd, G. Smyth, 3rd, James Best.
Rye, 1st, James Stark, 2nd, Palmer Baker, 3rd, Wm. Pilgram.
Oats, 1st, Wm. Pilgram, 2nd, Wm. Ray, 3rd, Wm. Smyth.
Shelled Oats, Wm. Lamb.
Peas, large field, Jacob Ward.
Peas, small field, 1st and 2nd, Wm. Ray, 3rd, John Ray.
Corn, 1st, Geo. Morrill, 2nd, Henry B. Gunter, 3rd, Sidney Spencer.
Timothy Seed, 1st, Denis Hogan, 2nd, J. Armstrong, 3rd, Wm. Ray.
White Beans, 1st, Wm. Ray, 2nd, Wm. Ray.

ROOTS.

Potatoes, early rose, 1st, Geo. Smyth, 2nd, Wm. Lamb, 3rd, Sidney Spencer.
Potatoes, any sort, 1st, Wm. Smyth, 2nd, Wm. Lamb, 3rd, John Davidson.
Turnips, Swede, Wm. Lamb
Turnips, Aberdeen, 1st, Wm. Lamb, 2nd, John Armstrong.
Turnips, any other sort, Wm. Lamb.
Cabbage, John Ray, special prize. 1st, I. Golding, 2nd, Henry Ruckshule, 3rd, Geo. Smyth.
Cauliflowers, 1st, Isaac Golding, 2nd, Wm. Smyth, 3rd, John Ray.
Top Seed Onions, 1st, Wm. Pilgram, 2nd, George Morrill.
Multiplier Onions, 1st, Charles Donaldson, 2nd, Wm. Lamb, 3rd, Jacob Ward.
Blood Beet, 1st, Isaac Golding, 2nd, Wm. Lamb, 3rd, John Ray.
Carrots, white, 1st, Wm. Lamb, 2nd Wm. Ray, 3rd, Isaac Golding.
Carrots, Red, 1st, Henry Ruckshule, 2nd, John Ray, 3rd, Wm. Hartley.
Squash, 1st, George Morrill, 2nd, William Lamb, 3rd, Thomas Cuttle.
Pumpkins, 1st, Isaac Golding, 2nd, James Stark.
Tomatoes, John Armstrong.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Butter, roll, 1st, John Armstrong, 2nd, J. Ray, 3rd, Jacob Ward, 4th, William Pilgram.
Butter, tub, 1st, James Stark, 2nd, Jacob Ward, 3rd, John Ray.
Homemade Full Cloth, Richard S. Tivy.
Homemade Flannel, 1st, John Armstrong, 2nd, Jacob Ward, 3rd, Denis Hogan.
Homemade Bed Quilt, Isaac B. Potter, special prize, 1st, Louis Weiss, special, 2nd, 1st, Richard S. Tivy, 2nd, Jacob Ward, 3rd, Palmer Baker.
Homemade Floor Rug, Isaac B. Potter.
Woolen Yarn, 1st, Wm. Ray, 2nd, Wm. Armstrong, 3rd, Sidney Spencer.
Pair of Woolen Mits, 1st, Thomas Cuttle, 2nd, John Armstrong.
Pair of Woolen Socks, 1st, Sidney Spencer, 2nd, Thomas Cuttle, 3rd, John Ray.
Maple Sugar, 1st Henry Ruckshule, 2nd, Wm. Armstrong, 3rd, Thomas Cuttle.
Blacksmith's Work, Peter Fair.

SPECIALS.

Pair of Boots, Louis Weiss.
Buckskin Mits, 1st, Wm. Ray, 2nd, James Pine.
Moccasins, James Pine.
Gloves, James Pine.

LADIES' WORK.

Embroidered Kerchief, John Ray.
Braided Apron, John Ray.
Picture Frames, Louis Weiss.
Small Mat, Louis Weiss.
Cushions, 1st, Louis Weiss, 2nd, Thomas Cuttle.
Tidy, 1st, Isaac B. Potter, 2nd, Henry B. Gunter, 3rd, Palmer Baker.
Chain Shell, Thomas Cuttle.
Scarf, Thomas Cuttle.
Skirt and Waist, James Pine.
Table Mats, James Pine.
Hanging Basket, James Pine.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT NEWS.

A new carriage factory is to be started in Belleville by a Mr. Brown.

Renfrew bakers charge 14 cts for 4lb loaf of bread, and there is a prospect of a further rise.

Over one thousand loads of grain have been delivered in Trenton this fall, up to Saturday night, 11th inst.

Thos. O'Hagan, of Belleville, has been appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in-Council, a member of the County Board of Examiners.

A new gold mine has been discovered in the township of Kaladar. A company of Ottawa miners have leased it, and will proceed at once to test it.

Mr. John Haney has been appointed General Manager of the Prince Edward Co. Railway. The Government engineer has gone over and pronounced it a first class road.

The Walkerton *Herald* says that Mr. W C Taylor, of Sentinck, is satisfied that "troubles" never come singly. Mrs. Taylor presented him with four one morning last week—two boys and two girls.

A correspondent of the Eganville *Enterprise* says the village of Maynooth is fast improving. A number of new houses have gone up this summer and the people are looking forward to a brisk winter in the lumber trade.

On Friday last, while engaged in moving a stone weighing about half a ton from a field on his farm, Mr. Chas. O'Rielly, of Asphodel, discovered immediately under the stone an Indian relic, in the shape of a copper spear head. It was considerably oxidized, but on being cleaned was found to be perfect in shape.

On Wednesday morning about 3 o'clock the saw mill of A. W. Vermilyea was discovered to be on fire, and was totally destroyed. By superhuman, efforts the Grist mill was saved. A man living close by awoke and seeing what appeared to be three fires (strong proof of incendiarism) in the mill, gave warning, but too late to save the building. The loss is about $3,000, no insurance.—*Courier.*

Last Friday, Capt. Cox of Enterprise had private Thos. Whalem before Squires Aylsworth and Neeley of this place on a charge of stealing an overcoat and rifle from the armory at Enterprise. Proof was sufficiently plain for commitment, and to escape which Whalen gave bail to the extent of $1,000 to appear and answer to the charge at the Assizes.—*Echo.*

THE sentence of death upon Chester Munroe, who shot Cook, at Mulmur, for insulting his wife, has been commuted to seven years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. This decision appears to give very general satisfaction.

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 00 to	$9 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 20 to	0 00
Rye, "	0 65 to	0 00
Oats, "	0 34 to	0 00
Barley, "	0 57 to	0 00
Peas, "	0 55 to	0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to	0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13 to	0 00
Butter, per lb	0 12 to	0 00
Hides, per cwt	3 00 to	4 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 15 to	$1 25
Barley,	0 60 to	0 62
Rye,	0 70 to	0 00
Oats,	0 35 to	0 00
Peas,	0 55 to	0 00
Butter,	0 10 to	0 18
Eggs,	0 09 to	0 12
Potatoes, per bush	0 35 to	0 40
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to	6 50
Sheepskins,	0 40 to	0 70
Hides,	4 00 to	6 50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

TAKE NOTICE, that the Council of the Corporation of the County of Hastings will meet at the Shire Halls in Belleville, on

TUESDAY, the 11th of NOVEMBER,

at 2 o'clock, p. m.,

for the despatch of general business.

All parties having accounts against the Corporation, are requested to hand them in not later than the second morning of the session.

By order,
J. T. BELL,
Co. Clerk, C. H.
Shire Hall, Belleville, Oct. 21, 1879.

NOTICE.

I HEREBY give notice to all parties not to trust or harbor my son, William Pack, or wife, Nancy Pack, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by them.
JOHN PACK.
Madoc, October 16th, 1879.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS are hereby warned against purchasing or trafficing for two Notes for $32.00 each, drawn by me in favor of Alex. McDonald, and due, one in January, 1878, the other in January, 1879, said notes having duly been paid by me.
GEO. D. McDONALD,
Monteagle Valley, Sept. 30, '79. 132-3t

FOR SALE.

WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to
A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,
or to the undersigned proprietor,
JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.
Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.
Apply to CAPT. NORMAN, Millbridge,
or to Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

TIES! TIES!!

50,000 WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

FARM TO RENT.

FOR a term of years, the east ½ of lot 6, 6th con., Madoc. A house and barn on the premises. Apply to
DANIEL ROSS, Madoc Village,
or to JNO. ROSS, on the premises.
Madoc, Oct. 1st, 1879. 131.

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.
MRS. J. HULIN.
Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

IN CHANCERY!

Clother vs. Hazzard.

PURSUANT to the decree made in this cause, bearing date the 25th day of June, A. D. 1879, there will be sold by public auction, with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esquire, Master of this Court at Belleville, at his Chambers in Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on

Saturday, the 8th day of November,

A. D. 1879, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon,

the following valuable farm property, to wit:

The west half of Lot Number 11, in the 8th Concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, containing by admeasurement 100 acres of land, more or less, except about two acres heretofore sold and conveyed by Joseph Hazzard, deceased, to the Trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and one William Blakely. The premises are situate about 4 miles from the village of Madoc, and erected thereon are a frame dwelling house and barn. There is a small orchard on the premises; about 60 acres are cleared and under cultivation. The premises will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.

The purchaser shall pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money, to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, at the time of sale, and the remainder thereof within one month thereafter.

In all other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Court of Chancery.

Further particulars may be obtained at the Law Offices of Messrs. Flint & Jellett, Geo. D. Dickson, Esq., and Messrs. Bell & Bell, Belleville.

Dated at Chambers this 14th day of October, A. D. 1879.
S. S. LAZIER,
MORGAN JELLETT, Master.
Plaintiff's Solicitor. 133-4

NOTICE.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, trading under the name, style and firm of S. & W. McEwen, has been dissolved by mutual consent.
(Signed) his
WILLIAM X McEWEN,
mark.
SAMUEL McEWEN.
Witness:
WM. McCALLUM.
Bannockburn, Oct. 11th, 1879.

The undersigned begs to notify all parties indebted to the late firm of S. & W. McEwen, to settle their accounts forthwith with him, he being the party entitled to collect the same. SAMUEL McEWEN.

No. 1 DAIRY BUTTER.

W. R. McRAE,
BELLEVILLE,
WILL PAY
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
FOR FIRST-CLASS BUTTER.

HARNESS! HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR
HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO
DALE'S BLOCK!

MAIL CONTRACT.

TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on 14th November, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, two times per week each way, between

BRIDGEWATER AND MADOC,

and once per week each way between

Bridgewater and Queensboro',

from the 1st January next.

Conveyance to be made on horseback or in a vehicle.

The Mails to leave Bridgewater every Tuesday and Saturday at 7 a.m., and to arrive at Madoc at 11.15 a.m.; to leave Madoc, same days, at 1.30 p.m., and to arrive at Bridgewater at 5.45 p.m.

To leave Bridgewater every Thursday at 7.30 a.m., and to arrive at Queensboro' at 9 a.m.; to leave Queensboro' at 10 a.m., and to arrive at Bridgewater at 11.30 a.m.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Bridgewater and Queensboro'.
R. W. BARKER,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office, Kingston, 3rd Oct., 1879. 132-3

Canadian Pacific
RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:

Emory's Bar to Boston Bar	29 miles
Boston Bar to Lytton	29 miles
Lytton to Junction Flat	28½ miles
Junction Flat to Savona's Ferry	40½ miles

Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.
By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. 132

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, 1st con., township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn, and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house.—Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to GODFREY GEBAL,
104 York River P. O.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 10, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to
S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

GRAIN! GRAIN!!

THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for

RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,

Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.
J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

WANTED!

50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,

For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the
NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,
at Madoc Station.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

ORGANS! ORGANS!

W. UNWIN

WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for

Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ

WHICH FOR

SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,

cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.

Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence

KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,

where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.

N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.
GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

N. D. PETERS

NOW OFFERS IN THE

"O'FLYNN BLOCK,"

—AT—

LOW PRICES FOR READY PAY

A good stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Crockery, Glassware,

Groceries, Confectionery,

School Books, Wall Paper, etc., etc.

[M]adoc, October 1st, 1879.

U CAN GET

BETTER

FURNITURE,

AND

MORE OF IT,

For Less Money

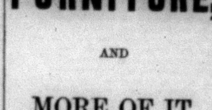
—AT—

M. MAYBEE'S,

than at any shop in the County.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING



ALL SIZES OF

Coffins & Caskets

KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Robes, Shrouds,

AND

FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.

M. MAYBEE.

Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

DON'T FAIL

TO SEE OUR NEW STOCK OF

Mantles!

JUST OPENED,

THE LARGEST VARIETY!

EVER SHOWN IN MADOC.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

Madoc, Oct. 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!

Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.

PRICES VERY LOW!

Sydmer Ross & Co.

Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,

at Low Prices

AT

JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

Grocer & Provision

DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to
H. HOLDEN,
95-6m Shannonville

This Space Will be Occupied

BY

Gray & McGregor,

DEALERS IN

STAPLE & FANCY

GROCERIES!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. None is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Coniffon. The gravel road leading from Coniffon to Stony's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 15th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Margaret Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to R. D. ROSS, Madoc,

Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavestrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA

LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,

TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?

To build a new House or Barn?

To make improvements by fencing or clearing?

Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,

MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

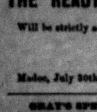
THE READY PAY SYSTEM

Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. The great Eng. TRADE MARK.



link remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence. Before Taking. After Taking.

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave. $2. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

$2. Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

E. L.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

SEE THE LIST

OF

FARMS FOR SALE!

IN THE

WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Improvements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at reasonable rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070, Meets every first Tuesday in each month. C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUSTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425, Held on the first Tuesday in each month. FRANK H. GAPEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 132. Meets the first Wednesday in each month. W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every second Monday in each month. JOHN MCCOY, Jr., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1153. Meets first Friday in each month. E. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.

J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,

C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.

M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.

JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,

No. 139, O. Y. B.

A SPECIAL meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, November 6th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on

Monday Evening, Oct. 27th,

At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48

A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall,

On Tuesday Evg., Oct. 28th,

at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

Going South—Train leaves Madoc at 7 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 9.15.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at Madoc at 5.15.

STATIONERY.—Two sizes thick, heavy Note Paper with Envelopes to match, just received at Deans' Drug Store.

The New Store.

The advertisement of the New Store will be found on this page. Read their list of prices.

Special Train.

The Masons of this village chartered a special train to convey them to Stirling to attend the funeral of their late brother, Peter Chard, on Sunday last. About 75 in all took advantage of the trip.

Erratum.

In the report of the proceedings of the North Hastings Teachers' Association, in our last issue, Mr. Kirk was erroneously stated to have introduced the subject of "Spelling." It should have been Mr. Mackintosh.

Teachers' Examination.

The Examination of the teachers in training at both the Madoc and Belleville Model Schools commenced in this village to-day and will continue until Saturday. About twenty-five teachers from Belleville arrived here last night.

Removal to the Village.

Father Davis, R. C. Priest, is about to take up his residence in Madoc, having rented Mr. C. Thrasher's new brick house on Bailey's hill for that purpose. Mr. Thrasher will return back again to his old house. We cordially welcome the rev. gentleman, who is a favorite with all classes, to the village.

Our Mines.

A number of prominent mining capitalists from the United States were in this village to-day on a tour of inspection to the iron mines in Madoc. We understand they speak very highly of the quality of the ore, and that Mr. Coe has received an offer to ship 100 tons of red hematite per day. This gentleman has been shipping considerable quantities of this article lately.

Accident.

Mr. Joseph Pringle, of this village, met with a painful accident on Tuesday last. While driving a load of brick for Mr. Samuel Rollins, about four or five miles from Madoc, he fell from the seat in front of the wagon, two wheels of which passed over his body, inflicting serious injuries. The wonder is that, considering the heavy load, he was not killed outright. We understand he is recovering.

The Seymour Mine.

Mr. Pusey has at present about sixty men employed at the above mine, the work being prosecuted night and day. An average of seven car loads of ore are taken out daily. Another gang of practical English miners arrived a couple of weeks ago, who pronounce the iron ore of the Madoc mines the richest they ever tested. This speaks well for mining operations in this district in the future.

An Emotional Paper.

The New York *Evening Mail*, a copy of which we have received, has come out under new management, and now takes its place amongst the leading dailies of that city. A well conducted Mining Department is a new feature, which would make it doubly interesting in our own rapidly developing mining locality in North Hastings, especially if it would give some attention to the new famous iron mines of Madoc.

Magistrates' Court.

JACKSON vs. MARSHALL.—This was a suit brought before Messrs. Wood and Tunnelty on Friday last, both parties hailing from Bridgewater. The action was to recover some $24 for wages alleged to be due the plaintiff. After hearing the plaintiff's case, and a number of witnesses for the defence, it was considered that he was more anxious to get his pay than do his work well, and the complaint was dismissed with costs. Mr. Peterson for the defence.

CROCK PERFUMES.—Jockey Club, Ylang Ylang, Patchouli, Sweet Briar, White Rose, for sale by the ounce or bottle at Deans' Drug Store.

TACT.

The following essay, on the above subject, by Miss Riddell, of the Madoc Model School, was read at the late meeting of the N. H. Teachers' Association:—

Tact, discretion, aptness, adroitness, and many other words and phrases are used to express in other language the much abused term *common sense*. Every day we hear some such expression as the following:—"What great tact she has." "Oh! he never had any tact." "Tact is necessary in that business, &c., &c. How many, hearing these expressions, ever ask themselves the question "what is tact?" Like the term common sense, it has been so much and so often used that were you to ask the one who uses the word *every day*, and many times during the day, to define tact, you would get an answer that would agree neither with your own idea of tact, nor with the opinion of any one else. If I were to ask each one in the room to give a definition of the word, how many are there who would be able to tell what it really means?

The dictionary gives the meaning of the word "tact" as "peculiar skill or faculty," or "nice perception," from which the conclusion might be drawn that it is a natural faculty, not an acquired ability.

While this to some extent is true, still there is a way in which people, naturally possessing very little tact, may, as I shall endeavor to show further on, become as skilful in the art of smoothing difficulties and avoiding snares, as those who had almost said from infancy—always say and do the right thing, in the right place, and at the right time.

This ability, faculty, art, or whatever it may be called, is a large ingredient in the success of any profession. The doctor, who by his pleasant and agreeable manner, by his *tact* in other words, makes his patients, suffering, it may be, under a very trifling ailment, think (we will hope with truth) that he feels as deep an interest in their complaints as is possible for him to feel, is more apt to become a successful practitioner than one who with perhaps greater skill and medical attainments treats such cases as well as they very likely deserve to be treated, but in such a manner as leaves the patient mortified and angry. The candidate for parliamentary or even municipal honors finds this faculty in the highest degree necessary to him in his electioneering campaign. The candidate who has tact enough to enable him to overcome all objections raised against him and bring his very enemies round to his side, and more difficult still, interest those before indifferent, stands a very good chance, even against one, who, by his superior knowledge of the needs of the riding, is better qualified for the place, but who, by the absence of the necessary mother wit, fails to win the approbation of the people. Time would fail me were I to attempt to show how necessary tact is to the success of any profession, but observation will teach you much better than anything I can say on the subject, that it is so; and while this is true in all the different walks of life, in the teaching profession above all others it is impossible to succeed without it. True, some may possess it in a greater degree than others, but certainly all must have it, and develop it to the best of their power, if they wish to remain in the profession. With so many trustees, parents, and children to agree with and instruct, how necessary it is that the teacher should be able to explain difficulties, encourage industry, and keep peace and harmony in the school room and section.

As these meetings are supposed to be for the benefit of teachers, more particularly tact, as shown in that profession, will be the subject treated of; and although I cannot pretend to tell you any new facts, I may be fortunate enough to drop a few hints that will prove useful to some teacher in the Association, and, if so, I shall consider the time spent in the preparation of this essay as being most usefully employed.

Almost every man thinks he knows all about teaching, though no two think alike; and those who know the least are generally the readiest to impose heavy tasks on the teacher, but will never think of assisting him to bear one of them. The teacher, therefore, needs to be courteously decided in holding his own opinion, and to be able to adapt himself to existing circumstances, for on that to a great degree will depend his success in the section. It is necessary that the teacher take notice of and remember all that takes place in the school room, to guard against the garbled tales carried home by the children, and to be able to set right any trouble arising from them.

A parent may come full of rage to complain of some real or imaginary wrong done his child. Let the teacher show his tact by keeping calm and not causing anger to be increased by opposing anger. Always remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and that "real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves, and without this the conqueror is naught but the first slave." Let him speak calmly and kindly, giving such corrections and explanations as the case may demand, and in nine cases out of ten the angry man will be subdued, and return home a better friend to the teacher and a more judicious parent to his children. Another may come after a quarterly examination, perhaps, full of righteous indignation because his child has not been promoted, not taking into consideration the neglected lessons and the half or whole holidays granted him during the term. An exhibition of the absent marks in the register and the marks of imperfect lessons in the class book, with a kindly explanation of how and why he could not help but fail at the required examination, will not only appease the parent's wrath, but send him home resolved to see that his child is regularly in school, and has ample time and opportunity for preparing his work at home. Let the teacher strive to meet all such cases as these with a spirit of kindness and self-control and he will seldom fail of doing good.

But dealing with outsiders is only a small part of the teacher's duty. He will find that the place where tact is most necessary is in the school room, and there it should always be borne in mind that whatever interests the children will exercise no small influence on the parents, and that teachers, parents, and children are joint partners in the work of training, and while something can be done by each party individually, the greatest success can be attained only by the harmonious co-operation of all. When this has been obtained, the teacher will be able to prosecute with zeal the real work of education.

On the teacher depends, in a great measure, the atmosphere that pervades the school room; it will be precisely what he shall decide to make it. If the teacher enters in the morning with a gloomy countenance, and shows a discontented spirit, his pupils will be apt to be restless and wearisome; but, if, on the other hand, he is cheerful and shows a happy frame of mind and a kindness in every tone and movement, he will do much towards making the pupils as contented and happy. How necessary, therefore, is the cultivation of all these kindly feelings and traits of heart, which are such an adornment to the whole life and character of the possessor, and which go far to render him a more agreeable companion and useful citizen. Only from a sincere love for his calling and a sincere desire to do good, with a kind and feeling heart, aided by a growing knowledge of the world, will the teacher gain the power, so much to be desired, of rendering himself more agreeable, and what is of greater importance, making study more pleasant to children under his charge.

Tact is necessary in every department of school work—in discipline, government, recitations, assigning of lessons, &c. In fact, as was said before, nothing can be done successfully without it.

It there is any place on the surface of the earth where order is the first and last, and highest law, that place is the school room—without it there can be no such thing as progress. While it is a fact that the true spirit of obedience and submission will tend to the happiness of the young while in school, it is also true that it will prepare them for higher spheres of usefulness and happiness when school's cares and duties and responsibilities shall be assumed. With what earnestness, then, should every teacher ask himself the question "How can I best discipline the teacher minds entrusted to my care and training?" The greatest discretion must be used in classifying and governing the many minds, each differing from the other in disposition and attainments. There will be the idle and indifferent to arouse and urge onward, the diffident to encourage, the too forward to check and repove. Besides these there will be need of correcting and directing the whole, and teaching to all the spirit of inspiration and earnestness necessary in the pursuit of knowledge. Have few regulations and the justice and necessity of those obvious to the very youngest. Let the teacher be careful to say only what he means, and mean only what he says, and carry out firmly, decidedly, and kindly, every rule that he makes, and above all things let him be uniform in action, not saying or doing one thing one day and the opposite the next. Be self-controlled, kind, and determined, never letting the pupils see that they can vex you or make you lose your self-command. Be very sparing of the voice, for the mere noise made in attempts to obtain order the reverse is needed, and order obtained at the expense of a great noise is usually of short duration. There are looks and tones of the voice which can awe into obedience more readily and completely than the most severe language of reproof and threatening. Individual character must be studied. To some a look or word of reproof will be more effectious than the severest personal chastisement to others. Great tact must be used, as you see, in obtaining and keeping order; and one more suggestion may not be out of place here, that is, that music is a valuable instrument in preserving order in a school. Try it. When you see the pupils becoming restless, listless, and dull, drop the work in hand and start some simple tune. If you have not already tried it you will be astonished to see how quickly and effectually good feeling is restored. There may and there *will* be times when it will require all the self-government of a teacher to refrain from the use of harsh expressions and acts. A pupil may be guilty of the grossest misconduct or of the most provoking impudence, and strongly excite the indignation of the teacher. Remember your tact. Let such an one be dealt with in a decided but calm manner, and the deserved punishment inflicted more in sorrow than in anger, and it will be doubly effective. View carefully all the circumstances, that you may in this as in other cases, as nearly as possible, say and do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. Wisdom in planning and skill in performing are two great and essential elements of success in any undertaking, and emphatically so in the school room. There is nothing that demands so much skill, judgment, and prudence in the teacher, as the proper mode and extent of rendering assistance to his pupils. He must know not only when and how to give, but still inspire a spirit of perseverance on the part of the scholar. The pupil must be constantly working towards his own success, and unless we secure his willing co-operation it is useless to look for this; and if the pupil's share in the work of education is to do the work assigned to him, the teacher's is to induce him to do it. A certain amount of compulsion will be necessary in this. There must be some pleasure associated with the work in the pupil's mind, and if he is made to feel a want before the way is pointed out in which it may be supplied, and be convinced that he can, by working, supply it, a great stimulus to labor will be given him in the hope of success. There is a great satisfaction in doing a thing for one's self, and the teacher does the pupil a lasting injury who takes this pleasure from him. Northend in his work on "Teacher and Parent" gives some excellent hints and rules for the guidance of teachers in assisting their pupils, which I cannot do better than quote. They express better than any words I could use how much and how often help is to be given. He says:—"A teacher should devise means and adopt expedients to excite the curiosity and rouse the energies of his pupils. He should then endeavor to fix their attention and concentrate their awakened energies on the prescribed subject of inquiry and instruction. He should connect with his instruction as far as possible what is interesting and attractive, so that the associations formed in the minds of his pupils will leave them in love with the subject of investigation, and in the proper time bring them back to the pursuit with readiness and alacrity. He should exclude from his illustrations, as far as possible, everything calculated to divert the minds of his pupils from the principal subject of investigation. He should be careful that the awakened curiosity be not gratified too soon by unnecessary and superabundant aid, leaving no motive and no opportunity for effort on the part of his pupils; nor, on the other hand, be suffered to evaporate and end in despair for the want of timely and necessary aid to enable them to overcome appalling difficulties. With this view, he should intermingle with text-book instruction a due proportion of familiar lecturing, enough of one with the other to guard against the pernicious effects of success in either. He should prepare, select, or adapt his text-books with a due regard to the capacities of his pupils, and with reference to the development and exercise of their various powers of mind, as well as the immediate acquisition of knowledge. The pupil must be made to work, but he must work voluntarily, cheerfully, and with hope. Aided to much, his energies remain dormant; too little, they are soon exhausted, and he sinks into a state of despair, and thus both excess and deficiency produce the same deplorable result. The teacher in all his plans of government and instruction should keep in view the principal business assigned him. This, as far as intellectual education is involved, is to rouse the curiosity of his pupils and keep it awake—to furnish in a sufficient quantity wholesome food for their minds, and suitable materials for the active and vigorous employment of all their mental powers."

It may be that in some of these suggestions I have wandered far from my subject, but, as I said in starting, and as I hope I have proved to your satisfaction, tact has such a bearing on all the work done in the school room that it is impossible to write one subject without dwelling at some length on the other.

As I said at the beginning of my essay, in no other profession in life is tact so necessary as in that of teaching, and in no other position is it more necessary to be enthusiastic and wide awake if our world be truly successful and useful. A dull, monotonous teacher will have a dull, monotonous school, while an earnest, zealous, and enthusiastic teacher will so inspire and animate the pupils that they will manifest a deep and lively interest in every exercise before them. With much truth it is said "as is the teacher so is the school." A teacher who is kind, active, and full of tact may and *will* gain an almost unlimited influence over the minds and feelings of his pupils and lead them cheerfully onward and upward in the paths of knowledge, while, on the other hand, a teacher who is dull and lifeless will drag his pupils down to the depths of apathy and listlessness, from which it will be no easy task to draw them forth again. If a teacher feels a lively interest in the duties of his profession he will succeed in awakening a corresponding interest on the part of his pupils and their parents, and when teacher, parents and pupils are all actuated by a spirit of earnestness, energy, and true enthusiasm in relation to school duties, we may expect progress and improvement of the most gratifying kind, and if the teacher rightly appreciates the nature and magnitude of his work he *will* possess a spirit of true earnestness and enthusiasm. Let the teacher at all times feel that principle of love and sincere devotion to his profession which is to be regarded as the sign and measure of high souls, and which wisely directed will accomplish much, and there is little danger that he will long suffer from any want of tact. Let him not be satisfied with past success or present attainments, but let his motto ever be "onwards and upwards." "Let not then the teacher be unmindful of the nature and value of his work, but appreciating the thought so beautifully expressed by Bishop Doane in the following lines; let him be up and doing with a consciousness, that at some future time reflections upon his 'labors of love' will afford him the truest pleasure, and that his reward, though long in coming, will at last be sure:"

Chisel in hand stood a thoughtful boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision,
With heaven's own light the sculptured stone,
He had caught the angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dreams pass o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our liver than angel vision.

MARRIED.

CAMPBELL—DULMAGE.—On the 22d inst., by Rev. James Macfarlane, at the residence of the bride's brother, Madoc, Mr. William Campbell, of Sombra, Lambton Co., to Miss Sophrona Dulmage, of Cashel, Hastings Co.

YOUKER—CLUTE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Stirling, on Wednesday, the 15th inst., by Rev. N. A. Willoughby, M. A., assisted by Rev. J. W. Savage, Wm. Youker, M. D., to Emma, daughter of Mr. Richard Clute.

DIED.

BULL.—On Friday evening last, 17th inst., Arthur, aged on Sunday, 19th, Maud, infant children (twins) of Mr. Henry Bull, of this village.

CRICKET MATCH.

York River, Oct. 18, 1879.

A cricket match was played between the Harcourt Club, of Haliburton, and the Dungannon and Faraday Club, of North Hastings, at the challenge of the Harcourt club, at Maynooth, on the 11th October. Dungannon and Faraday won the choice of innings and sent Harcourt to the bat, who made up a score of five, all told. This small score was rather disheartening to the challengers, but it was hoped that their own good fielding would give the Dungannon and Faraday's a hard one. These, however, notwithstanding, made a score of twenty-eight runs, and then made room for the Harcourts' second innings. This time fortune favored them better, and with more careful batting they scored twenty-two, leaving Dungannon and Faraday the victors by one run and an innings.

On the completion of this match the Maynooth club challenged both the other clubs to one innings each, which was accepted. Dungannon and Faraday again won the toss and sent the home club to the bat, who succeeded in making a score of seventeen. Dungannon and Frraday then went in and made a score of thirty for the loss of three wickets.

In the game following we are unable to give the score between Harcourt and Maynooth, but believe Maynooth again came off only second best.

The thanks of both clubs are due to the people of Maynooth for the courtesy shown, a good and substantial dinner being provided at the North Hastings House, and although the day was very warm and sultry all seemed to have enjoyed their visit to Maynooth. The following is the score:

HARCOURT.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
J. S. K. Angus, c Bowers,	0	c Bowers,	7
G. Scott, b Fletcher,	2	b Zabell,	2
A. Watt, c Comer,	0	b Zabell,	1
M. McLaren, c Jarman,	0	b Zabell,	0
T. Watt, stumped,	0	b Zabell,	4
H. Scott, c Bowers,	0	b Zabell,	3
J. Watt, c Comer,	0	c Bowers,	0
W. Scott, c Jarman,	0	c Bowers,	0
A. Scott, not out,	0	c Bowers,	0
M. Beinoit, b Fletcher,	0	not out,	0
T. Scott, b Fletcher,	0	b Zabell,	1
Byes,	1		4
No balls,	1		0
Total,	5		22

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

1st Innings.	
Comer, c Beinoit, b G. Scott,	11
Zabell, b Angus,	2
E. Bowers, b Angus,	8
Fletcher, b Angus,	0
G. Jarman, c A. Watt, b G. Scott,	0
G. Bowers, b Angus,	5
Spurr, c H. Scott, b Angus,	0
J. Jarman, c Angus, b G. Scott,	0
Cross, not out,	0
McLean, b Angus,	1
Sweet, b Angus,	1
Total,	28

MAYNOOTH.

W. Nutterville, b Zabell,	6
T. Rody, c Comer, b J. Jarman,	4
E. Barriger, b J. Jarman,	1
M. Golden, b J. Jarman,	0
J. Bain, b J. Jarman,	1
H. Barriger, b Zapell,	0
W. George, run out,	0
J. Cannon, c Zabell, b J. Jarman,	1
J. Parsons, not out,	3
J. Ryan, run out,	0
J. Rody, c Angus, b Zabell,	0
W. Golden, c E. Bowers, b Zabell,	0
Byes,	1
Total,	17

DUNGANNON AND FARADAY.

Comer, c Nutterville, b M. Golden,	2
Angus, c T. Rody, b Bain,	0
E. Bowers, leg before wicket,	22
G. Jarman, not out,	4
Extras,	2
Total,	30

And seven wickets to go down.

Auction Sale.

Thos. Scott, auctioneer, will sell on Monday November 3rd, the stock and implements of Mr. James Burnside, lot 10, 7th concession of Madoc, commencing at 1 o'clock, p. m. $5 and under, cash; over that one year's credit, with interest at six per cent. Also a quantity of hay and straw will be sold.

FOR TOILET AND BATH.—Genuine Florida Water, fragrant Cologne Water, and finest quality Bay Rum by the ounce or bottle at Deans' Drug Store.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Inquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

VALUABLE

FARM AND MILL PROPERTY

FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give your business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

1879. GRAIN! 1879.

GRAIN!

The proprietors of the

North Hastings Grain Warehouse.

At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.

Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1879. 127

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

MADOC

MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,

Drug Store.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,

FRESH WATER HERRING,

SALT WATER HERRING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

FLOUR, FEED,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,

49-tf. Madoc

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

See our List of Prices in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, etc., at

THE NEW STORE,

Wright's Block, next to Mrs. Wright's grocery, Madoc.

Good Fall Winceys, 5c to 7c.	Fine Strawboems, 7½c to 9c.
Yard wide do 12½c to 15c.	Factory Cottons, 4½c to 8c.
Russel Cord Dreams, 20c to 25c.	Corsets, New Styles, 50c.
Good Black Lustre, 12½c to 25c.	Handsome Scotch Plaids, 22c.
Rich Paplins worth $9, for $5.	Table Drugget, 50c.
Prints, fast colors, 7½c.	Cardinal Cashmeres, 40c.
Newest Pattern Reps, 34c.	Heavy Winter Shawls, $2.25.

Ladies' Felt Hats, beautifully trimmed, 95 cts., $1.50, and $2.00.
Ladies' Rich Velvet Hats, trimmed, $1.10, $1.25, and $1.75.

CLOTHS, TWEEDS, COATINGS.

Ladies' Waterproof, 98c.	Diagonal Beavers, $1.50.
Heavy Canadian Tweed, 80c.	Good Tweed Pants, $2.25.
Good Union Tweed, 30c.	Heavy Winter Vests, $1.25.
Fashionable Tweeds, $1.	Flannel Shirts, 90c., $1.20, and $1.45.
Wide Blanket Cloth, $1.25.	Heavy Overalls, 50c to 70c.

Suits made to order on short notice.
Eggs, &c., &c., taken in trade for Dry Goods.

OUR BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT

Is always stocked with the best character of work at extremely low range of prices. A large assortment of Women's Warm Felt Lace Slippers. These are marked down to 50c. per pair.

Our strict rule is Ready Cash and One Price.

THE NEW STORE.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT.

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

MADOC, January 17th, 1879.

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!

WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Neatly Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable!

The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

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ADDRESS GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,

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HIS LAST BALLOON VOYAGE.

Donaldson's Fate Discovered by Himself.

Did Accompany Wise and His Companion Bravy Most with the Heavy Ballast that Which Sent Donaldson and Grimwood.

The uncertainty of the fate of Prof. Wise and his companion, Mr. Bury, who ascended in the balloon, Pathfinder, from Lindell Park, St. Louis, last Sunday, and have not yet been heard from, recalls the story of Donaldson's tragic death, as compiled by the missing aeronaut from papers picked up in Lake Michigan, which the two voyagers had thrown overboard previous to their death. Prof. Wise published his narrative as follows:

"To all readers, aeronauts, who run their cloud-cleaving coaches with a disregard of consequence, or who, in other words, coolly go up without making due preparation and precautions to alight, this little narrative is dedicated."

Wise then copied, verbatim, Donaldson's memorandum of the trip as follows:

"I had often been excited in my taste of pure walking, but never before did I feel my heart sinking into such despondency as I did when the mighty ship bounded off and left me in the lake. It was a dreary sight over the desert of water.

"By a kind of instinctive arithmetic I could still figure out another hour's sail and a rush of dry land. Grimwood hailed me from the car below while I was sitting in my perch on the lookout above, lonely engaged trying the very experiment which I had more than an hour ago resolved to transmit to the reader below, so that I might have a memorial of my last voyage in the event of a fatal termination.

"Grimwood now inquired of me: 'How far are we from the Michigan shore?' And he added, 'Our ballast is nearly spun out.' 'God only knows,' was my reply.

"Balloon-sailing has in it the peculiarity of hoping one entirely unconscious of the direction he is moving, or the direction in which it is moving when you are above the clouds, and the clouds are sailing with you, and at the same time nothing but a boundless waste of water is visible beneath. It is singular that so limited a sheet of water as Lake Michigan should present to view so few vessels to the eye of the aeronaut.

"Well, it is about 350 miles long, and this gives us an area of 35,000 square miles. Now, if 1,000 sailing vessels were spread over the lake at any one time, it would present on an average, only one vessel for every 35 square miles, or, in other words, one vessel on every plot of six miles square."

"Pish! Wise told me that in his sail down the middle of Lake Erie from one end to the other he did not see half a dozen vessels, and in crossing ninety miles of Lake Ontario only one vessel was visible. I feel fully realized in this hot in my own experience over the lakes, and the appearance of one craft visible before me gave the situation an intensified dreary aspect.

"I now turned my face to Grimwood, and requested him to look out for some inlet craft, from we could not expect to remain afloat much longer, as the ballast was so nearly expended.

"'Won't the balloon hold out all night?' said my companion. 'You frequently let your ship stay out all night and remain afloat and in the next morning,' hopefully ejaculated my shipmate partner. 'Yes,' was the response—'that is, when the balloon is new and in perfect order; but this balloon is only a half old cloth.' You don't pretend to intimate that we are going to be carried into the lake for want of a good, lasting time for us to reach the land?' 'Why, hardly,' I said; 'if we don't discover land very shortly, we shall be compelled to take to the water and trust to Providence.' Grimwood, with a yell, 'you joking!' said Grimwood. 'No,' was my reply.

"I now resolved, at all hazards, to state the situation fairly to Grimwood, as certain disaster was inevitable if we should remain in the air, and tell him to prepare for a leap that had forshadowed itself to my mind all day long. I had been sailing under false colors long enough. It only made my anguish of mind greater as I pretended to assume composure, and thought that I had taken along with me a gentleman of culture and talents to be lost to the world, and I had made a fool of him at show spectacle that had so little real merit in it as to be compelled to hang its dismantled remains on the miserable attraction of a worn balloon, and, worst of all then, brought me, to commit a moral homicide. My heart was throbbing with emotion as I contemplated the whole situation. Perhaps Grimwood will think I intended to let him down, and yet I felt that I would rather die than have Grimwood, and grapple with me for the direction as to who is to take the last chance for life; for what will a man not do to save his own life? One or the other of us must in a very short time leave the balloon, or both of us perish together in the air.

"I had now fully resolved to be a man in every sense of the word, and give Grimwood the fair standing time for a last antebellum chance in the event of his going overboard, after being to the present extent ready for death's translation in the like manner.

"'Grimwood, are you prepared to hear the worst of our distress?'

"'I am always ready for an item, Donaldson, and, high or low, we go along; pitch in, Donaldson, and give us the news.'

"This good-tempered response rallied my drooping spirits, and I began to hope that Grimwood would stand by me. I strained my eyes to the East and the West, and the North and the South, in the hope of espying something that should promise to be our rescue—or two wandering spots of the sky. Really, I began to think that a dismantled spirit than a living man. Grimwood was all the time writing down what I had stated to him, and seemed anxious, apparently reliant on a safe ending to the perilous voyage.

"'Philips seem to be so coarse as land, Donaldson,' Grimwood muttered, 'yet we have life-power, and if it must come to that, we will battle for life in the waves.'

"I now proposed to him inasmuch as our risk of getting ashore was equal, we should for the chance of one of us remaining with the balloon, while the other should take to the water with a life-preserver, so that we should be prepared for the emergency when our balloon should come entirely to an end.

"'I am agreed,' was the ready reply of Grimwood. 'Give the chance to me, and we may have lucky enough to draw a prize in a lottery. I am sure to draw one in this, "either of wind or water, Donaldson," said he "the prize may be a ship, so let us hold up to the last grain of sand, in the hope of interesting a fresh hope; and in the event of falling in with one we will pounce down upon it like a hawk upon a pigeon.'

"I opened a dozen sticks of matches I had in my pocket, all of different lengths, and handed them to Grimwood to dispose of the game as he desired. He said:

"'Suppose I should be fortunate enough to win your hands. I will draw one, you another, and he who draws the longest shall have the chance, and I will put my last mark on the shortest, because it is the shortest one as at least, since I would be as badly off in the crazy old balloon without ballast, without the chance of life, as you would be in the act of air-sailing, so I shall be in the act of a life-preserver. If the choice falls to me I will sail out alone, explore; should Providence send a vessel I will return for you.'

"'Let me remind you, Grimwood, that in that event I would sooner take to the "water for" than the "air plot."

"'As he remarked out his hand to draw his lot, he remarked, "Tony hand trembled at first, but I did—a thing that seldom occurred to me.

"The sun was now going down behind the distant hills of a dreary, lonely, desolate, the engine was still at death. I imagined that the gold and purple colored drapery that appeared to embed the chamber behind it resembled the monument of our approaching resting place.

"Grimwood sat motionless in the car, his hand resting on his matchock, his countenance expressive of deep thought. Had he given up the idea of a signal? For the first time he seemed to realize the solemnity of the occasion. He refused to encourage him with me, but said in a cheerful tone, 'Donaldson, it is all for the best; I am ready; God be with us.' And his calm sank shortly upon his breast. The sense unnerved me. I turned my face once more to the setting sun, and there I saw depicted in the dead formation an old man with a visible in his hand.

"'Oh, what a solemn scene was before me! I now began to sink down with grief, for my eyes were dimmed through my mind the scenes of childhood—the happy days of youth, the days of dangled love, thoughts of the two little offsprings of my poor flesh and blood, of the one whom I had won and to whom I was betrothed. All these, and a thousand other thoughts, came down through my brain.

"I gazed upon him and a tear dropped over an overflowing calamity. No one can imagine what a dreadful situation it seems to be when you are on a balloon and nothing but water underneath you and no hope of being saved. Grimwood seemed to be in a very short time leave the balloon, or both of us perish together in the air.

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North Hastings Review.

JAS. A. ORR & BRO., Proprietors. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOL. II., NO. 185. MADOC, COUNTY OF HASTINGS, ONT., WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29, 1879. POSTAGE PREPAID.

Mine Family.

[illegible]
Dot's der baby.

[illegible]
Dot's leedle Otto.

[illegible]
Dot's mine Gretchen.

[illegible]
Dot's me himself.

[illegible]
Dot's mine family.

HOLMBY HOUSE.

So they watched him silently a little longer, and presently he stirred and groaned and moved as if he would fain turn upon his couch, but the bandages prevented him, and the restraint seemed to arouse him, for he opened his eyes languidly, looked around as though in search of some one who was missing, and muttered a few indistinct words, of which his listeners only caught the sounds, "Mary—loyalty—Mary," and then groaned once more and his eyes closed, and poor Grace, becoming more and more painfully alive to his danger, thought for a moment that he was gone. It was not so, however. A potion had been left by the surgeon to be given the instant the patient showed signs of vitality, and the two strangely assorted nurses administered it to the best of their abilities, and again sat silently down in the darkened chamber to watch his slumbers and await his wakening, for on that wakening, so said the leech, would hang the issues of life and death. They might not speak now even in whispers, for such a slumber was on no account to be broken. Sir Giles, with a discretion that did him credit, had allowed no rumors of the rencontre to get about, dreading the disturbance visitors might occasion in his house. Mary, in fulfilment of her duties about the Queen, was ignorant that the man who had sworn fealty to her only the night before, whose devotion conjured up the vision of her dear face even on the confines of life and death, was lying within a few hundred paces, helpless, wounded, in the extremity of danger, and worked on in happy unconsciousness at her embroidery, receiving and returning the empty compliments of the flippant courtiers with her usual readiness and composure. Truth to tell, Mary had thought but little about him since the morning. So the house was quiet and the dark sick room silent as the grave, and the two watchers sat busied with their own thoughts. George Effingham scanning his fair companion with an ever-increasing interest, and she sitting with averted face and drooping head buried deep in thought or mayhap in prayer. Had she heard those few muttered words? could she interpret their meaning? had they caused that quiet look of suffering which contrasted her gentle features? And yet to have had him safe she would have given him up willingly, ay thankfully, and her tears flowed afresh at the thought; so, womanlike, she waited and wept and watched. It was evening ere he woke, the crisis was past, and he was saved. Saved! she could scarcely demonstrate her gratitude sufficiently. What with a pleasant smile she gave George both her pretty hands, and shook his own large ones so kindly and cordially and thankfully. How she played about Sir Giles with childlike glee, and despatched the servants here and there in search of every comfort and luxury that could be wanted during the next month, and tripped up and down stairs in person after everything she had ordered, and finally flung herself into Mary Cave's arms, and burst out weeping yet again, "vowing she was so happy—so happy! she had never been so happy in her life before." Deep and anxious thoughts had made their home too in the breast of that composed and dignified lady. From the moment of her return, when she had been informed of Humphrey's danger, she too had watched anxiously for the issues of life and death, had felt more than pity, more than interest, for the gallant warm-hearted youth who had given himself up to her with such devotion and self-abandonment. She had crept to the chamber door, and listened to the heavy breathing of the sleeper, had trembled from head to foot for the result of his awakening, and when the moment of relief at length arrived, had sent back the tears that longed to burst forth with an effort of which she alone was capable. Stately and unmoved she came to look at him once where he lay; his eye brightened as it met hers, and, weak as he was, he strove to take her hand. He went to sleep again quite quietly after that, happy and peaceful like a child.

George Effingham, going back to his quarters loaded with the thanks and gratitude of the whole household, crossed the street to look up at a certain window, where a dim light seen through the curtain marked where his sick comrade lay, and a figure flitting across it ever and anon showed that the wounded man did not lie there uncared for. George must have been much attached to his brother officer, and much concerned for the care in which he left him, to judge by the deep sigh which he heaved, as after a good five minutes' watching he turned away and strode off to his own lodging.

A good constitution, unimpaired by too much claret, and over which not more than five-and-twenty summers have shed their roses and their thorns, soon recovers even from such an awkward injury as a thrust through the regions about the lungs, and the patient in such cases usually finds his relish and appetite for life enhanced in proportion to the narrow risk he has run of losing it. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed from the period of Humphrey's duel, ere he was out of bed and able to enjoy to the utmost the many comforts and pleasures of convalescence. True, all violent exercise was forbidden for a time, and the sorrel was condemned to remain idle in the stable, whilst military duty of course was for the present not to be thought of; but there are certain circumstances which can make the sofa a very pleasant exchange for the saddle, and that soldier must indeed be devoted to his profession who would not sometimes wish to find his temporary bivouac in a fair lady's drawing-room.

A forbidden street in Oxford, with a solemn look-out upon the massive architecture of an old gray college, enlivened ever and anon by a squadron of cavalry marching by, their trumpets sounding, their bridles and stirrup-irons ringing, and their royal pennons flaunting on the breeze, or a party of plumed and brocaded courtiers sweeping haughtily up the street with the same air that became their stately persons and rich dresses so well in their own beloved Mall—an easy couch drawn to the window, and surrounded by all the little comforts that lady nurses alone know how to gather round the invalid—a few late autumnal flowers scattered tastefully about the room, a low wainscotted apartment, with carved and ornamented panels, elaborate cornices, Venetian mirrors, and strange quaint corners and cupboards, and fantastic ins and outs—two beautiful women pervading the atmosphere of refined comfort around, the one worshipped and deified as a goddess, the other loving and devoted as to a nymph—a tried and well-known comrade occasionally dropping in with the latest accounts from the army, the freshest news of the Court—and a merry good-humored host, never satisfied unless his wounded guest was supplied with the best of everything, and continually devising new indulgences and luxuries on his behalf—all this combined to make Humphrey's convalescence so delightful a process that we are fain to believe the only person who experienced a slight feeling of disappointment when he made his first journey round the room, with the aid of George Effingham's strong arm and a crutch, was the wounded sufferer himself, so happy had he been in his illness, so loth was he to become once more independent of the care and kindness to which he had got accustomed.

Sir Giles was frequently absent on his military duties, so the two ladies and the two young cavalier officers were thrown almost constantly together, for George Effingham esteemed it prudent to keep as quiet as possible after the duel, and Mary Cave easily obtained leave from her good-natured mistress to devote as much time as she pleased to the amusement of the wounded hero. Anything in the shape of sentiment found its way too surely to Henrietta's heart, and her lively imagination had already constructed a sufficiently interesting love tale out of the materials she was at no loss to gather from her gossiping courtiers. A beautiful woman, a pretty waiting maid, a duel with Goring, and a handsome young soldier run through the body, constituted a framework on which to elaborate a romance voluminous as the Grand *Cyrus* itself. So the quartette sat and amused each other day by day, three of them rapidly and steadily imbibing that delicious poison which, like the fruit gathered from the tree of knowledge, gives the first insight into the inner life, and darkens the outer one for ever afterwards.

Mary alone seemed to boast immunity from the disease. She had had it, she thought, like the measles or the small-pox, and, except in a very modified form, ceased worth apprehending. She was safe from a fresh attack. How it had [illegible] and altered her in no matter. The visible face was still fresh, and rosy, and radiant, if her heart had grown prematurely old, and hard, and withered; the process of petrifaction had been painful, no doubt. Experience, however, had not blinded her, and she alone of the four companions saw clearly and judged rightly of what was going on. She said as much one afternoon over her embroidery, as they sat watching the early sunset gilding the opposite wall, plunged in a delicious day-dream, from which, even while she spoke, she felt it was cruelty to wake them. It was the very day on which Bosville had made his first tour round the room, having previously received a ceremonious visit of congratulation from his late antagonist; for Goring, as soon as he heard the wounded man was out of danger, had thought it, as he said, but common politeness to inquire after him, and had spent half an hour by his couch, during which he had made a thousand professions of regard and friendship, and rendered himself vastly agreeable to the two gentlemen. Of the ladies, Mary despised his character thoroughly, though she admired his talents; and as for Grace, if looks of scorn and hatred could kill, she would have run him through the body as he stood there upon the floor.

"'Tis an idle winter," quoth Mary, bending low over her sewing, and turning her head away, for she was not insensible to the pain her words would too surely inflict; "and yet, from what Loring tells us, there is still work to be done in the West. What say you, Captain Effingham, a squadron of Cavaliers with Prince Rupert in Gloucestershire were merrier company than two quiet dames in an Oxford lodging-house?—a good horse and a *demi-pique* saddle a more health-restoring resting-place than yonder easy couch by the window?" Mary spoke quickly and uneasily, her color went and came, and she could not forbear glancing towards Humphrey, whose pale cheek crimsoned immediately, and who turned on her a look of pain and reproach that well nigh brought the tears to her eyes. Grace looked scared and confused. She did not think her patient was well enough yet for a *demi-pique* saddle. It was anything but an idle winter to her. She glanced fondly and gratefully at Effingham, and George felt his great strong heart thrill and bound with pleasure as he replied.

"We must not move him just yet, Mistress Mary. Such a wound as his might open again, and if it did, all the doctors in Oxford could not save him. When he gets better, he is to have a troop of 'The Lambs,'* so Hopton tells me, and then he will probably soon qualify himself for your nursing once more. As for me," added Effingham, darkly, "I doubt if I shall ever draw sword to the old war-cry again."

"You, too, have been idle long enough," replied Mary, with a piercing glance, under which George winced and lowered his eyes.

"The blade will get rusty that rests in the scabbard. There are other wounds to be taken than those dealt by a pair of dark eyes, Captain Effingham, and Oxford is a bad place for you, for more reasons than one. Listen." She drew him aside into the window, and whispered so low as not to be overheard, though Humphrey's eyes wandered uneasily after her motions. "You are too good to fight a losing battle all your days. You do not know what it is; better not learn the lesson. Take my advice, strike your tents, sound 'boots and saddles!' Go back into active stirring life, it is your element, and forget the dream you have been dreaming already too long!"

Effingham started, glanced uneasily at Grace, and replied at once.

"My sword may rust, and welcome, Mistress Mary. It has been drawn too often already in a bad cause. Must we think there is no duty to fulfil in life but to tilt at each other's throats? Must we all be as hot-headed, and foolhardy, and inconsiderate as that romantic boy on the sofa yonder?"

"It is a pity you are not," she replied quickly, with a glance of admiration, almost tenderness, at the wounded youth. "Poor boy, he is one in a million! but it is of *you*, Captain Effingham, that I wish to speak. You are watched here in Oxford; your opinions are known. It was but last evening they talked of you in the Queen's apartments. They turned it all to jest, of course, as they do everything; but such jests are pointed and dangerous; it is better not to be the subject of them. Take my advice, leave Oxford, keep your heart unscathed and your head upon your shoulders; another day or two and it may be too late!"

Effingham bowed and sat down again. He seemed to be revolving her counsel thoughtfully in his mind; but he gazed at Grace the while, and Grace looked anxiously at Humphrey, whose eyes wandered after Mary as she moved about the room; and so the four played on their game at cross-purposes, and derived, doubtless, some incomprehensible satisfaction from the pastime. At length the fair disturber of their peace approached the sofa once more.

"I am going into waiting to-night," she said to Bosville, with one of her sunny, winning looks. "The Queen will ask me how you are; when shall I say you will be ready for you command?"

His eye sparkled; he seemed a new man. "In a week at farthest," said he boldly. "The day after I can get into the saddle I will be with them. Thank you for the interest you take in me—thank you for all your kindness." He seized her hand, and Grace walked away to arrange the flowers at the other end of the room. "I *will* be worthy," he whispered, the tears starting to his eyes, for he was still weak from loss of blood. "'Loyalty before all!'"

"'Loyalty before all!'" she repeated in her sweet, low voice, returning the pressure of his thin, wasted fingers; and from that moment the patient was a convalescent, and on the road to a rapid recovery.

So Mary went off to dress for her courtly duties, and Effingham, with a heavy heart, took leave of his kind friends, and left the well-known room, with its many attractions, for his lonely lodging—how dreary by the contrast! and Grace, who could not bear to-night of all nights to be left alone with the patient, betook herself to her chamber whither, as we dislike to see young ladies in tears, we will not follow her; and Humphrey, left alone in the darkening twilight, sank into a refreshing sleep, gilded with dreams of a pair of loving eyes, and a fair fond face, and a soft voice that whispered ever, "Loyalty before all!"

"I am sure I don't know what's come to my young lady," observed Faith to a staid and sober personage, who now seldom left her side. "She's been and locked herself into her room again, and when I knocked at the door, it's 'presently, Faith, presently,' and I can't see through the keyhole, for she's gone and left the key in it, but by the sound of her voice I'll be sworn—that is," amended the pretty Puritan, catching herself up—"I would venture to affirm, she's been crying; and what's that for, with all she can want in the house, and the Captain out of danger—bless his handsome face and bold spirit (though sinful)—is clean past me!"

"Woman is most unaccountable," replied the individual addressed, writhing his grim features into the semblance of a smile. "Young ones 'specially, though I'm not sure that the middle-aged isn't the most trickssome. Perhaps they live and learn; live and learn, Mistress Faith, like their betters, but they can't be expected to be reasonable like and understanding for all that poor things; it's a lower creation, there's no doubt it's a lower creation, and unaccountable accordingly."

It may be remarked that our friend Dymocke's philosophy, for Dymocke, we need hardly inform the reader, it was who spoke, was of a somewhat vague and misty nature, inconsequent in its arguments and inconclusive in its results, and as such he doubtless considered it adapted for the softer sex, for Dymocke, though professing, and indeed demonstrating, a great regard and affection for that division of the species, still invariably assumed the attitude of superiority which he deemed becoming the dignity of the nobler variety, and was looked up to and reverenced by the women accordingly. He and Faith, since the midnight rencontre, and subsequent removal of Humphrey to Sir Giles Allonby's lodgings, had become inseparable, a sense of favor and protection on the one hand, accompanied by a strong partiality for a young and pretty face, and a consciousness of gratitude and inferiority, with a charitable desire for the conversion of a sinner on the other, cementing their friendship into an intimacy that every day assumed a more tender character. There is nothing makes a woman so keen as the chance of a proselyte. It stirs up in her the chief characteristics of her organization—her natural benevolence, her religious zeal, her unaccountable delight in upsetting all pre-existing arrangements, her little spice of contradiction, and her innate love of change. It is such a pleasing excitement, and she persuades herself she is doing so much good all the time, so she converts him, or perverts him, no matter which, and when she has turned him completely round to her own way of thinking, finds herself, after all, somewhat dissatisfied with the result.

Many an argument did Faith hold with her admirer upon all the vexed questions of the day, standing, as she did now, with her mistress's garments thrown over her arm, and a lighted candle in her hand, wherewith she illumined passages, staircases, entrance halls, and such out-of-the way places as she selected for the theatre of her discourse. Faith's strongest point had hitherto been the unlawfulness of using weapons of fleshly warfare, even in self defence, but she had been beaten somewhat from this by the events of the last fortnight, and the gallant stand made by her protector with his oaken cudgel in her defense. Now, however, this attack of her admirer on the sex roused her to make use of her old argument, and she replied with considerable volubility and a heightened color, "Lower creature or not, Master Hugh, and unaccountable, if you please, leastways we use the weapons of sense and reason in our behalf, not ranting like you men, with your weapons out at every wry word, and a stout cudgel ready to enforce your arguments, as you call them; pretty arguments, forsooth! And call yourselves reasoning creatures; get along with you, do!"

"An oak cudgel was the best argument t'other night, Mistress Faith," replied Dymocke; "d'ye think wild Goring and his troop of roaring fly-by-nights would have listened to any other? What would you have me do less when he lifted thy veil, the villain, and I tripped him up and laid him on his back on the pavement ere he could cry 'hold'? What wouldst thou have done thyself, lass, answer me that, if I hadn't been too quick for him, general of horse though he be?"

"I should not have offered him the other cheek, for sure," replied Faith, demurely; and Dymocke, taking the hint, put a period to the conversation by another of those practical rejoinders which the proverb informs us are only appropriate when the "gorse is in bloom."

* So called from their wearing white doublets. Sir John Suckling had a troop in them called the "Lambs" from the splendour of their appointments. Like "the Duke's" dandies in the Peninsula, these exquisites were not found to be the last in the fray.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.

In three days Humphrey was sufficiently recovered to go abroad and taste the fresh air out of doors, a cordial best appreciated by the sufferer who has been long confined to a sick room. In three more he was sent for by the Queen, whose curiosity had been much aroused by the history of the quarrel and the duel, whose interest, moreover, had been excited by Mary's account of the wounded man's chivalrous and romantic character, and who had seen with her own eyes that he was well-favored, which with Henrietta added considerably to the chances of a courtier's advancement.

"You must bring your young *chevalier* to my private receptions, Marie," said the good-natured Queen, with her arch smile. "Not on the great nights when his Majesty comes, and we are all as grave as councillors, and retire when the clock strikes ten, but to one of my own quiet evenings, when we will sup in the Round Room, and Lady Carlisle shall sing us a new '*roman*,' and Kirke tell us her wickedest stories, and we will console the poor youth that he has got well so soon, and lost the pleasure of being nursed by pretty Marie. Are you very fond of him, *Mignonne?*"

"I have never said so, Madame," answered Mary with quiet composure, but with a slight elevation of the head and neck that made her look far more like a queen than the thoughtless little lady who questioned her. "It is not my custom to make confessions, and if it were, I have here nothing to confess."

"But there is another," interposed Henrietta, eagerly. "Ah, now I see it all; Grace, that is her name. I know *her*, I have seen her; dark-haired and *gracieuse*, with a *petite mine*. You are jealous, Marie; jealous, and with good reason, the *gracieuse* is a dangerous rival, the wounded man cannot run away from her charms. She is always in the house, and my poor Marie has been obliged to be about our person here. She has lost him to the *gracieuse*, and she is jealous. My proud Marie jealous like any other woman, after all; it is too good a joke!" And Henrietta, who was not particular why she laughed, so long as she did laugh, broke out into a peal of hilarity, and clapped her hands like a merry, mischievous, light-hearted child.

Mary laughed too, a low, silvery, pleasant laugh. Had her mistress been a better judge of human nature she would have detected in that laugh no wounded feelings, no jealous apprehensions, nothing but a proud consciousness of power, an unshaken security in her own dominion, perhaps a touch of pity, perhaps a shadow of regret that she was not more engrossed with her conquest. Yet she had never liked Bosville so well as at that moment.

There were pleasant little meetings, those private receptions of the Queen at Merton College. That they conduced in any degree to the stability of the royal party few will be found to assert, but none can deny that they furthered to a considerable extent the consumption of well cooked dishes and sparkling wines, the expenditure of much compliment and small-talk, not to mention a large amount of flirtation and intrigue, political as well as private, and the occasional exchange of vows not sanctioned by the church. The Puritans held these meetings in especial reprobation, and from Jezebel downwards, esteemed no reproachful name too abusive with which to vilify the royal lady who presided over them; whilst many a wise head amongst the old cavalier party, and the more experienced advisers of the King, opined that neither Ireton's pikes nor Cromwell's Ironsides had inflicted have such deadly wounds on their Sovereign's cause as the empty, scheming, underhand circle of selfish gallants and flaunting dames that surrounded his misguided wife. Yet Charles could never be brought to believe it. With the touching obstinacy of a weak, yet conscientious and enthusiastic nature, he lavished on Henrietta a blind adoration that she seems thoroughly to have despised. He confided to her all his most secret schemes, even to the meditated treacheries that he seems to have persuaded himself were not only venial but meritorious; he laid bare for her his whole heart, with all its shortcomings and all its weaknesses; he reversed the order of the sexes in looking up to her for advice and assistance, and she despised him accordingly. It is a fatal mistake. Fond as women are of power, gladly as they see the man they love at their feet, thrilling as is the delicious consciousness that their lightest word can tame and turn the rougher nature to their will, yet, when the moment of danger and difficulty really comes, if he cannot act for himself, and for her too; if he cannot stand up and take the brunt of all, and shield her, so to speak, with his body; if he quails beneath the storm and leans upon her, the weaker reed, for support, he is never a man to her again.

Charles, in his council or his closet, writing in cipher to his generals, or armed in mail and plate at the head of his army, was never apart from his Queen in spirit. Every action of his life, every one of his letters, every turn he made out of the judicious path, proves beyond a doubt the romantic affection he cherished for that empty flirting little Frenchwoman. She was never out of his thoughts. Let us see how she returned the love of the ill-fated King.

Sitting on a low ottoman, sparkling with diamonds, a huge feathered fan in one hand and setting down with the other an empty coffee-cup on a richly chased salver held by a black page-boy, Henrietta looked more brilliant than usual as she carried on a lively conversation with a plain, sallow gentleman, who appeared to occupy a high place in her Majesty's favor. Lord Jermyn knew his power well, and made unsparing use of it. With no very pleasing exterior, none of the physical advantages which are generally supposed to make such way in a lady's good graces, and to which she was quite as fully alive as the rest of her sex, he had obtained an ascendancy over the Queen which can only be accounted for by his extraordinary knowledge of character, his facility for adapting himself to the tastes and adopting the opinions of those whose favor he thought it worth his while to cultivate, and above all, his pre-eminent talent for, and unconquerable love of, that complicated system of intrigue which ruled the whole court, and originating in the Queen's own private apartments, spread its meshes over the length and breadth of England, nullifying the deliberations of the wise, and paralysing the blows of the strong.

She was conversing with him in a low voice, mingling the most important political topics, the secret counsels of her husband, and the private intelligence from his generals, with the extravagant language of gallantry then in vogue, with the lightest jests, the silliest gossip, and the emptiest laughter that ever floated through a drawing room. His manner was that of respectful admiration while he listened, yet there was at times an expression of authority in his eye, and tone of sarcasm in his voice, that argued his consciousness of his own power, and the value in which he was held by the voluble Queen. As he leaned over her reclining figure, and replied in corresponding tones to her whispered confidences, the pair had far more the appearance of a lover and his mistress than a subject and sovereign.

Partly concealed by an old Japanese screen of grotesque carving and quaint ornament, but with ringing laugh and lively sally, declaring plainly there whereabouts, Lord Bernard Stuart and Mrs. Kirke carried on an amicable warfare, according to their wont, half jest half earnest, sparkling with quips and innuendos and playful satire, and many a phrase implying far more than met the ear, with as much freedom from restraint as though they had been a hundred leagues from the presence of royalty. The young nobleman was attending on her Majesty in the execution of his duty; and a very pleasant duty it seemed to be, judging by the expression of his handsome countenance, enhanced by the uniform of the Life Guards, which he commanded. A breast-plate, back-piece, and cuisses of steel, set off his fine figure and chivalrous features to the best advantage, whilst the rich lace on his buff surcoat, the delicate embroidery of his collar, and gaudy folds of his crimson silk scarf, tempered with an air of courtly splendour these warlike accessories of costume. Long fair curls, soft and perfumed like a woman's, floated over his shoulders; as Mrs. Kirke looked up in his face from the low couch in which she had placed herself, she could not withhold from that handsome smiling countenance a part of the admiration which she believed in her heart to be alone his, to a certain pair of arched blue eyes and a certain mischievous dimpled smile that met her in the glass every day. Like many another carpet knight, Lord Bernard was no contemptible adversary to encounter when blows were falling thick and fast on a stricken field. On more than one occasion he had petitioned in his own name, and that of the brother coxcombs whom he commanded, for leave to abandon their peculiar duty of guarding the King's person, and to charge in the van with Prince Rupert and his desperadoes. The staunch stern Ironsides, the grim Presbyterian pikemen, found these curled Malignants very fiends in fighting; and though they compared them energetically to Absalom and other good-looking reprobates, and cursed them with fervent piety, yet did they go down before them like barley in harvest-time notwithstanding.

Now, however, Lord Bernard was on guard, and his own sense of responsibility not permitting him to retire to rest, whilst the Queen's partiality for handsome faces afforded him a certain welcome in her private apartments, he was combining duty with pleasure by flirting furiously with Mrs. Kirke—a lady for whom he openly avowed an ardent attachment, which she as openly returned, and which was not likely to do either of them the slightest harm.

Some men might have been in danger, too, for the Syren was a fearfully well-favored Syren, and sat upon her rock in the most bewitching of attitudes, and sang her seducing song in the most enchanting of tones. Besides she had spent her whole life in the luring of mariners; had stranded them by scores on different shoals and quicksands; had frightened them, and teased them, and ducked them and drowned them, and never wet her own feet, so she boasted, in the process.

If Lord Bernard had only admired blue eyes and golden locks, and smiles and dimples, and white skins and dazzling teeth, he had been in danger too; but the Life-Guardsman's heart was of capacious proportions—constructed, so to speak, in compartments, of which he could empty a drawer at any time to make room for fresher contents; or if need were, shut it up and desist from using it altogether. So the pair were but fencing with buttons on their foils, after all.

Their engagement was at its height; she was shaking her curls like a shower of gold all over her saucy face and white shapely neck and shoulders; he was picking up the fan she had purposely dropped, and pressing it enthusiastically to his lips, when the Queen called him suddenly to her side; and Lord Bernard, at once changing his manner for one of the most reserved and stately decorum, returned the fan with a profound bow, and stalked across the room to wait her Majesty's command with another solemn and reverential obeisance.

She was determined to punish Jermyn for something he had said; womanlike, she had no difficulty in finding an opportunity. Handsome Lord Bernard had been always rather a favorite, so she beckoned him across to her, and the Life-Guardsman obeyed accordingly.

"Lady Carlisle tells me you have a vacancy in the troop, my lord!" she said, pushing away the little black boy to make room for the young nobleman—an action not lost upon Jermyn, and the observation of which did not improve the expression of his sallow face; "if so, I have already disposed of it."

"If your Majesty condescends to review us again, we shall have nothing but vacancies left," was the reply; "we cannot sustain the bright glances of yourself and your ladies; they pierce our breastplates, and wither us up like roses in the noon-day sun. With regard to a vacancy, there was none in the force when I inspected it this evening at curfew. Lady Carlisle, however, was later than usual in the presence—she may have made one since then."

Lord Bernard was a courtier, but he was a commanding officer as well, and the instincts of the latter will always predominate over every other consideration. He did not approve of this interference with his prerogative, and he did not care if the Queen and Lady Carlisle both knew it.

Henrietta laughed. "What say you, Lucy?" she called out to her favorite, who was working quietly with Mary Cave at the far end of the room, "have you been tampering with Lord Bernard's command since nightfall? If not, we want a vacancy, and you have our commands to go and kill us a Life Guardsman before supper time."

Lady Carlisle looked up with her calm, innocent smile.

"Shall I begin with Lord Bernard himself, Madame?" she asked; "he seems half dead already; unless you, Mrs. Kirke, will finish what you have nearly accomplished so well."

Mrs. Kirke did not like Lady Carlisle; she was no match for her, and she knew it; the peeress, in addition to an immovable countenance, possessing the immense advantage of hesitating at nothing. But she never refused an appeal to arms even when sure of being worsted, so she laughed merrily and answered—

"I only kill my *foes*, and that when I am angry. Now, Lord Bernard and I have hardly quarrelled once the whole night. I am not like Lady Carlisle; my ship is but a poor little privateer, with letters of marque against the enemy—not a pirate, that destroys both sides alike, and knows no distinction when she has hoisted the black flag!"

"You are quite right not to sail under false colors," answered Lady Carlisle, with such a clear, guileless look full into Mrs. Kirke's *rouge*—which indeed was put on a little too thick, and somewhat nearer the cheekbones than Nature plants her own roses—that the discomfited little woman was fain to hide her face behind her fan, and retire into one of her explosions of laughter to cover her confusion. The Queen, however, was amused and delighted at this little passage of arms, and reverted to the subject.

"Our proud *Marie*," she observed, "has a *protege* that we should wish to have about our person. He is young, gallant, and good-looking," with a glance at Jermyn, who either winced or pretended to do so—"Marie and I would like him to be near us. What say you, my dear, shall I make Lord Bernard appoint him to the Life-Guards? One word from either of us, and it is done?"

"Your Majesty is most kind," answered Mary, "but I entreat you do nothing of the sort. He is pledged directly to another service. His honor demands that he should be in the field the instant he is well. He wishes to leave for the West immediately. Your Majesty cannot confer on him a greater kindness than by bidding him depart."

Mary spoke eagerly, though she retained her self-command. "Never," (she thought in her own heart), "never shall he become selfish and intriguing, even if he be a courtier, like all of these." Alas! she would fain have made him a second Falkland; and if she had succeeded what would it have profited? Was he not far too good for her even now?

The Queen laughed at her determination, and rallied her according to her wont. "You dare not trust him with Lucy and Mrs. Kirke," she exclaimed; "you want to detach him from the *gracieuse*. You are jealous, Marie, jealous!—and that is the best fun of all. Hush! here he comes."

A stately yeoman here attended Bosville into the anteroom, through which he was conducted by a decorous gentleman usher in black, armed with a white wand, as far as the door of the presence chamber, where he was handed over to the care of Lord Jermyn, who in right of his office led him up to the Queen herself. Henrietta looked graciously upon the young soldier, and gave him her hand to kiss.

The ladies about a court are no exception to the general rule of her sex. They prize a novelty as much as do the cherriest-cheeked maidens that take butter to the fair. When the novelty, too, is handsome, graceful, richly dressed, and imbued with a certain air of becoming softness and langour which recent illness leaves upon the young they are apt to give vent to their curiosity and interest with an ardor that borders upon admiration. This, by the way, is another quality which renders woman-worship so satisfactory and profitable a service.

Mrs. Kirke's fan was down in an instant. "Who is he?" she whispered to Lord Bernard, who was again by her side; "very handsome for a brown man (Lord Bernard was fair and fresh colored); but what makes him so pale? and why does he move as if he had stays on? Bandaged, is he, and nearly killed by Goring? How wicked of Goring!—who is charming, too. By the way, why is he not here to-night?" So Mrs. Kirke ran on, keeping her admirer by her side to answer her questions, and ogling the new arrival the while with all the artillery of her mischief-loving eyes.

Lady Carlisle, too, in her quiet modest way—that soft, gentle demeanor, that she flattered herself no mortal man could resist, that left all her noisy, laughing, chattering rivals miles and miles behind—vouchsafed to bestow no small share of attention upon Humphrey Bosville. He was the lion of the evening, and provoked his share of observation accordingly. It so happened that the duel took place at a period when the Court was unusually devoid of incident, and this in times when every week brought news of a battle fought or a town lost or won. Such a state of stagnation as three days without an event of some sort was unbearable; and Bosville's *rencontre* with Goring at so dead a time was a perfect windfall to the weary gossiping courtiers. Even the Queen vouchsafed to inquire particularly after his wounds; and when supper was announced, and the little party adjourned to discuss that merry meal in the Round Room, her Majesty condescended to pour him out a glass of Hippocras with her own white hand, and desired him to quaff it, with a complimentary jeer at his blanched cheeks that brought the color back to his face.

He sat between Lady Carlisle and Mary Cave. With the former he bore his share bravely enough in that fictitious species of dialogue which then as now constituted the language of fashionable life, but which was essentially distasteful to the romantic temperament of the simple soldier. To the latter he scarcely spoke three words, but his voice was quite altered; and Lady Carlisle, an experienced practitioner, found him out immediately.

Therefore she could not of course let him alone. Too confident in her own charms, and so essentially heartless to be jealous of any woman on earth, she was yet *rapacious* of admiration. If nineteen men out of a score were paying her their homage, she could not rest till she had brought the twentieth also to her feet. Humphrey was young, graceful, and good-looking; but had he been old, misshapen, and ugly, he possessed an infallible charm in Lady Carlisle's eyes—he was evidently the property of another, and must be trespassed on accordingly.

She had been too often at the game not to know exactly how to lay her snares. She waited till the Queen had done with him, and Mrs. Kirke had laughed him out of countenance, and then turned to him with her soft voice and her deep eyes, and talked to him of flowers and music, and such topics as she thought most congenial to his temperament, sighing gently between whiles, as giving him to understand that she too was out of her element in that gay circle, and that he was the only man capable of understanding her, if he would but give himself the trouble to try.

Had Bosville been ten years older, he would at once have flung himself into the spirit of the contest. He would have known that with a disposition like that of Mary Cave, to awaken her jealousy was the nearest road to her heart—that blind submission would never conquer the proud spirit which bends alone to a prouder than itself.

But he was too loyal, too true-hearted to enter into such calculations. There was but one woman in the world for him; so he was staunch to his faith here in a Queen's drawing-room as he would have been in his lonely bivouac under the winter sky, or down amongst the horses' feet in a charge, with the life-blood ebbing fast, and everything but his great unconquerable love passing dreamily away. It was his nature to be tyrannized over, as it is the nature of many of the bravest, and gentlest and noblest of God's creatures. The highest couraged horse winces the most readily from the spurs. Do not drive them in too pitilessly, lest you rouse him once too often. He may fail at last, and fail with you some day to rise no more.

The Queen clapped her hands as the repast concluded, and the black page handed round the grace-cup of spiced wine in a huge antique goblet.

"One of your sweetest songs, Lucy," said her Majesty to Lady Carlisle, "and then a fair good night to all."

As she spoke she signed to the little page to bring a guitar which rested in a corner for the Syren, and withdrawing somewhat apart with Mary Cave, lent a listening ear to the conversation of that lady, who by her animated gestures and eager face appeared to engross her mistress's attention with some subject of more than common importance.

"The Queen hates music," said Lady Carlisle, bending languidly over the guitar, and looking softly into Bosville's eyes; "but I will sing to you. What do you like? something about love and war, I am sure. Will you promise to observe the moral if I take the trouble to sing you the song?"

Humphrey answered not much to the purpose. His eyes and thoughts were at the other end of the room, and he had not yet acquired the knack, so useful at Court, of attending to two people at once.

Lady Carlisle swept her hand across the strings; the gesture became her admirably, and with many a covert glance of sly allusion, sang in a low, sweet voice, the not inappropriate ballad of

THE PROUD LAYDE.

"'Tis a cheerless morn for a gallant to swim,
And the moat shines cold and clear;
Sir Knight! I was never yet baulked of my whim,
And I long for the lilies that float on the brim;
Go bring me those blossoms here!"
Then I offered them low on my bended knee;
"They are faded and wet," said the proud Layde.

A jay screamed out from the topmost pine
That waved by the castle wall,
And she vowed if I loved her I'd never decline
To harry his nest for this mistress of mine,
Though I broke my own neck in the fall.
So I brought her the eggs, and she flouted me;
"You would climb too high," quoth the proud Layde.

The lists were dressed, and the lances in rest,
And our Knightly band arrayed;
'Twas stout Sir Hubert who bore him the best,
With a Queen's glove carried high on the crest,
Till I shore it away with my blade.
But I rued as I laid it before her—"See!
It is soiled with your blood," said the proud Ladye.

"You have sweet red lips and an ivory brow,
But your heart is hard as a stone;
Though I loved you so long and so dearly, now
I have broken my fetters, and cancelled my vow,—
You may sigh at your lattice alone.
There are women as fair, who are kinder to me;
Go look for another, my proud Ladye."

Her tears fell fast—she began to fret
When she counted the cost of her pride;
Till she played, and lost it, she never knew
The worth of a heart both kindly and true,
And she beckoned me back to her side;
While softly she whispered, "I love but thee!"
So I won her at last, my proud Ladye.

She fixed her eyes on Bosville as she concluded; but his whole attention was taken up by Mary, who, from the corner to which she was established with the Queen, had been looking at him with more than usual observation—he even flattered himself more than usual interest. As Henrietta rose to retire, and distributed a general bow amongst her courtiers in token of dismissal, Mary crossed the room to where he stood, and taking him by the hand, spoke to him in a low agitated voice that thrilled every nerve in his body, weakened as he was by illness, and excited by the scene, the music, the royal circle, and above all, the presence of her he loved.

"The Queen has promised me your majority," she said, and her voice trembled a little; "but you must join the army immediately. Perhaps we may not meet again, even to say 'Farewell!' We shall often think of you. Good-bye, Captain Bosville"—she hesitated as though about to say something more, but only repeated "Good-bye," and vanished after the Queen and her retreating ladies.

So this was all! The guerdon of how many thoughts, how much devotion, how deep a tenderness! He was giving gold for silver, he felt it now. Well, he did not grudge it; but he declined Lord Bernard's invitation to drink spiced canary with him in the guard room, and returned to his own quarters at Sir Giles Allonby's with a slow step and a saddened mien. Was he thinking of his choice—his peerless, proud Ladye? Come what might he would never change it now.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THE PROSELYTE."

There are martyrs in every faith, ascetics of every denomination. 'Tis not by the sincerity of its worshippers that we must argue the infallibility of any creed. The macerated monk, flagellating his bleeding person in his cell, is not more in earnest than the Indian fanqueer, erect under a burning sun, his arm stretched out motionless, till the flesh withers from the bone, his hands clenched till the nails grow through the palm. The howling Dervish bids his Moslem monastery echo to his cries at intervals as regular as matins, and complines, and vespers, and all the periods of [illegible] worship enjoined by the Catholic Church. The bonze of Tartary, the priest of Brahma, meditate for weeks on the Ineffable; whilst the disciple of Juggernaut immolates himself unhesitatingly beneath the wheels of his monstrous idol. Even our own true Faith is not without its fanatics. The tortures of the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, were strange sacrifices with which to glorify the religion of Love. Laud presiding over the Council and signing the inhuman decrees by which the culprit was sentenced to lose his ears, doubtless believed he was serving the cause of truth and morality, as fervently as did Leighton himself when he published that abusive pamphlet against the Queen which drew down upon him the hideous vengeance of the Star Chamber. His sentence, in addition to mutilation, had been imprisonment for life; but a large sum of money furnished in high quarters had bought his escape from his gaolers, and he was even now in Oxford, under the feigned name of Simeon—by which we must in future call him—snatching proselytes out of the lion's mouth; or as he himself termed it, "laboring in the vineyard through the burden and heat of the day."

He had promised to meet Effingham again when last they parted at the door of the conventicle, and he had not forgotten his promise. Night after night had he visited the Cavalier officer at his quarters, argued with him, prayed with him, implored him, till, notwithstanding all his previous associations—notwithstanding the first real ardent passion he had ever cherished in his life—Effingham gave way, yielding to his new friend's persuasions and his own convictions; and resolving to become not almost but altogether an adherent of the Puritan party, and a supporter of those zealots who had determined to go the farthest and fastest to the destruction of all government that was not based upon their own wild notions of a direct Theocracy.

Truly, it needed a strong hand and a cool head to rule these stormy elements; to reconcile the conflicting ideas of the speculative, the selfish, and the sincere; to guide the turbulent enthusiast and urge the wavering time-servers, and thus to rear at last a goodly edifice out of such various and chaotic materials; but when the time comes it is generally found that the Man is also ready, and the Man was even now drilling his Ironsides at Gloucester whose destiny it was to ride rough-shod to power on the blind faith of those who deemed him as fanatical and short-sighted as themselves.

Gaunt and trim, his fine frame square and angular from deficiency of covering, his features sharpened, and his dark eyes shining out more fiercely than usual from under their projecting brows, George Effingham sat alone in his dreary, comfortless room, wrapped in profound meditation, musing darkly on his recent doubts, his present resolution, and the sacrifice he had determined to make of those hopes which were to him as the very light of his eyes—the very breath of his nostrils.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SIR RICHARD BOMBASTES.

(Guelph Herald.)

Sir Richard Cartwright is evidently a man of mountainous cheek and of the most sublime impudence. No man ever controlled the finances of this or any other country who made a more lamentable and shameful failure. His ridiculous escapades and foolish speeches made him the laughing stock of friends and opponents alike. The *Globe* called him a mixer and muddler, and never did mortal strive more earnestly and successfully to deserve the title. One would think that his egregious failure would have taught him humility, and that with that failure before him he would be modest and diffident when venturing an opinion on intricate questions of finance. But no, with an impudence which borders on the sublime, and an over-weening self conceit which is absolutely marvellous, he sets himself up to criticise the financial policy of Sir Samuel Tilley, adopts a patronising air, and with the strut of a turkey cock tells the present Finance Minister that he don't know his business, and that he, Sir Richard, is quite prepared to teach it to him. It is "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever." The greatest political failure of modern times, the most egregious compound of incapacity and financial ignorance, posing as the great authority on all financial questions and lecturing all others in a Bombastes Furioso style is about the richest thing we have seen for some time.

—"Patty's Revenge" is the title of a long story in a Western paper. If it is the ordinary restaurant oyster pate, the revenge is probably a fit of dyspepsia.

THE AGEING FLIRT.

(From the London Mayfair.)

She was supreme five years ago. But five years told upon her complexion and her beauty, while the young men who adored her are young men still and woo her little chit of a sister, who seems to her only fit for the governess and the children's dinner. The retrospect is not pleasant. She thinks of time wasted, of honest hearts toyed with, embittered, rejected. She has seen, one by one, pretty girls of not half her beauty or style reaped and garnered by the proper husbandmen. And now she stands rejected, abandoned, and in the cold. The retrospect is not pleasant. But how about the prospect? It is sadder still. There is the gay music, the bright rooms, the polished floors. Still her name figures on the invitation cards, though she knows that she is asked not for her own, but for her sister's sake. She might, indeed, give up the game and retire with the dignity of years. But the dignity of years is an indignity for her. She cannot take the hint of the period, or read the handwriting with which Time autographs her brow. She still haunts the bright scenes—a sorrowful sight. Superannuated beaux and timid striplings fall to her lot. It begins to become very dreary. Still she trips in on a toe which, perhaps, never was fantastic, and has certainly long since ceased to be light. Whatever may be her faults, no one can deny that she has courage and perseverance. People would almost wish that she had neither. For the world is a selfish world, and people who give dances like to see fresh faces and lovely figures in the ballroom. Here is a third stage of the life of the flirt. It is not a pleasant picture to look at. It is not—except from the moralizing cynic's point of view—an agreeable object to contemplate. Quick! let us dismiss the company. Let our guests hurry home. The dawn comes breaking through the windows. The musicians are tired. The waterman has let his lamps out. The bright sun is in the heavens. And here comes the pretty, fresh young girl, her face beaming with the roses of a youth and health, and it may be love, to thank her kind hostess for a pleasant evening. The old flirt takes charge of the little creature that London society will soon turn into a flirt. The admiring beaux escort both down to their carriage door, and the coachman drives home by the park. The blackbirds are piping loudly in Kensington Gardens. The market-gardeners are reposing on flat forms of cabbages and salads that the sleepy horses are mechanically dragging to the great mart at Covent Garden. It is just another ball got through; but the season is at its height, and there are many more to follow. Perhaps the elder sister might give one word of advice to the younger, and warn her before it is too late of the fate of a faded old flirt.

THE ONTARIO BAPTISTS.

Consolidation and Reorganization—Rev. Dr. Castle Formally Declines the Presidency.

A *Globe* report says: At a meeting of the trustees of the Canadian Literary Institute in connection with the Baptist Missionary Convention now in session, Rev. Dr. Castle, pastor of the Jarvis street church, Toronto, formally declined to accept the position of President of the Institute. The reason of this action on the part of Dr. Castle, who is looked upon as a man of the most peculiar fitness for the onerous and responsible position, is that in the discussion of educational matters yesterday it was made evident that there was an important difference of opinion in regard to the plan of carrying out the policy decided upon at the Educational Conference held by representative Baptists in Guelph, in July last. It was thought by Dr. Castle, as well as other leading brethren here, that of the two ideas in favor of which the Guelph meeting decided, namely, the removal of the Theological Department to Toronto and the endowment of the Literary Department of the Institute in Woodstock to the extent of $50,000, the former should take precedence in the order of time. The opinion expressed in the meeting yesterday was the reverse of this, and Dr. Castle, fearing that in the lack of thorough union on the policy to be pursued, and dreading the non-success of one or the other of the two tasks if taken up in that order, declined to run the risk of failure. The announcement of his decision was received with something akin to consternation, but it is thought that the further and fuller discussion of the whole question will eventuate in a scheme to carry forward the endowment of the Literary Department to a successful issue. Meantime Hon. William McMaster has given assurance that he still intends to contribute as liberally as he ever intended towards the furnishing of a Theological Seminary in Toronto for the denomination, though on a different basis from that in which the offer was originally made. It is provided that on the completion of suitable buildings in Toronto the Theological Department in Woodstock will be discontinued.

A GOOD JOKE ON A DRUGGIST.

The *Pittsburgh Telegraph* tells the following story at the joint expense of a couple of editors and a druggist. It is good enough to be true: During an excursion from this city to Niagara Falls, and while at Cleveland, an incident occurred which will never be forgotten by those who heard it. The Kennard House in that city was crowded with guests, when an eccentric and witty druggist, of Smithfield street, appeared late at night at the hotel office, and demanded a bed. The clerk replied that there were only two vacant beds in the house, one wherein was quartered a Pittsburgh morning newspaper man, and the other wherein was a Pittsburgh evening newspaper man, who were with the excursion. "To tell the truth, they are both pretty drunk; so you may take your choice as to which room you will sleep in." The druggist said that on general principles he would take his chances with the evening newspaper journalist, as they excelled the morning men in more ways than one, and he would doubtless be so drunk that he would be dormantly quiet all night. He went to bed and was soon sound asleep. The journalist, however, awoke about 12 o'clock, and thinking it a long time between drinks, dressed himself, unconsciously, in the druggist's clothes, and sallied out to make a night of it. Ever and anon he muttered, as he treated all present: "Funniest thing I ever heard of. When I went to bed last night, I had only 25 cents to my name, and now I've got over $100 (showing a corpulent roll of bills), and I'm bound to spend every cent of it before morning." He did.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MARRIAGE.

A Brother and Sister Made Man and Wife—A Case Without a Parallel.

A Vandalia (Ohio) despatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of the 14th inst. says:—

A young and respectable looking couple, brother and sister, named Fred and Louisa Rauckman, residing in Lone Grove township, about twenty miles from this city, boarded the train a few days ago, went to St. Louis and were made husband and wife. They remained in the city a day or two, then returned homeward, getting off the train at Brownstown, a station eight miles from this place, and for fear of being detected, wandered out in the woods near the town, and remained there until found and arrested to-day by Constable Joseph Copeland. The man is about twenty-one years of age, and of good appearance, and his sister nineteen, and rather good looking. When asked why he was induced to commit such an act he said: "My sister loved me so well we thought the best thing we could do would be to get married." He was further asked if he did not know it was wrong and against the law to do so, and also why they hid themselves in the woods and kept away from their parents. This he answered by saying: "We did not know it was wrong, and only hid in the woods for fear of being discovered by our folks, as they were very much opposed to our marrying." Their parents are very respectable people, and are sadly grieved over the unparalleled act of their children. They were tried this afternoon, were found guilty and were bound over, the man's bond being fixed at $500 and the woman's at $300, in default of which they were committed to the county jail. The affair has created great excitement in this city.

SOCIAL EQUALITY IN MARRIAGE.

All else being equal, it is best for people to marry those of their own social position. Great differences in manners and culture lead to discontent. We can plainly see that Augustus, with his refined habits and dainty choice of words, must be miserable with Madge, who, though born a beauty, eats like a Hottentot, murders the Queen's English, and when suddenly addressed cracks her knuckles and chews her apron strings in her embarrassment; while Hodge, whose manners are the same as hers, would be happy with her, always providing that they loved each other.

But sometimes Augustus is so lost to himself that he does not recognize this fact, and the poor girl, believing that fine clothes are all she needs to make her "a lady," marries Augustus, and soon wishes herself dead. For when once husband or wife is ashamed of the other partner in the matrimonial bargain, love spreads his wings and departs. A passion as evanescent as a rocket may exist for one we are not proud of, but few recognize how much pride in the mate we have chosen has to do with matrimonial felicity.

Most of all is it necessary for women to be assured that they shall never blush for their husbands; for, although the dangerous experiment of educating a wife may be occasionally accomplished triumphantly, no woman need ever hope to improve a man by marrying him. He seems to settle into a certain form long before he is five-and-twenty. There is no more possibility of re-moulding a cast in plaster of Paris. Women are clay or wax in these particulars, but as a man comports himself in his youth, so he will in his age, if, indeed, his peculiarities are not then exaggerated. In his opinion advice from his wife is not only useless, but insulting, and no woman ever stooped very low in the process of putting her head into the matrimonial noose who did not regret it.

A man's wealth or poverty does not matter; neither does his grandfather to any material extent, except so far as he may have handed down his temper or his constitution to his grandson. But it is of a great deal more consequence than some romantic girls believe that a husband shall eat and drink, dress and walk, look and speak and feel on social subjects with no less refinement than the men she has been accustomed to meet all her life.

Let a girl hesitate to give her promise to any man for whom she is constantly making mental apologies. The manners which annoy her will not be altered by marriage; and if she is ashamed of them, be the poor fellow ever so good, ever so rich, ever so commendable as an honest man, she will not be able to fulfil her vow of honoring him. And in the end she will not love him, for shame kills love, while pride in any one awakens it.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

GOOD FARMING LAND.

Sault Ste. Marie, Algoma District, Ontario.

October, 14th, 1879.

How many readers of your paper know about this portion of Ontario? Are many aware that many townships in the late surveys are given to settlers in lots of 160 acres as free grants, and that land can be bought in nearly all of them at 50c. per acre as homes for settlement. The country has received or at least published aloud by designing knaves, as a place not fit for white man to live in. This bad name has been repeated by newspaper men (see a Toronto contemporary of a late date) who got the information from some lounger at the dock. The writer has been in conversation with one of these people whose information extended six miles in rear of the village, and a native of the place of 50 years of age. This genius was only aware during the past two years, that anything beyond potatoes could be grown. I have returned after tramping on foot over one hundred miles, and I can assure your readers that there is over 70 per cent of as good land as any in Ontario, clay and sandy loam with hard wood and other timber growing on it; that over 5,000 settlers from the counties of Huron, Bruce and Grey have gone in this year, some of whom sold out their farms in those counties. There have been over 250 townships surveyed and a great many clearings made. I have seen as good fall and spring wheat as in any part of Canada raised in well-cleared townships. Barley and oats do well and all roots grow large. Mr. Findley, a farmer of 13 years there, grew 102 bushels of Rose potatoes this year on a space of 30 by 30 feet, and every tuber nearly one pound in weight. I am sure there are many in Hamilton and Toronto who could and would go to a place only 48 hours journey from either place, where they knew $600 would give them a good farm, and be able to clear 25 acres and build a house, and some stock, seed and implements besides. Would this small, or large amount of money do same, do anything for there in the Red River country? Most decidedly not. It would be all used up in traveling and hunting a place in that country, as I am aware no poor man has any business in the Red River country with less than $2,500. Now it is different in the Algoma district, as anywhere around Lake Huron the most of the land is good, and mostly free from stone, with splendid streams of water and a variety of lakes. The mineral lands are pretty high mountains, but very narrow, with great stretches of valleys of land fit for farming between. There is room here for thousands to make a home. The climate is said to be good, not much colder than at Kingston. This being on the high way to the Northwest, its only a matter of time when it will be filled with a large population, and I can say to your readers who propose making a change, why not try east of the Sault Ste. Marie and north shore of Lake Huron.

H. L.

THE CANADA LOAN COMPANY.

The attention of our readers is called to the prospectus of the Canada Loan Company which appears in our advertising columns. Two classes of people are particularly interested in institutions of this kind—borrowers and investors. Those who have occasion to borrow money on real estate security can obtain large or small sums at a fair rate of interest, repayable in monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or annual instalments, or otherwise, as agreed upon. Those who have large or small sums which they desire to deposit for safe keeping can do so with an absolute guarantee of security. It is a good plan for young people in receipt of regular wages to patronize the savings bank at an early age. A dollar can be spared now and then without being missed, and when it bears a fair rate of interest the amount accumulates and comes in very conveniently in time of need. The Canada Loan Company lends money on real estate alone, and no loan is made for an amount greater than half the cash value of the property securing it. Depositors in the savings bank know that their money cannot be lost in speculations, for the charter of the Company forbids any investments except the kind above described. An additional guarantee is found in the property of the Company's stockholders, which is liable to the full amount of the subscribed capital. A savings bank in connection with a loan society offers much better security than a private depositor can find for himself. The interest is paid from the date of deposit to the date of withdrawal, and the rate of interest is 6 per cent. Farmers, mechanics, laborers, women and children will do well to consider the propriety of opening an account with a savings bank, even if the amount of the original deposit is but a single dollar. The offices of the Canada Loan Company are situated at No. 8 James street south, Hamilton, and Mr. Macdonald, the manager, is always ready to receive applications for new business.

SOMEWHAT OF A HUMBUG.

(Kingston Daily News.)

In his late speech at Thamesburg Sir Richard Cartwright indulged in his usual abuse of Sir John A. Macdonald, against whom Sir Richard entertains an old grudge because he did not recognize in him all the qualities of a successful Finance Minister. Sir Richard referred to the members of the Dominion Cabinet as "evil men." Of course this truly good man, Sir Richard, would not associate politically with "evil men" in the estimation of the high-toned Knight and therefore the good Mr. (as he was then) Cartwright would not, he said, support a Cabinet of which he was a member. But the good, the very good, Mr. Cartwright joined hands with Huntington and Letellier, and actually made his political bed with Cauchon, whom the *Globe* and the Montreal *Herald* denounced as an unhung scoundrel. Sir Richard is somewhat of a humbug.

—The priest of a Roman Catholic church at Lincoln, Neb., requested the men of the congregation to draw some broken rock from a ledge near by with which to repair the foundation of the edifice, but they failed to do it. A high mass was announced a few days later, but the people found the church closed at the time appointed. After they had waited an hour, the priest put his head out of the door and cried: "No rocks, no mass." They knew him to be a man of his word, and the rocks were soon drawn.

PETERSON & PETERSON,
BARRISTERS, Attorneys-at-law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c.
Private and Company moneys to loan at lowest rates.
Madoc Office, O'Flynn's Block.
Belleville Office, Cor. Front & Bridge sts.
A. M. PETERSON, B.A. C. W. PETERSON, B.A.

C. P. AYLESWORTH, P.L.S. & C. E.,
INSPECTOR OF COLONIZATION ROADS.
Madoc. 1

GEO. D. DICKSON,
BARRISTER, &c., Belleville. Money to loan at low rates.

MR. HENDERSON
HAS removed his law office to the rooms over the store of Sydmer Ross & Co.—Entrance—Side door.

G. D. RAWN,
CLERK OF THE SIXTH DIVISION Court, County of Hastings, Commissioner in B. R., &c., &c., Madoc, Ont.

W. A. DAFOE, M. D., &c.,
TORONTO.
L. R. C. P. AND L. R. C. S., EDINBURGH.
Victoria Block, Madoc.

J. F. TAYLOR,
SURGEON DENTIST, CAMPBELLFORD, Will visit Madoc, every Saturday.
ROOMS IN MADOC HOUSE, DURHAM ST.

CHARLES GREAM,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, NOTARY, Attorney, Conveyancer, &c., Madoc.
OFFICE IN VICTORIA BLOCK.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, BELLEVILLE. MONEY to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. E. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

F. G. DUNCAN,
AGENT for Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines of all kinds. Also solicits subscriptions for the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW. 35.

DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. A. NORTHRUP, M. A.

S. L. NASH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Graduate of the University of Michigan, U. S., and University of Victoria College, Canada.
BRIDGEWATER, ONT.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly.
RESIDENCE, STIRLING, ONT.

HENRY BLEECKER,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery. Office,—Bridge Street, Belleville, over Customs House.
Mr. Vince, from Mr. Bleecker's office, will attend at each Division Court held at Madoc.

GEO. W. WALKER,
SURGEON DENTIST, Front St. Belleville, still continues his visits to Madoc village, strictly on the first Monday and Tuesday of every month. Rooms to Mrs. Moon's Hotel. Belleville Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. 53

EVANS & BOLGER,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, Civil Engineers and Architects, Belleville.
J. D. EVANS, P.L.S. T. O. BOLGER, P. L. S & C. E. & A.
N. B.—Orders for Surveying may be left at Moon's Hotel, Madoc, and will be promptly attended to. 53

MONEY! MONEY!
TO FARMERS
Desirous of buying or of improving their farms, or removing
Burdensome Mortgage Encumbrances,
the undersigned offer
EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.
Rate of interest on straight loans from 7½ per cent. On the Endowment plan most advantageous terms. Terms and times of payment satisfactorily arranged. Payments can be made in any month of the year. No commission, utmost expedition and privacy.
PETERSON & PETERSON,
Solicitors, &c.,
"O'Flynn Block," Madoc.
Head Office, corner Front and Bridge streets, Belleville.
Agents for several Stock Fire and Life Insurance Companies. 132

JOHN G. DEANS,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK!
MADOC.

A. F. WOOD,
LAND, LOAN,
—AND—
Commission Agency.
OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall.
Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, January 27th, 1879. 26

MONEY TO LOAN
—ON—
REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
The Canada Permanent
Loan and Savings Co'y
TORONTO, ONT.
Mortgages and Debentures Purchased.
Apply to
S. D. ROSS, MADOC.
AGENT FOR THE
Lancashire Insurance Comp'y.
All Losses Promptly Settled.
Office at the Store of Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, April 15th, 1879. 167

Banking House!
—OF—
E. D. O'FLYNN,
"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.
Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.
Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted
DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD
Money received on deposit, at 4 and 5 per cent., subject to withdrawal without notice.
Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

North Hastings Review
MADOC, OCTOBER 30, 1879.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

The prices of grain are as follows:—Wheat $1.20; rye, 62 cts.; barley 52 cts.; peas, 55 cts.; oats, 34 cts.; buckwheat, 40 cts. Both rye and barley have had a tumble, with not much prospect of a change for the better. Shipments from this point have been large, the receipts of last week being over 13,000 bushels.

Mr. Burke, M. P. for West Durham, has resigned his seat, in order to provide a constituency for Hon. Edward Blake, who will be returned, no doubt, by acclamination.

THE result of the election in Cape Breton, on Thursday last, for the return of a member to the House of Commons, was as follows:—Mr. McLeod, Conservative, received a majority of 285 over Mr. Dodd, Conservative, and 220 over Mr. McKay, Reformer. The Ministerial papers claim it as another victory for the National Policy.

IN our advertising columns will be found the new regulations which have been adopted by the Government for the disposal of the public lands in Manitoba and the North-West. Exception was taken to the regulations under which it was at first determined to disbose of these lands; but, as will be seen by their perusal, the revised regulations are so liberal in their character that all cause for complaint has been done away with.

THE popularity of Sir Francis Hincks does not appear to have waned any in the city of Montreal after his late conviction for irregularities in connection with the management of the Consolidated Bank. A meeting of his friends was held on Monday, among whom were several Irish Catholics, to nominate him for Mayor of Montreal at the next election. A deputation was appointed to wait on Sir Francis to request his acceptance of the nomination.

HON. JUSTICE MACKAY, on Saturday last, delivered judgment in the case of David Grant v. the Hon. J. L. Beaudry, ex-Mayor of Montreal. The action was brought, it will be remembered, for illegal arrest on the 12th of July last, the damages being laid at $10,000. Judgment was for the defendant, on the ground of a legal technicality, the plaintiff's Attorneys omitting to give their residence in the notice of action served upon the defendant. The case will, it is rumored, be appealed to the English Privy Council.

ANOTHER fatal ending of a very trivial quarrel took place in London last week. A young man named Gundlack, of Montreal, while waiting to be shown to his room in one of the hotels of the city, was accosted by another young man for that withdrawal. Montreal has long had the reputation of being the most lawless and worst governed city in America, and now has to bear the additional infamy of being the meanest and most dishonest."

THE Prince Edward County Railway was opened for traffic from Trenton Junction to Picton on Monday, 27th inst.

MAYNOOTH ITEMS.

Delightful weather for fall ploughing, and the farmers are taking advantage of it, so much that it is generally admitted as being the "dullest" fall for some years.

Messrs. McDavitt Bros., millers and lumbermen, are putting in extensive improvements in their mills, the completion of which will be gladly hailed by all, as flour is beginning to get scarce. These gentlemen enjoy an excellent reputation in their business, and will, no doubt, command a larger patronage than before.

Messrs. Fitzgerald have gone to the woods with a large gang of men for the winter, being engaged in the lumber trade. It is confidently hoped that the most sanguine expectations of these gentlemen will be realized, and are likely to be from their long experience in the business. COM.

Maynooth, Oct. 22nd, 1879.

[The above correspondence reached us just one mail too late for our last issue. Would our esteemed correspondent mail his letters to reach us on Tuesday instead of Thursday, and thus secure its publication the same week.—ED.]

YORK RIVER ITEMS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The fall continues fine, beyond our general expectations, and it has been a fine time for getting the farm work done up, and lots of ploughing got through.

Last Saturday the combined York River and L'Amable cricket Clubs proceeded to Maynooth and played the Harcourt Cricket Club, beating the latter by an innings and some few runs. The fielding on both sides was good; and if cricket was more liberally patronized we might soon boast of some good Canadian clubs. It has been said that a Scotchman, a cow, and empty beer bottles are found on the confines of civilization all the world over, but I think that there is no doubting that where three or four Englishmen are gathered together in any part of the globe that they will have an attempt at cricket. From the hot plains of India and the deserts of Arabia we hear accounts of matches being won and lost. Years ago the natives looked upon the mighty "Sahib," as almost insane running to and fro with a bat when there were so many servants ready to carry out his slightest wish. But now the dark Hindoo, the pig-tailed Chinaman, Fire Eaters, Turks, Mohammedans and Christians all join in hunting the leather. In Zululand some time ago a regiment was sent to a certain part of the frontier to quell a disturbance, but upon getting there found none to quell; and after camping the officers got up a game of cricket. Some peaceable natives who had gathered around the camp immediately took to flight, at what they thought a strange military demonstration. Perhaps the visit of the English eleven will create in Canadians an ambition for cricket fame. Next year an eleven of Parsees' from India are to visit England, and all the colonies are sending cricketers to England.

I noticed a letter from Mr. Flint last week, and I see he gives an account of some strange rocks at L'Amable. Some years ago, (how many my informant did not say,) an iceberg was imprisoned between two hills, and after floating up and down the creek in vain trying to get away on its journey into space, finally went to pieces, depositing a vast amount of "decomposed plant food," and a mass of "Granitic Felspatic Mygnacious Decomposed Magnesium Limestone" at the place indicated.—(Extract from North Hastings Geological Depository.)

There have been several complaints of some party or parties "borrowing" property without the consent of the owners. Mr. G. Gabell lost a sheep, and had another wounded, by a wolf, evidently human, for the one wounded was by buckshot. Our shoemaker, Mr. Stubbs, had visitors while he was away tasting the "mineral waters" of Combermere, and they, evidently annoyed at his absence, borrowed some of his leather, no doubt to make their own boots. Doubtless before long some of these gentry will be in the arms of the constable and get hugged—jugged, I mean—for their deserts.

Mr. Flint is pushing forward the foundations for two new buildings here. Doubtless the thirsty traveller will be supplied ere long. Several fine deer have been killed lately, and they are reported pretty plentiful. FIAT LUX.

York River, Oct. 20, 1879.

[The above was crowded out of our last week's issue.]

Madoc Markets.

Flour, per brl	$6 00 to $9 00
Wheat, per bushel	1 20 to 0 00
Rye, "	0 62 to 0 00
Oats, "	0 34 to 0 00
Barley, "	0 52 to 0 00
Peas, "	0 55 to 0 00
Potatoes, "	0 30 to 0 00
Eggs, per doz	0 13 to 0 00
Butter, per lb	0 12 to 0 00
Hides, per cwt	3 00 to 4 00

Belleville Markets.

Wheat,	$1 25 to $1 35
Barley,	0 54 to 0 57
Rye,	0 65 to 0 66
Oats,	0 35 to 0 00
Peas,	0 55 to 0 00
Butter,	0 15 to 0 18
Eggs,	0 15 to 0 20
Potatoes, per bush	0 35 to 0 40
Flour, per bbl	6 00 to 6 50
Sheepskins,	0 40 to 0 75
Hides,	4 00 to 7 50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONEY TO LOAN
$2,000 and $350,
Private money to Loan, on good Freehold Lands.
CHARLES GREAM,
Madoc, Oct. 29, 1879. Solicitor.

PUBLIC NOTICE.
I HEREBY give notice to all parties who have not yet paid their Taxes for 1879, that I will be at the office of Charles Gream, Esq., every Tuesday and Saturday, to receive the same.
JOHN H. DUNN,
Madoc, Oct. 29, 1879. Collector.

Weaving, Weaving
ALL kinds of Plain and Fancy Weaving done at my residence on Wellington St., near Mr. H. Dingman's.
Call and Examine Specimens of my Work.
ALONZO HOWE.
Madoc, October 29th, 1879. 135

TO THE PUBLIC!
THE undersigned begs to acknowledge the many favors received since commencing business, and is now paying the highest price (in Cash) for Hides, Pelts, Calf-skins, and Furs of every kind. First-class Butter wanted.
MRS. SCOTT.
THOS. SCOTT, Agent and Auctioneer.
N. B.—On hand, the best and cheapest goods, such as was never seen here before.—All-linen Table Cloth, 22c per yard; Towels, the like cannot be found elsewhere; Basins, Tin-cups and Pie-plates at 5c each; Dippers 10c each; Fancy Soaps and other articles at ½ and ¼ prices. You must see to believe.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY

UNDER and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at time of sale, default in payment having been made, there will be sold by

PUBLIC AUCTION,
at the Court House, in the
City of BELLEVILLE,
—ON—
Saturday, 22nd November, A.D. 1879,
at the hour of Twelve o'clock, noon,
All that valuable property composed of the north east Quarter of Lot Number Eleven, in the Seventh Concession of the
TOWNSHIP OF MADOC,
In the County of Hastings, containing Fifty acres, more or less, which is more particularly described in said Mortgage.
On the property are erected substantial farm buildings and outbuildings.
Terms of payment easy.
Further particulars and conditions of sale made known at time of sale and on application to
DENMARK & NORTHRUP,
CHAS. WILKINS, Auctioneer. Vendor's Solicitors.
Belleville, Oct. 25th, 1879. 135-td

NOTICE.
I HEREBY give notice to all parties not to trust or harbor my son, William Pack, or wife, Nancy Pack, as I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by them.
JOHN PACK.
Madoc, October 16th, 1879.

NOTICE.
ALL PERSONS are hereby warned against purchasing or trafficing for two Notes for $32.50 each, drawn by me in favor of Alex. McDonald, and due, one in January, 1878, the other in January, 1879, said notes having duly been paid by me.
GEO. D. McDONALD.
Monteagle Valley, Sept. 30, '79. 132-3t

FOR SALE.
WEST HALF of Lot 29, 2nd Con. Madoc, West Half of Lot 27, 1st Con. Madoc. Apply to
A. F. WOOD, Esq., Madoc,
or to the undersigned proprietor,
JNO. C. T. COCHRANE, Esq., Brockville.
Brockville, August 9, 1879. 124-3m

No. 1 DAIRY BUTTER.
W. R. McRAE,
BELLEVILLE,
WILL PAY
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
FOR FIRST-CLASS BUTTER.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
TAKE NOTICE, that the Council of the Corporation of the County of Hastings will meet at the Shire Halls in Belleville, on
TUESDAY, the 11th of NOVEMBER,
at 2 o'clock, p. m.,
for the despatch of general business.
All parties having accounts against the Corporation, are requested to hand them in not later than the second morning of the session.
By order,
J. T. BELL,
Co. Clerk, C. H.
Shire Hall, Belleville, Oct. 21, 1879.

This Space Will be Occupied
BY
Gray & McGregor,
DEALERS IN
STAPLE & FANCY
GROCERIES!
ETC., ETC., ETC.
VICTORIA BLOCK, MADOC.

IN CHANCERY!
Clother vs. Hazzard.
PURSUANT to the decree made in this cause, bearing date the 25th day of June, A. D. 1879, there will be sold by public auction, with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esquire, Master of this Court at Belleville, at his Chambers in Shire Hall, in the City of Belleville, on
Saturday, the 8th day of November,
A. D. 1879, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon,
the following valuable farm property, to wit:
The west half of Lot Number 11, in the 8th Concession of the Township of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, containing by admeasurement 100 acres of land, more or less, except about two acres heretofore sold and conveyed by Joseph Hazzard, deceased, to the Trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and one William Blakely. The premises are situate about 4 miles from the village of Madoc, and erected thereon are a frame dwelling house and barn. There is a small orchard on the premises; about 60 acres are cleared and under cultivation. The premises will be sold subject to a reserve bid fixed by the Master.
The purchaser shall pay down a deposit of $10 for every $100 of the purchase money, to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, at the time of sale, and the remainder thereof within one month thereafter.
In all other respects the conditions of sale shall be the standing conditions of sale of the Court of Chancery.
Further particulars may be obtained at the Law Offices of Messrs. Flint & Jellett, Geo. D. Dickson, Esq., and Messrs. Bell & Bell, Belleville.
Dated at Chambers this 14th day of October, A. D. 1879.
S. S. LAZIER,
MORGAN JELLETT, Master.
Plaintiff's Solicitor. 135-4

REGULATIONS
Respecting the Disposal of certain Public Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Ottawa, Oct. 14, 1879.
Public notice is hereby given that the following provisions, which shall be held to apply to the lands in the Province of Manitoba, and in the Territories to the west and north-west thereof, are substituted for the Regulations, dated the 9th July last, governing the mode of disposing of the Public Lands situated within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which said Regulations are hereby superseded:—
1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the Red River, and for the purposes of these provisions, the line of the said Railway shall be assumed to be on the north base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.
2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:—
"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called Belt A;
"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt A, to be called Belt B;
"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt B, to be called Belt C;
"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt C, to be called Belt D; and
"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining Belt D, to be called Belt E.
3. "The even-numbered sections in each township throughout the several belts above described shall be open for entry as homesteads and pre-emptions of 160 acres each respectively.
4. "The odd-numbered sections in each of such townships shall not be open to homestead or pre-emption, but shall be especially reserved and designated as Railway Lands.
5. "The Railway Lands within the several belts shall be sold at the following rates, viz:—In Belt A, $5 (five dollars) per acre; in Belt B, $4 (four dollars) per acre; in Belt C, $3 (three dollars) per acre; in Belt D, $2 (two dollars) per acre; in Belt E, $1 (one dollar) per acre; and the terms of sale of such lands shall be as follows, viz:—One tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.
6. "The Pre-emption Lands within the several belts shall be sold for the prices and on the terms respectively as follows:—In the Belts A, B, and C, at $2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; in Belt D, at $2 (two dollars) per acre; in Belt E, at $1 (one dollar) per acre. The terms of payment to be four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.
7. "All payments for Railway Lands, and also for Pre-emption Lands, within the several Belts, shall be in cash, and not in script or military or police bounty warrants.
8. "All moneys received in payment of Pre-emption Lands, shall inure to and form part of the fund for railway purposes, in a similar manner to the moneys received in payment of Railway Lands.
9. "These provisions shall be retroactive so far as relates to any and all entries of Homestead and Pre-emption Lands, or sales of Railway Lands obtained or made under the Regulations of the 9th of July, hereby superseded: any payments made in excess of the rate hereby fixed shall be credited on account of sales of such lands.
10. "The Order-in-Council of the 9th November, 1877, relating to the settlement of the lands in Manitoba which had been previously withdrawn for Railway purposes, having been cancelled, all claims of persons who settled in good-faith on lands under the said Order-in-Council shall be dealt with under these provisions, as to price of Pre-emptions, according to the belt in which such lands may be situated. Where a person may have taken up two quarter-sections under the said Order-in-Council, he may retain the quarter-section upon which he has settled, as a Homestead, and the other quarter section as a Pre-emption, under these provisions, irrespective of whether such Homestead and Pre-emption may be found to be upon an even-numbered section or otherwise. Any moneys paid by such person on account of the lands entered by him under the said Order-in-Council, will be credited to him on account of his Pre-emption purchase, under these provisions. A person who may have taken up one quarter-section under the Order-in-Council mentioned will be allowed to retain the same as a Homestead, and will be permitted to enter a second quarter-section as a Pre-emption, the money paid on account of the land previously entered to be credited to him on account of such Pre-emption.
11. "All entries of lands shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz:
a "In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a Homestead, the right of way thereon, and also any land which may be required for station purposes, shall be free to the Government.
b "Where the railway crosses Pre-emptions or Railway Lands, entered subsequent to the date hereof, the Government may take possession of such portion thereof as may be required for right of way or for station grounds or ballast pits, and the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land so taken, at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.
c "In case, on the final location of the railway through lands unsurveyed or surveyed but not entered for at the time, a person is found in occupation of land which it may be desirable in the public interest to retain, the Government reserves the right to take possession of such land, paying the squatter the value of any improvements he may have made thereon.
12 "Claims to public Lands arising from settlement after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situate, subject to the operation of sub-section *c* of section 11 of these provisions.
13 "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with these provisions, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated, subject, as above, to the operation of sub-section *c* of section 11 of these provisions.
14 "With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses, renewable yearly, under Section 52 of the *'Dominion Lands Act,* 1879,' to cut merchantable timber on any lands situated within the several belts above described, and any settlement upon, or sale of lands within, the territory covered by such licenses, shall for the time being be subject to the operation of such licenses.
15 "The above provisions, it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company's Lands.
"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories.
By order of the Minister of the Interior,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
LINDSAY RUSSELL,
Surveyor General.

GRAIN! GRAIN!!
THE SUBSCRIBER having opened an office in John Robertson's store, Madoc, is prepared to pay Cash for
RYE, and all other kinds of Grain,
Delivered at the new Warehouse, Madoc Station.
J. D. BREEZE.
Madoc, Sept. 3rd, 1879. 127

WANTED!
50,000 Bushels Rye,
50,000 " Barley,
50,000 " Wheat,
For which the highest price in Cash will be paid, delivered at the
NORTH HASTINGS WAREHOUSE,
at Madoc Station.
A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

ORGANS! ORGANS!
W. UNWIN
WOULD state to the people of North Hastings that he is agent for
Blatchford's Celebrated Patent Resonant Chamber Organ
WHICH FOR
SWEETNESS OF TONE, WORKMANSHIP & CHEAPNESS,
cannot be surpassed in the Dominion.
Intending purchasers will do well by calling on me, at my residence
KELLER'S BRIDGE, MADOC,
where they can both see and hear one of these instruments.
N. B.—Testimonials can be shown from some of the most celebrated organists of the day.
GEO. BLATCHFORD,
Manufacturer,
21 Mitchell, Ont

N. D. PETERS
NOW OFFERS IN THE
"O'FLYNN BLOCK,"
—AT—
LOW PRICES FOR READY PAY
A good stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Crockery, Glassware,
Groceries, Confectionery,
School Books, Wall Paper, etc., etc.
adoc, October 1st, 1879.

U CAN GET
BETTER
FURNITURE,
AND
MORE OF IT,
For Less Money
—AT—
M. MAYBEE'S,
than at any shop in the County.
CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

UNDERTAKING

ALL SIZES OF
Coffins & Caskets
KEPT CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Robes, Shrouds,
AND
FUNERAL FURNISHINGS.
M. MAYBEE.
Madoc, April 22nd, 1879.

COUNTY OF HASTINGS.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES
FROM 1st JANUARY TO 31st DECEMBER, 1878.

RECEIPTS.

Balance cash on hand	$664 71
County Rates	55,291 45
Miscellaneous Revenue	1,259 10
Miscellaneous Licenses	215 00
Fines from Magistrates	4 00
Interest Receivable	1,061 66
Administration of Justice	1,795 55
Schools (poor)	2,543 93
Schools (High and Public)	6,145 80
Debentures Grand Junction Railway, for Sinking Fund	20,000 00
Sinking Fund A	443 79
Sinking Fund B	1,600 00
Merchants' Bank, overdrawn account	17,920 90
Balance due Treasurer and unpaid Cheques	266 19
	$109,867 73

EXPENDITURES.

Roads and Bridges	$16,043 95
Gravel Roads	11,496 21
Administration of Justice	5,767 58
Jury Law	8,899 82
Court House and Jail	859 30
Fuel and Light	799 87
Insurance	195 00
Printing and Stationery	1,482 53
Schools (poor)	1,858 46
Schools (High and Public)	7,199 80
Board of Examiners	282 66
Refund	100 00
Special Rates, Coupons on Debentures	11,412 66
Salaries	4,125 00
Warden and Councillors	2,423 10
Wolf Scalps	20 00
Miscellaneous	1,935 00
Interest payable	1,435 46
Non-Resident Land Fund	1,477 11
Grand Junction Railway	15,000 00
Debentures Grand Junction Railway, for Sinking Fund	20,000 00
Merchants' Bank	2,486 12
	$109,867 73

(Signed) ROBERT READ,
(Signed) JAMES J. FARLEY, } *Auditors.*
Belleville, June 12th, 1879.

DON'T FAIL
TO SEE OUR NEW STOCK OF
Mantles!
JUST OPENED,
THE LARGEST VARIETY!
EVER SHOWN IN MADOC.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.
Madoc, Oct. 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS!
Our stock of Fall and Winter Goods is now complete in every Department.
PRICES VERY LOW!
Sydmer Ross & Co.
Madoc, September 9th, 1879.

NEW GOODS,
at Low Prices
AT
JOHN ROBERTSON'S.

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys, and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.

LOT No. 6, 3rd Concession, Thurlow, containing forty-five acres. There is on the premises a good frame barn, and frame house containing five rooms; a good well of water at the door. The land is in a good state of cultivation, within half a mile of Canifton. The gravel road leading from Canifton to Ross's corners runs across the lot. For particulars apply on the premises to

GEORGE DUNCAN.

Thurlow, March 13th, 1878. 51

LOTS FOR SALE

In the Northern part of the Village of Madoc, (Russel Estate.)

AT MODERATE PRICES. Terms—one quarter cash, balance in three equal annual payments, 7 per cent interest on unpaid balance. Expenses of conveyancing to be paid by purchasers to vendor's solicitor, (Morgan Jellett, Esq., Belleville.)

Apply to S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL, Montreal. 11

Stoves & Tinware.

If you want good

COOKING, BOX, OR PARLOR STOVES

CALL AT GEO. CHOWN'S,

Division Street, Reed's Block,

Where you will find a good assortment, together with all kinds of Tinware, on hand or made to order. Furnaces, Eavetrough, and all kinds of job work attended to. Remember the place, opposite Orr's blacksmith shop.

22 GEORGE CHOWN.

MONEY TO LOAN!

THE CANADA
LANDED CREDIT COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT.

To Farmers of Madoc and Vicinity:

Do you want to pay off a Mortgage?
To build a new House or Barn?
To make improvements by fencing or clearing?
Or for any other purpose?

APPLY TO

The Canada Landed Credit Company.

EIGHT PER CENT. INTEREST

and ample time given, with privilege of paying as soon as you please.

For further particulars apply to

A. F. WOOD,
MADOC.

Madoc April 2nd, 1877. 1

Loans made outside the Company if required, at long or short dates.

A. F. WOOD.

BUSINESS NOTICE!

The Boot and Shoe business formerly carried on by

MR. LOUIS WEISS, SEN.,

will be in the future conducted by his son,

E. L. WEISS,

with whom all outstanding accounts must be settled

Within Sixty Days,

and all business transacted in the future.

Boots and Shoes

MADE OF

FIRST-CLASS STOCK,

and a fit guaranteed.

THE READY PAY SYSTEM

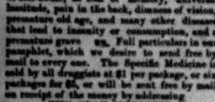
Will be strictly adhered to in the future.

E. L. WEISS.

Madoc, July 30th, 1879. 122

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

TRADE MARK. The great English remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a sequence TRADE MARK.



Before Taking. After Taking.

of self-abuse, as loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption, and a premature grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Madoc and everywhere in Canada and the United States, by all wholesale and retail druggists.

N. B.—The demands of our business have necessitated our removing to Toronto, to which place please address all future communications.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY A FARM

SEE THE LIST OF **FARMS FOR SALE!** IN THE WEEKLY MAIL.

Parties Wishing to Sell Advertise there.—Parties Wishing to Buy, Read there.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in the *Weekly Mail*, 20 words for 50c each insertion; each additional word 2c.

Advertisements of Farms for Sale are inserted in *Daily Mail*, 20 words for 25c. each insertion; each additional word 1½c.

Advertisements of Live Stock, Auction Sales of Stock, Implements, etc., Seed for Sale, Exhibitions, etc., inserted at same rates.

Address, MAIL, Toronto.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ORANGE LODGES.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 2070,
Meets every first Tuesday in each month.
C. DONALDSON, Sec'y, Millbridge.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
HENRY BENTLEY, Sec'y, York River P.O.

DOWNEY'S L. O. LODGE, No. 425,
Held on the first Tuesday in each month.
FRANK H. GAUEN, Sec'y, Ivanhoe P. O.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
W. J. WIGGINS, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

MADOC LODGE, No. 132.
Meets the first Wednesday in each month.
W. BRISTOL, Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every second Monday in each month.
JOHN McCOY, JR., Sec'y, Remington P.O.

HAZZARD'S CORNERS LODGE, No. 1133.
Meets first Friday in each month.
R. KEENE, Secretary, Madoc P. O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 387.
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. SOLMES, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge.
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

NORTH HASTINGS CO. ORANGE LODGE.
M. BRISTOL, Co. Master, Madoc P. O.
JAS. A. ORR, Co. Sec'y, Madoc P. O.

Hearts of Oak Lodge,
No. 139, O. Y. B.

A REGULAR meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Lodge-room, Madoc, **On Thursday Evening, November 6th,** at 7.30 o'clock. A full attendance requested.

A. GUFFIN, Secretary.

MADOC LODGE

No. 179, I.O.O.F.

THE next regular meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Hall, on Monday Evening, Nov. 10th, At 8 o'clock.

N. M. MAYBEE, Rec. Secretary.

MADOC LODGE, NO. 48
A. F. & A. M.

THE next special meeting of the above Lodge will be held in the Masonic Hall, On Tuesday Evg., Nov. 25th, at the hour of 7.30 o'clock. A general attendance of members is requested. Visitors are cordially invited. By order,

S. D. ROSS, Secretary.

B. & N. H. RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE.

On and after Monday, November 3rd, trains will run as follows:

Going South—Train leaves *Madoc* at 8 a.m., arriving in Belleville at 10.

Going North—Leaves Belleville at 3 p. m., arriving at *Madoc* at 5.05.

Belleville time.

R. LUTTRELL,
General Superintendent.

STATIONERY.—Two sizes thick, heavy Note Paper with Envelopes to match, just received at Deans' Drug Store.

County Council.

The November sittings of the County Council will commence in Belleville on the 11th prox., one week from next Tuesday.

Appointment.

The last *Canada Gazette* contains the appointment of Mr. C. W. Peterson, barrister, of this village, to be a Notary Public in and for the Province of Ontario.

Free Fair.

We again remind our readers of the Free Fair in this village on Tuesday next. Bring along the best animals you have for sale, and make the fair a success.

Weaving.

Parties requiring anything done in the weaving line will find a first-class workman on Wellington street, Mr. A. Howe. See his advertisement on the opposite page.

Fine Potatoes.

We omitted noticing last week the receipt of a present of extra large potatoes, from Mr. William Lamb, near Millbridge. They were excellent specimens of what can be raised in our back townships.

Toronto and Ottawa R. R.

In another column of this issue appears a letter from the Hon. Billa Flint, on the above subject, which, now that the question of granting a bonus is being agitated, will be found worthy of careful perusal.

Papers Wanted.

We want copies of the REVIEW of the dates of January 10th, 1878, and May 7th, 1879, to complete our file. Any of our readers sending us either of the above will confer a great favor, and for which we will be willing to pay liberally.

Prospering.

The Belleville *Free Press*, published by McCullough & Co., came out last week as a semi-weekly, instead of weekly as heretofore. Although small, the *Free Press* is the spiciest sheet in that city, and we are glad to see that it is prospering as it deserves.

Hallowe'en.

To-morrow night is the anniversary of this ancient festival, dear to the heart of every mischievous small boy in the country. Take in your cabbages, front gates, signs, and anything else movable that you have no desire to see on the top of your neighbor's house the next morning, or else guard them with a double-barreled shot gun.

Look out for Them.

The funds of the Madoc Brass Band having ebbed down to a pretty low figure, the members purpose starting out on a serenading tour through the village to-morrow (Friday) night, and will continue it next week until every house has been visited. It is not meat or drink they want, but something more substantial to assist them in their heavy expense keeping together. Receive them kindly; the object is deserving.

Personal.

Rev. W. W. Ross, pastor of the Centenary Methodist Church of Canada, Hamilton, who, with his wife and family, is at present on a visit to his relatives in this village, preached in the Methodist Church of Canada on Sunday evening last. As Mr. Ross enjoys the reputation of being second to no pulpit orator in the Methodist Conference, the church was crowded to hear him, and no one was disappointed, the discourse being one of the most eloquent and forcible efforts to which we have ever had the pleasure of listening. The rev. gentleman with some friends started on Tuesday morning for the northern townships for a few days' recreation. We hope he will occupy some of the pulpits here again before returning to his charge in Hamilton.

FOR TOILET AND BATH.—Genuine Florida Water, fragrant Cologne Water, and finest quality Bay Rum by the ounce or bottle at Deans' Drug Store.

Fifth of November.

Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1070, of Millbridge, will celebrate the anniversary of the famous "Gunpowder Plot" by a grand dinner on Wednesday next, 5th prox., the proceeds of which are to be applied towards paying off the debt on their Hall. Tickets 40 cents. There will be no celebration in this village, or none in this section that we are aware of. Dinner served at 1 o'clock p.m.

Painful Accident.

Yesterday morning a little boy of Mr. S. Barnum's, between 12 and 13 years of age, met with a painful accident. He was leading a horse to water and attempted to jump on its back while passing through Mr. Huff's yard, but fell, and striking on a stone broke his leg above the knee. What makes the injury more painful is the fact that the little sufferer's leg was fractured in the same place a few years ago.

New Time Table.

As will be noticed by reference to the advt. at the head of the local matter, a slight change has been made in the time-table of the B. & N. H. Railway, trains to leave this station at 8 o'clock a. m., arriving in Belleville at 10 o'clock. They will also run by Belleville instead of Montreal time, as formerly, a very good change. Trains on this road will run through to Belleville independent of the Grand Junction line.

Railway Meeting.

In compliance with the request of the president, the Reeve of this township has called a public meeting of the ratepayers for Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, in the Town Hall, for the purpose of discussing the propriety of granting a bonus to the Toronto and Ottawa Railway. Mr. Scott, President of the Company, will be present, and as the subject is one of great importance to this section, we hope there will be a large attendance of the leading men.

A Useful Pamphlet.

We have just received a small pamphlet published by John Lovell & Co., Montreal, and written by Mr. Mackelcan, C. E., entitled "Our Health and our Diseases." The author is a vigorous writer, well versed in sanitary science. He points out the very many defects in the drainage, ventilation, domestic habits, &c., of our towns and cities, and shows how these defects could be overcome. We would recommend the little pamphlet to our readers as worthy of their careful *perusal*, for if many of the lessons taught in it were practised the health of many places would be greatly improved.

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday, one week from to-day, is the day set apart for the annual public thanksgiving throughout the Dominion for the rich harvest and innumerable blessings bestowed by Almighty God, both to us individually and as a nation. This is a day that ought to be sacredly observed, and not looked upon simply as a mere form, for when we look at some other nations and some other people, does it not become wonderfully apparent that we in Canada, surrounded by peace and plenty, enjoy a perfect paradise compared to them. We have been delivered from the ravages of war, of pestilence, and of famine, from which other countries have suffered, blessings which should be humbly acknowledged. We hope to see the day becomingly observed in this village. The church services for the day will, no doubt, be announced from the different pulpits next Sabbath evening.

The Late Peter Chard.

We take the following from the Stirling *News-Argus* in reference to the death of Mr. Peter Chard, for some years past a resident of this village:—Scarcely were the papers off the press last week, containing the announcement that Mr. Peter Chard had suffered a stroke of paralysis, when the sad intelligence was received of that gentleman's death, which took place at his residence on the afternoon of Friday last. The funeral took place on Sunday, from the house to the Stirling cemetery, accompanied with Masonic honors, numbers of the order coming from Roslin, Madoc and Belleville to join the Stirling brethren in paying the last tribute to their departed brother. Besides these, the funeral was the most largely attended of any that has taken place in Stirling for many years. The late Mr. Chard was born on September 7th, 1820, on the Chard homestead, about two miles west of Stirling, where he lived until 1851, when he removed into the village and engaged in the hotel business, purchasing from the late Robt. Parker the stand known as the Exchange hotel, which he conducted for some twenty years; he sold out this business to Mr. Henry Lake about five years ago, since which he has been engaged more or less extensively in milling operations at Madoc. He became a Mason in 1850, joining the old Belleville Lodge, working under the Grand Lodge of England. He at different times occupied various positions of trust and honor, having been for three or four years Reeve of Stirling, and for many years councillor of Rawdon.

Presentation.

We take pleasure in publishing the following address which was read and presented to Mr. George Kirk, Principal of the Madoc Model School, by the teachers in training at the session just closed, previous to severing their connection with the school. The "trifle" referred to consisted of a beautiful gold pen and pencil combined. The presentation was made on the evening of the second day of the examination, in the presence of the Examining Board. We congratulate Mr. Kirk on the success which attended his efforts, the majority of the pupils under his charge far surpassing, in the order of merit, those from the Belleville School, as will be seen from the list published elsewhere, as well as of securing such a "souvenir" of their appreciation and grateful acknowledgement for his efforts in their behalf.

Madoc, October 24th, 1879.

MR. GEO. KIRK.—*Dear Sir*:—

We, the pupils of the Model School, cannot allow this session to close without some acknowledgment of the deep sense of the kindly manner in which you have treated us since we came here, eight weeks ago.

Not only have you spent much valuable time in preparing lectures for us, and in teaching us, but you have ever treated us with the utmost courtesy and kindness; and we wish to give some expression of our gratitude to you.

We hope you will do us the honor of accepting the accompanying trifle—not by any means as a measure of the good you have done us, or our appreciation of it, but merely as a slight souvenir of your first class of teachers-in-training; and we trust that it will in the future recall to your mind some pleasant thoughts of us.

You have, as we before said, striven to make our stay in the Model School agreeable as well as profitable, and we thank you for it; and now, when the time has come that we, as a class, must bid you farewell, we take this opportunity, before departing, to wish you a long, successful and most happy career.

Walter Smith,	Lizzie Hales,
David Barrager,	Annie Robinson,
Samuel Matthews,	Martha Potter,
Thomas B. Gerow,	Laura Harrison,
A. F. Simmons,	Emma Conner,
Wm. R. Solmes,	Lizzie M. Murray,
A. F. Macaulay,	Augusta Mosher,
R. W. Brock,	Susie Wootton,
James Shannon,	Ella Palmer,
P. Madden,	Minnie Elliot.

County of Hastings Third Class Professional Examination.

This was held in the Madoc Model School on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th October. It was conducted by the County Board of Examiners. The Head Masters of the Belleville and Madoc Model Schools were also present.

On the 23rd there was a written examination on the Theory and Practice of Education, School Law, Hygiene, and Mental Arithmetic, and an examination in Reading. On the 24th the candidates were required *to teach* in the presence of the Board, and, on the 25th, they were orally examined on various matters connected with their work. There were 45 candidates—25 having been trained in the Belleville Model School, and 20 in Madoc.

The following is a list of the successful candidates arranged in order of merit. The number opposite the name of each is the sum of the number of marks obtained for Education, Hygiene, School Law, Reading, Mental Arithmetic, and "Aptitude to teach."

The standing of the students in "Aptitude to teach" was given by the Board after consultation with the Principals of the Model Schools.

On account of his youth, no certificate can be granted to Mr. A. F. Macaulay.

			MAXIMUM	575
1	Harrison, Laura, Madoc Model School,			437
2	Matthews, Samuel, do	do	}	431
3	Connors, Emma, do	do		
4	Callery, Catharine, Belleville	do		422
5	Moore, William, do	do		421
6	Hales, Eliza Ann, Madoc	do	}	420
7	Wootton, Susan, do	do		
8	Scott, Thomas, Belleville	do		416
9	Shannon, James, Madoc	do		408
10	Palmer, Ella, do	do	}	407
11	Robinson, Annie, do	do		
12	Macaulay, A. F., do	do		406
13	Robertson, Eliza, Belleville	do		404
14	Madden, Patrick J., Madoc	do		389
15	Mosher, Augusta, do	do		387
16	Brock, Richmond W., do	do		386
17	Potter, Martha, do	do	}	384
18	McLaren, Alex., Belleville	do		
19	Huyck, Carrie, do	do	}	383
20	Murray, Elizabeth, Madoc	do		
21	Clark, Alevia, Belleville	do		380
22	Smith, Emmeline, do	do		379
23	Pyne, Florella, do	do		375
24	Loveless, Susan, do	do		374
25	Solmes, William, Madoc	do		363
26	Simpkins, Chas., Belleville,	do		361
27	Buckley, Minnie, do	do	}	358
28	Elliot, Minnie, Madoc	do		
29	Barragar, David, do	do		356
30	Simmons, Franklin, do	do		350
31	Tucker, Wm., Belleville	do		349
32	Ross, Lester, do	do	}	346
33	Wilcox, Addie, do	do		
34	Wheeler, James, do	do		345
35	Best, Sarah, do	do	}	341
36	McHenry, Mary, do	do		
37	Smith Walter, Madoc	do		340
38	Gerow, Thomas, do	do		335
39	Fleming, Annie, Belleville	do		334
40	Richards, Hannah, do	do		330
41	Palmer, Frankie, do	do		322
42	Rodgers, Margaret, do	do		304
43	Steadman, Emily, do	do		303
44	Hicks, Annie, do	do		299

Iron Discovered.

Mr. Henry Bull, while prospecting on the hill between his residence and the station a few days ago, discovered what promises to be a valuable deposit of iron ore. The specimens at least have all the appearances of being the genuine article, and the indications are that the greater part of the hill is composed of ore. Further explorations will be made.

More Cars Wanted.

Mining operations in this township, we learn, are obliged to be considerably curtailed on account of the inability of the Grand Trunk to supply enough cars to transport the ore over the B. & N. H. Railway. At the present time all along the line the carrying capacity of the Grand Trunk is taxed to its utmost, so that only a limited supply of rolling stock could be spared for this line. In fact, demands for more cars have been frequent since the opening of the mines, and we trust the company will make an effort as soon as possible to supply all the accommodation in this respect needed.

Serious Accident.

On Saturday last an old man named Adams, who lives three or four miles from this village in the direction of the Seymour mine, was thrown violently from a wagon while turning O'Flynn's corner, and received injuries which were thought at first would surely prove fatal. It appears in falling he was struck on the face by one of the wheels of the wagon, which was being driven altogether too fast at that particular spot, making a fearful looking wound in his forehead, besides cutting a deep gash under his left eye and breaking the bone of the nose. He was carried down to Moon's hotel, and his face, which presented a ghastly appearance, medically attended to. It was evident both he and the driver of the team were under the influence of liquor. If he recovers it will have been a narrow escape.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

The Toronto and Ottawa Railway,

and its advantages in connection with the Mineral resources of the Townships through which it will run.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

The passing of the By-law for $200,000 by the large majority of 536, by the ratepayers of the City of Ottawa, shows their earnest desire for the project; and no doubt the Road will be commenced next spring, and I trust will be carried on to completion at an early date.

There can be no doubt but the building of this line of Railway will be of vast importance, inasmuch as it will give the country another main line from Quebec and Montreal westward, and will facilitate the removal of the products of the west to our seaboard cities, as also of carrying of western bound freight along the line of the route of the road; while it will give to the farmer as much for his produce, and enable him to purchase his salt, iron, nails, and all heavy goods as cheap as can be purchased along the line of the Grand Trunk Railway at the front.

The Townships through which the Road will run, or that lie within a mile or two thereof, are Sherbrook, Oso, Olden, Kennebec, Kaladar, Elzivir, Hungerford, Madoc, Marmora, Rawdon, and Belmont. (I leave out Huntingdon as the road will run north of Hog Lake.) All these townships abound in iron ore, and are rich in other minerals, marble, slate, and timber, especially hardwood, all of which will be made available by the building of the Railway, and without the road must remain to a great extent undeveloped. With the facilities that this road would afford these townships, it would enable capitalists to erect smelting furnaces in each township if so desired, and manufacture our iron ore into pig iron, iron castings, bar iron, steel, &c, because they could bring the coal for smelting by this road at small cost compared with the removal of the ore to the States. For instance, if the ore would only yield some 60 or 65 per cent of iron after smelting, the loss in cost of carriage of from 35 to 40 tons of useless debris on the 100 tons of ore, would, with the small quantity of coal required to work a 100 tons of ore make the real cost of coal but trifling. Then why should we not work these ores at home, and have all the benefits and advantages from the profits to be derived therefrom, rather than give that profit to American capitalists and speculators. We should not allow them to lock up our iron ores, to be eventually taken away from the country, but we should give every encouragement to have them worked in our midst. We may not expect at once to build up a Birmingham, a Sheffield, or a Pittsburg, but as we have the ores, we can and ought to make a beginning, and there is no doubt but we should in a few years be able to supply all the iron and steel required for the use of the Dominion, as well as to export to other countries, therefore the necessity of having the Toronto and Ottawa Railway built as speedily as possible.

It may be said we have the North Hastings Road running to the iron mines. True, but that can't help any of the townships heretofore mentioned, except it might be Madoc and part of Marmora. But the Toronto and Ottawa Road would not only benefit all the townships before spoken of, but still further in the rear; while Belleville may be greatly benefitted by the North Hastings and Grand Junction roads, provided they would start up smelting and other works connected with the iron trade, but whether the citizens of Belleville like it or not, the Toronto and Ottawa road will be built, and it will not be long before our iron mines will be more fully developed by being worked and the ore being manufactured in our own country, thereby increasing our population by giving work to thousands, and enriching all who aid in the development of our mineral resources.

Yours, &c., &c.,

BILLA FLINT.

Belleville, Oct. 25th, 1879.

CHOICE PERFUMES.—Jockey Club, Ylang Ylang, Patchouli, Sweet Briar, White Rose, for sale by the ounce or bottle at Deans' Drug Store.

Land For Sale.

TWENTY-ONE (21) Building Lots for sale in the Village of Madoc, laid out on Park Lots 3 and 4, and known as "Norman's Hill."

Enquire of Captain Norman, Millbridge, or the undersigned,

CHARLES GREAM.

Madoc, September, 1879. 131

VALUABLE
FARM AND MILL PROPERTY
FOR SALE.

PART of Lot No. 6, in the 3rd con., township of Madoc, containing 150 acres, on which there is erected a first-class Saw Mill, with plenty of timber in the vicinity; Frame House, Kitchen, Wood-house, Frame Barn, Shed, Carriage House, Stables, and all necessary outbuildings; some Fruit Trees; well watered, well fenced, and about 60 acres under cultivation; within three miles of Madoc village.

Also east half Lot No. 6, 2nd con. This Farm is covered with a growth of very superior pine timber which renders it especially valuable.

Title indisputable. Terms made known on application to the undersigned,

JAS. O'HARA, Jr.

Madoc, March 29th, 1877.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

1879. GRAIN! 1879.

GRAIN!

The proprietors of the

North Hastings Grain Warehouse,

At the Madoc Station, on the line of the B. & N. H. Railway, beg to notify Farmers, Grain Buyers, and all parties interested, that their Warehouse, which has been fitted up with all the modern conveniences, is now ready for the receiving, storing, and shipping of Grain.

Madoc, Aug. 30th, 1879. 127

$1500 TO $6,000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE East halves of Lots Nos. 25 and 26, in the Eighth concession of Madoc, will be sold cheap. Apply to the publishers of the REVIEW, Madoc, or to

H. HOLDEN,
Shannonville.

95-6m

JAS. WHYTOCK,
Grocer & Provision
DEALER,

Keeps constantly on hand a first-class stock of

CHOICE GROCERIES

AND

PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS,

Which will be sold at the

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Farmers' Produce of all Kinds taken in exchange.

DURHAM STREET, MADOC.

TO BE LET.

LOTS 56 and 57, east side Hastings Road, Township of Tudor; also Lot 58, west side (part of the Cameron Mining Lot) comprising 100 acres or upwards. About 40 acres cleared, the rest well wooded, with water accommodation. The above would be well suited to the wants of a grown up family. A lease can be given on very moderate terms.

Apply to CAPT. NORMAN,
or to Millbridge,
Chas. Gream, Esq., Madoc. 130

TIES! TIES!!

50,000 WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED will make contract for Railway Ties to be delivered along the B. & N. H. Railway, during this fall and the coming winter.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1879. 127

Private Boarding House

PRIVATE BOARD and comfortable rooms can be obtained by applying to the undersigned, on Elgin Street, leading to the Model School.

MRS. J. HULIN.

Madoc, May 27th, 1879. 113

Boots and Shoes.

ALL KINDS OF

HOME-MADE WORK

FOR SALE,

OR MADE UP TO ORDER ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE,

—AT—

MORRICE'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE, MADOC.

Terms in Future Strictly Cash.

All outstanding accounts if not paid by the 14th of June will be put into Court for collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS

LIFE-LIKE PORTRAITS

in all the different styles and sizes.

CHILDREN TAKEN ONLY IN CLEAR WEATHER.

D. MORRICE.

MADOC

MODEL SCHOOL.

All Books Required at this Institution for sale,

At Publishers' Prices,

AT

C. G. WILSON'S,

Drug Store.

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker

AND

Jeweler,

MADOC, ONT.

A GOOD STOCK OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS, and

JEWELRY,

ALWAYS ON HAND,

CHEAP FOR CASH.

Cheap Bread!

8cts. PER LOAF,

AT

JNO. HARPER'S.

WHITE FISH,
FRESH WATER HERRING,
SALT WATER HERRING,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

FLOUR, FEED,

CROCKERY,

GLASSWARE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

J. HARPER.

Madoc, Jan. 21st, 1878. 65

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE and Lot. For terms apply to the owner on the premises.

Also a general assortment of Cooper's work on hand. Parties requiring such would do well to invest in a supply for the season. Terms Cash.

SAMUEL M. TABER,
49-tf. Madoc

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR SALE OR TO LET,

Situated on corner of Church and Elgin sts., in the

VILLAGE OF MADOC.

ALSO

A Small Shop to Let,

Opposite Harper's Block.

WM. MOORE.

MADOC PLANING MILLS.

The undersigned having removed their Planing Mills from Bridgewater to the Village of Madoc, and fitted up a

Planing Mill, Door, Sash and Blind Factory,

are now prepared to do all work in our line with promptness and despatch.

CUSTOM PLANING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

KERRS & WALTON.

Madoc, June 29th, 1879.

New Partnership.

ON entering into partnership with my son, George Caverly, I feel it my duty to return my grateful thanks to the public, for their unvarying patronage and support for a period of twenty-two years. The new firm will carry on the business on the same premises, and upon the same principles of good work, good materials, and fair prices.

JOSEPH CAVERLY & SON,

Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers,

Beg to notify their friends and the public generally that they are prepared to execute Blacksmith work of every description on the cheapest terms of the Trade.

HORSESHOEING will form a special branch of their business.

The manufacture of Agricultural Implements to order, and the ready repair of all kinds of machines now getting into general use on our well cultivated farms, and in the various Mills in North Hastings, can be depended on for quickness and thoroughness.

OUR CARRIAGE DEPARTMENT.

WE HAVE ON HAND

Lumber Sleighs, Bob-Sleighs, Handsome Family Sleighs, and Cutters,

of the most modern and fancy styles. Also,

LUMBER WAGONS, DEMOCRATS & BUGGIES,

in style, workmanship and finish, to suit customers.

GEORGE H. CAVERLY, JOSEPH CAVERLY.

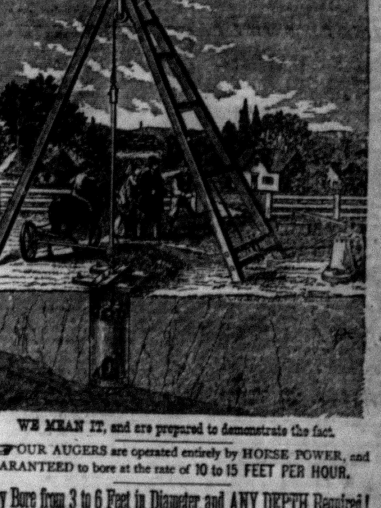
MADOC, January 17th, 1879

$25 to $50 PER DAY

CAN ACTUALLY BE MADE WITH THE

GREAT WESTERN

WELL AUGER!



WE MEAN IT, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact.

OUR AUGERS are operated entirely by HORSE POWER, and GUARANTEED to bore at the rate of 10 to 15 FEET PER HOUR.

They Bore from 3 to 6 Feet in Diameter, and ANY DEPTH Required!

They are WARRANTED TO BORE SUCCESSFULLY IN ALL KINDS OF EARTH, SOFT SAND and LIMESTONE; BITUMINOUS STONE COAL, SLATE, and HARDPAN, and make the BEST OF WELLS in QUICKSAND, GRAVEL, and CAVY EARTHS.

They are Easily Operated, Simple in Construction, and Durable! The Cheapest and Most Practical in the World!

MANUFACTURED AT OUR OWN WORKS, from the Very Best of Material, by Skilled and Practical Workmen.

GOOD ACTIVE AGENTS Wanted in Every County in the United States and Canada, to whom we offer liberal inducements. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue, Prices, Terms, &c., proving our advertisement *bona fide*

ADDRESS **GREAT WESTERN WELL AUGER WORKS,**

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Canadian Pacific
RAILWAY.

TENDERS FOR WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders Pacific Railway," will be received at this office up to noon on MONDAY, the 17th day of NOVEMBER next, for certain works of construction required to be executed on the line from near Yale to Lake Kamloops, in the following sections, viz:

Emory's Bar to Boston Bar........	29 miles
Boston Bar to Lytton	29 miles
Lytton to Junction Flat..............	28½ miles
Junction Flat to Savona's Ferry....	40½ miles

Specifications, bills of quantities, conditions of contract, forms of tender, and all printed information may be obtained on application at the Pacific Railway office in New Westminster, British Columbia, and at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief at Ottawa. Plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms and all the conditions are complied with.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, October 3rd, 1879. 132

HARNESS!
HARNESS!

P. SINCLAIR

HAS REMOVED HIS HARNESS SHOP TO

DALE'S BLOCK!

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm of 100 acres, being composed of Lots Nos. 1 and 2, [illegible], township of Herschel. On the premises are erected a good log house, new frame barn and other outbuildings. A never failing spring of water close to the house. Terms easy, and title indisputable. Apply to the proprietor on the premises, or by letter to

GODFREY GEBAL,
104 York River P. O.

Land for Sale.

WEST half of Lot 19, in 7th concession of Marmora, (near the Gatling mine,) containing 100 acres, partly cleared. Price moderate and terms liberal. Apply to

S. D. ROSS, Madoc,
Or to R. D. RUSSEL,
27-2m 467 St. Paul St. Montreal

THE COMFORTERS.

They say it is the darkest hour
 Comes just before the dawning,
And that God loves to show His power
 When misery's darkest shadows tower,
By changing night to morning.

They say He pours His sweetest balm
 To ease the sharpest paining,
And sends His deepest hours of calm
 With strength to bear th' unholy charm,
When black despair is reigning.

They tell us gentle works are done
 By thy rough hands, O sorrow—
That God's good seed of love is sown
 In stricken hearts, and springs alone
When grief hath ploughed the furrow!

Bereaved one, look up and see
 Thou art not all benighted;
Though [illegible] thy path may be,
 Life still holds happy days for thee,
With love's own sunshine lighted.

God's blessing on the comforters,
 Who bring [illegible] despairing!
A high and [illegible] is theirs,
 To come like angel messengers,
Sweet words of comfort bearing.

Come olive-leaves of peace they bring
 Across the troubled waters;
Oh! deem it not a little thing—
 This holy task of comforting
Earth's weary sorrowing daughters!

ANGELA, ENFANT DE MARIE.

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

Mr. Eaton's remarkable book on the Civil Service of Great Britain will be re-printed by Harper & Brothers.

[illegible] American poet, is preparing for publication a volume of his poems, but is not expected to appear for some time yet.

Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent of the London *News*, contradicts the reports that he is going to Afghanistan instead of lecturing on the scenes through which he passed when formerly among the Afghans.

Mr. Geo. Ticknor Curtis, one of the most elegant writers in America, has undertaken to write a Biography of the late President Buchanan. It is to be issued in two volumes on July 1st, 1880, and Mr. Curtis is to receive for his labor $6,000 and one half the copyright of the book. Mr. Curtis has made a good bargain even if the sale of the book should not be large.

"Jesus of Nazareth" is the title of a book soon to be published in England, which will embrace a sketch of Jewish history to the time of the Saviour's birth.

The life and works of that deep-searching scientist, Henry Thomas Buckle, are to be treated by Mr. Alfred Henry Huth, in a book soon to be published.

That sterling serial, *Fraser's Magazine*, at one time the best written magazine in Great Britain, is now under the editorial control of Principal Tulloch, who has just given up the editorship of the *Record of the Church of Scotland*.

Delving and Diving is the name of a new monthly paper just commenced in Manchester, England, and devoted to the dissemination of information about ragged schools, and the like.

A London publisher has been caught at a "trick of the trade," in publishing a story entitled "Is He the Man," by the author of "John Holdsworth, etc." Mr. Clark Russell writes the *Athenæum* that he wrote the story five or six years ago, and sold the copyright to another publisher. If correct, it is certainly not very creditable to the publisher of the *London Journal*, for he is the party referred to.

M. Jules Verne, a prolific and wonderful French writer, has in preparation a work to bear the title of "The Exploration of the world." It is to be profusely illustrated, and is likely to prove an interesting book, as it will comprehend all the explorations made in the past and present ages.

To such as wish to be *au fait* in the manners and customs of the English people, it would be well for them to study a new book recently published under the title of "Manners and Tone of Good Society." The *entree* to the upper ten thousand may easily be accomplished by reading this *vade mecum*, for it is really a thing needed by all who want to know what is what in the ranks of the aristocracy. There is nothing omitted in the work. How to introduce, how to act after introduction, and how to behave properly, are well and clearly defined. For instance, we are told that her Majesty is addressed as ma'am by the members of the aristocracy, and by the middle class as "Your Majesty." Princes and Dukes are called "Prince" and "Duke" by their equals, while inferiors say "Your Royal Highness," "Your Grace." In the matter of eating, we are told that pastry should be eaten with a fork, crumbs of cheese on crumbs of bread, fish with a silver knife instead of a fork and crust. But the most interesting part of the book is that devoted to the pronunciation of names, thus: Majoribanks is called Marshbanks; Mainwaring, Mannering; St. John, Sinjin; Cockburn, Coburn; Cholmondeley, Chumley; Berkeley, Barkley; Brougham, Broum; Montgomery, Mungumery; Abergavenny, Abergenny; Beauchamp, Beecham; Colquhoun, Koohoon; Duchesne, Dukarn; Beaconsfield, Beckonsfield; Bethune, Beeton; Milnes, Mills; Ruthven, Riven; St. Maur, Seymour, and so on.

Though ten or twelve years have passed since the terrible mutiny in India, it has not lost much of interest; at least so thinks Col. Malleson, who has just issued a second volume of his history of that world-famed event, and it is said he contemplates writing another volume. The new volume opens with the seige of Delhi, and ending with the relief of Lucknow. The author tells this pleasing story of Lieutenant Vaughan and Captain Peel:

"Lieut. Vaughan now pointed and fired one of [illegible] at the small gun of the enemy, which was concealed behind the [illegible] and annoying us much. [illegible] the roof of the house; [illegible] the angle of the wall about [illegible] and a third dismounted the [illegible] the carriage. Capt. Peel, [illegible] standing by, said: 'Thank you, [illegible]; perhaps you will now be so [illegible] as to blow up the tumbril.' Lieut. Vaughan fired a fourth shot, which passed near it; and a fifth, which blew it up and killed several of the enemy. 'Thank you,' said Capt. Peel, in his blandest and most courteous tones; 'I will now go and report to Sir Colin.'"

The story of John Milton's divorce from his first wife, Mary Powell, is not generally known. Milton was an adherent of the anti-Royalist cause in 1642, he married Miss Powell in 1643, and soon after he was suspected as an enemy of Charles I. His wife was a daughter of an ardent Royalist, and it is believed that she, unwillingly perhaps, told her family of Milton's complicity; at all events he was compromised, and he believed himself to have been betrayed by his wife; hence the divorce. Of course opinions vary, and other causes are assigned for the difference between the great poet and his wife. That he believed she had betrayed him would appear evident from the following extracts given by a writer in the *Athenæum*:—

In "Sampson Agonistes," Milton says:—

"Did not she
Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her height
Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight
To them who had corrupted her, my spies
And rivals?

And again, in l. 488:—

"Let me here
As I deserve pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been! how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all—to be excluded
All friendship and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front.

And lastly, in l. 773, Dalila herself says, what no doubt poor Mary Powell urged as her excuse:—

"First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them—both common female faults
But I to enemies revealed, and should not"

CAVAGNARI'S SUCCESSOR.

The Government of India has picked out from among all its competent servants an Irish surgeon to accompany General Roberts as political agent to Cabul, and will, in all probability, make him the next envoy to the Afghan Court, with full control over our relations with the country. This is, says the *Spectator*, a curious fact, even in India, where surgeons have once or twice played great parts, and would deserve record, if only as an event in the history of the Empire, which a surgeon may be said to have founded. The political agent, moreover, with an expedition is always the most important person in it, and so much will depend on this one that it may be worth while to occupy a page in explaining who he is and what his political opinions are. Mr. Bellew—or as he is styled, by an inveterate Anglo-Indian habit, Dr. Bellew—is, even in India, where men are so individual, a very remarkable person. The son of Brevet Major Bellew, who lost his life in the disastrous retreat from Cabul in 1842, he displayed in boyhood an unusual devotion to scientific pursuits, more especially geology and botany. After a course of study at St. George's Hospital in 1855, and when scarcely twenty-one years of age, he received his surgeon's diploma and an appointment in the East India Company's medical service, then a close corporation. He was, however, so exceptionally young that he could not legally take up his commission, and went out to Scutari to the military hospital, there to pass the needful interval as a medical volunteer. At Scutari he made himself so useful and received such testimonials from the surgeons in command, that on his arrival in India, in 1856, Lord Canning placed in his hands the medical charge of the Guides, then, as now, the crack corps of the Irregular service. While acting in this capacity, in 1857, Sir H. Lumsden, who had raised the Guides, took him with him on his mission to Candahar. There the young doctor, still hardly more than a lad, set up a dispensary, and acquired the reputation, which still adheres to him throughout Afghanistan and the frontier, of being the greatest among the English hakims, the one whom a great native could most advantageously consult. He cured Shere Ali himself of a painful disease, and the Ameer in return actively assisted him with books and access to ancient MSS. in the studies of Afghan history and dialects to which he devoted himself, and in which he acquired an extraordinary range of knowledge. He is probably the second best Pushtoo scholar alive, and when, in 1872, he was selected to accompany Sir R. Pollock to Seistan to settle boundaries, he in six months acquired and reduced to a systematic grammar a previously unwritten language of the province, a feat declared by the *Saturday Review*, if we remember aright, to be previously unexampled. This mission, a second mission to Yarkund with Sir Douglas Forsyth and his special reputation as a hakim who could understand any man's tongue, which, on his return to India, brought chiefs over the mountains to him as on a pilgrimage, gave him an unusual acquaintance with the leading men both of the frontier and Afghanistan, and when a few weeks since Lord Lytton selected him, still a practising surgeon, for the first diplomatic appointment in Afghanistan, no one in the northwest was either surprised or envious. Service etiquettes are apt to give way in India when work is to be done, and the Viceroy had selected the best informed and most experienced envoy he could find among the men who hold opinions favorable to the policy of advancing the Empire beyond the Suleiman.

JEWISH POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

The 56th annual report for 1878 of the Berlin Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews has been lately published. There is no concealment of the fact that the visible results do not correspond with the wishes of the society. The receipts during the year amounted to only 16,731 marks (about £836), of which 11,951 marks (about £597) were the proceeds of a simultaneous collection on the tenth Sunday after Trinity, in all the Protestant churches of the kingdom of Prussia. In the appendix, some interesting details are given respecting the distribution of the Jews all over the world. The total number of the Hebrew race to-day is about what it was in the days of King David—between six and seven millions. There are in Europe, according to the latest statistical information, about five millions; in Asia, 200,000; in Africa, over 80,000; in America, from a million to a million and a half. More than half of the European Jews (2,621,000) reside in Russia; 1,475,000 in Austria (of whom 575,000 are in the Polish Province of Galicia); 512,000 in Germany (61,000 in the Polish Province of Posen); Roumania is credited with 274,000, and Turkey with 100,000. There are 70,000 in Holland, 50,000 in England, 49,000 in France, 35,000 in Italy; Spain and Portugal have between 2,000 and 4,000; 1,800 in Sweden, 25 in Norway. Nothing is said about Denmark or Switzerland. The number of Jewish residents in Berlin is given at 45,000, nearly as many as in the whole of France, and more than in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Scandinavian peninsula altogether. The majority of the African Jews live in the Province of Algiers. But they are to be found in Abyssinia, and all along the north coast, and even in the Saharan oases, frequently acting as intermediaries between the Mahometans and Christians. Of the Asiatic Jews, 20,000 are assigned to India, and 25,000 to Palestine. The population of Jerusalem is given at 7,000 Mahometans, 5,000 Christians, and 13,500 Jews; these last are classified as German, Spanish, or Arabic Jews. The report gives no details concerning America, except that in New York there are 30 synagogues.

FAINTING.

The Cause and Cure of This Common Malady.

(New York Times.)

Fainting is so common with some persons, particularly women, and the cause of it is so little understood by non-professional people, that some knowledge on the subject often proves valuable. Faintness consists in a temporary failure of the activity of the heart, the blood not being properly circulated in consequence. Although it does not reach the head, the sufferer loses all clearness of vision, and, if not prevented, may fall, the fall not unfrequently restoring the normal condition. There is no convulsion, and though he—more probably she—can hardly be called conscious, he is not so profoundly unconscious as to be incapable of arousal, as happens in epilepsy. There are all degrees of faintness, from merely feeling faint and looking somewhat pale to positive and complete swooning. In some cases, one faint is no sooner cured than another and another succeed, hour after hour, even day after day. It is scarcely necessary to say that such cases are serious and need prompt treatment. The causes are various. Some persons are so easily affected, that they swoon if they cut their fingers or see any one bleed. The defect is oversensitive nerves and weak muscular fibre. The heart is essentially a muscle, which is feeble in some, strong in others—feeble generally in women and strong in men. Whatever weakens the heart and muscles commonly produces faintness, close, foul air being an active cause. Whatever greatly affects the nerves, such as bad news or the sight of a disagreeable or horrible, may induce a swoon; and a loss of blood is another and a serious incitement. Sound health, naturally accompanied by firm nerves and muscles, is the best preventive of faintness. The majority of vigorous men go through all kinds of severe and painful experiences without fainting, while delicate men and women swoon at trifles. American women, who used to faint continually—in crowds, at bad news, at scenes of distress—now faint comparatively seldom; and the fact is ascribed to their relinquishment, for the most part, of the habit of lacing to their increased exercises in the open air, and their better physical condition. Not one American woman faints to-day, where, thirty years ago, twenty-five women fainted, and the diminution of the disorder, always the result of direct causes, is an unmistakable evidence, which other things corroborate, of the marked amelioration of the health of the highly-organized, extremely sensitive, but flexible and enduring women of our complex race.

TWO PICTURES.

I.

Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing!" she hissed. "I am going to tell father on you!"

"This is only corn-silk," murmured the boy penitently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see that you do not get into that beastly, horrid, degrading habit. I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

II.

It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckle and syringa are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little bird object to me smoking a cigarette?"

"Not at all," replied Miss Murray. "I like cigarettes, they are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

"Then I'll light one."

"Do, and blow some of the smoke in my face, it is so soothing and dreamily Paradisic."

Then he lights a cigarette, and they talk about the weather for two hours and a-half.

—The powers of a horse's memory were illustrated at Rochester, N. Y., recently, where the driver of a hook and ladder truck tried an experiment. Three years and a-half ago the city sold a team of horses that had been used for drawing the truck, and since then they had been employed in different work. One day recently the driver took the horses into the truck house and turned them loose, whereupon each went directly to his own stall, and when a gong was sounded they ran out and took their accustomed positions at the tongue of the machine.

—Advice to housekeepers—If you can't can all you want to, can all you can and dry all you can't.

CAVAGNARI'S END.

The best story of the Cabul massacre is the following, taken from the lips of one of the survivors and furnished to the *Standard*. Says the writer:—

I have just had a long conversation with one of Sir Louis Cavagnari's servants who escaped; he and three others are, as far as is known, the sole survivors of the hideous massacre, of which doubtless you have been already informed by wire. The particulars of the occurrence are as follows: At about half-past seven a.m. on the 2nd, crowds of armed Afghan soldiery were perceived rushing towards the residency. Sir Louis Cavagnari must have expected something, as he ordered all the Sowars inside, and had the gates closed. Soon a mob of about four thousand men had collected. The gate was broken down, and in a few seconds the Sowars, though they fought nobly, were borne down by numbers and massacred to a man. A few soldiers, with the four whitemen, met the assault of the infuriated throng, who, wild with fanaticism and the exultation of feeling their prey in their grasp, swarmed to the attack. No flinching, no wild firing was to be seen in the gallant little band that met and repelled the attack. Again and again did the Afghans, like a recurring wave, forced on by the pressure of those behind, vainly essay to win their way into the house. Each effort but increased the heap of slain that fast accumulated round the house. Cowed by their reception, they withdrew to the cover available from walls and houses, and from their 'vantage ground poured a hail of lead into every opening in the building. Gallant Hamilton, so lately adorned with the Queen Victoria Cross, adorned it with his heroic bravery. He exposed himself undauntedly to the hottest fire; for a time he seemed to bear a charmed life, but at length a bullet pierced his heart, and he, fighting nobly, fell. Dr. Kelly ran to his aid and a bullet speedily laid him low, too. Jenkyns was the next to fall. Cavagnari, still unhurt, cheered on the gradually lessening band; his presence inspired all. Cheerfully and resolutely they dealt out death to many a treacherous Afghan. Cavagnari would strike while he could; he ordered the treasure chest to be emptied into the court-yard; his fire momentarily ceased. The Afghans, yielding to their greed, and thinking resistance over, crowded to seize the glittering rupees. In a moment our men concentrated their fire on the crowd struggling for the plunder. A fire more infernal than before was soon reopened by the attackers and now, to their other misfortunes, the magazine of the defenders exploded, and the roof was set on fire. With numbers reduced by half, fire within, bullets from without, nothing daunted, each man stood to his post; but the reduced numbers told—a sudden rush of the enemy gained the door; that feeble barrier gave way; yet no sign of fear was shown—all met their death fighting.

CAVAGNARI'S DEATH.

A surging throng filled the room where Cavagnari, a jemadar and three natives were. Cavagnari's revolver spoke three times the death knell of as many Afghans, and then a blow from a heavy Afghan knife laid him low. His murderer did not long survive; with one blow of his sabre the jemadar swept off his head. A few more such blows he made, and then he lay beside his master. But one escaped, the narrator of the tale to me; he hid in a bath. The roof was now blazing, a part had fallen on the dead body of Cavagnari, so the crowd did not wait to search, but dragging the bodies of the killed from the burning house, they did not search for any concealed persons, and so my informant escaped. He was a man who was thoroughly conversant with the Afghan tongue, and being a Mussulman, he managed his escape from the house to pass himself off as a Cabali. The bodies were treated with all the unmentionable indignities which Asiatics inflict on their enemies. From eight a. m. till two p. m. the the attack on the Residency continued. Yakoob had plenty of other troops besides those that attacked the Residency, yet he made no attempt even to send them to the rescue. Dad Shah, the Commander-in-Chief, found a sufficient reason in the pelting of a couple of stones at him not to interfere. Yakoob's son, a mere boy, visited the scene of attack, but being politely told not to interfere could not conquer his feelings of sympathy with the slayers of the Kaffirs; he, too, did nothing. One noble man there was, a Mollah (a Mussleman priest), who sought Yakoob during the attack and begged him to interfere, and reproached him with the disgrace of killing a friend and an ambassador; but Yakoob said, "I can do nothing." It is stated that all was Yakoob's design, and the seeming mutiny of troops was but a skilful cloak for the murderous act of his own origination. It is strange that, at the massacre of McNaghten, of the former mission, a Mollah had similarly reproached the Ameer, and that his words were the means of saving the lives of George Lawrence and others of the mission who had been seized and were momentarily expecting their death. No such good fortune was in store for our unfortunate countrymen.

CHEMISTRY OF TEA, AND ITS MEDICAL EFFECTS.

Tea, when chemically analyzed, is found to contain woody fibre, mucilage, a considerable quantity of the astringent principle which is, perhaps, connected with a peculiar aroma. The tannin is shown by its striking a black color with sulphate of iron, and is the cause of the dark stain which is always formed when tea is spilled upon buff-colored cottons dyed with iron. A crystallizable and saleifiable constituent has been found in tea, which has been called *Theine*, and is supposed to be identical with *Caffeine*, one of the constituents of coffee. Theine exists in tea in combination with tannin, or tannic acid, forming tannate of thiene, and is extracted by hot water, but precipitates on the water cooling. Liebig has conjectured that theine, from its containing nitrogen in its composition, and by its combination with oxygen and the elements of water yielding *taurine*, the nitrogenized compound peculiar to bile, may contribute to the formation of that secretion, and hence may perform an important part in the function of nutrition. If this conjecture should prove well founded, it may account for the liquid appearing to possess more nutritive property than has been supposed; why tea so often satisfies the poor as a substitute for animal food; and why females and literary persons who take little exercise manifest such partiality for it; and it would likewise show why none of the substitutes for tea which have been tried have been found equal to it, being deficient in the theine. It does not appear quite certain whether green or black teas contain the greatest quantity of the astringent principles of tannin; for the analysis of Sir H. Davy gave most to black tea, whereas Mr. Brande ascribes the most to the green; the latter opinion is most generally received, though it is probable that the composition of both kinds of tea varies considerably in this respect.

Few things have been more exclaimed against than the drinking of tea, the constant practice of which has been proclaimed to be injurious to the nerves, and debilitating to the constitution; yet the use of this beverage continues. It has been attempted, also, to be shown that it is a useless article of diet to the poor, as being devoid of nutriment, except it may be contained in the milk and sugar used with it, yet some explanation is necessary to account for the great partiality of all, particularly of the poor, for tea. Liebig observes, "We shall certainly never be able to discover how men were led to the use of the hot infusion of the leaves of a certain shrub (tea), or of a decoction of certain roasted seeds (coffee). Some cause there must be which would explain how the practice has become a necessary of life to whole nations." General experience has proved that it is a valuable diluent, and particularly useful at the commencement of febrile complaints, and, being of a slightly sedative and astringent quality, is allowed to be peculiarly refreshing after great fatigue. Upon the whole, it is not shown by facts that its effects upon the human constitution, when used in moderation, are of that injurious tendency that has been so frequently alluded to; on the contrary, there is no doubt that, among the lower classes in particular, its substitution for stronger stimulants has been extremely beneficial, and that its character has risen of late in the medical profession. It is, perhaps, less proper for breakfast than for an evening refreshment, and it is not advisable to allow it as a constant morning meal for young people, who require something more nutritive. Strong green tea, however, has remarkable and injurious effects on certain constitutions, producing tremour, distressing feelings, and sleeplessness when taken at night; hence it has been employed by ardent students to resist the desire for sleep.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

This is as pretty a case of diamond cut diamond as has turned up for some time. The dramatis persona are Captains Jones and Emerson of the army. They were dining at a hotel, and when Jones, who is very dignified, was almost out of the dining room, Emerson shouted, "Hallos, Captain, see here! I want to speak to you a minute." The Captain turned and walked back to the table and bent over him, when Emerson whispered, "I wanted to ask you how far you would have gone if I had not spoken to you." The Captain never changed a muscle, but straightened up, put his fingers into his vest pocket and said, in a voice loud enough for all to hear him: "Captain Emerson, I don't know of a man in the world I had rather lend five dollars to than you, but the fact is I haven't a cent with me to-day," and turned on his heel and walked away. Emerson was the color of a half a dozen rainbows, but he had to stand it. He never heard the last of it, and it cost him more than ten dollars to treat on it.

VALISES THAT LOOK ALIKE.

How He Proved that His'n Wasn't Her'n.

(From the Burlington Hawkeye.)

If the trunk manufacturers do not quit making so many thousands of valises exactly alike, somebody is going to get into some awful trouble about it some time, and some trunk maker will be sued for damages enough to build a court house.

The other day an omnibus full of passengers drove up town from the Union depot. Side by side sat a commercial traveler, named William Maxaby, and Mrs. Winnie C. Dumbleton, the eminent lady temperance lecturer. When the omnibus reached the Barret House the commercial missionary seized his valises and started out. The lady made a grab after him and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but you have my valise."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveler said, courteously but firmly, "this is mine."

"No sir!" the lady replied, "it is mine. I would know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin valise in the omnibus and asked:—

"Whose is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveller; "it is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady; "he has mine and I'll have it or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally the traveller said he would open the valise to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her valise opened in the presence of strangers. But as there was no other means of settling the dispute she at length consented. The traveller sprung the lock, opened the valise, and the curious crowd bent forward to see.

On the very top of everything lay a big flat flask, half full of whiskey, a deck of cards, and one or two other things that nobody knows the name of.

The traveller was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.

"Madam," he said, "your are right. The valise is yours. I owe you a thousand apolo—"

But the lady had fainted, and the traveller relocked his valise with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign painter down town received a note a feminine hand, asking him to come to the Barret House to mark a red leather valise in black letters, a foot and a-half long.

ENCIRCLED BY FLAMES.

A Sharp County, Ark., Man Who has Caught Afire and is Illuminating the Country.

(Little Rock (Ark)., Gazette.

Information reaches us that the Sharp County "fire man" is still burning. This affair is, indeed, very wonderful—wonderful in two respects—wonderful if true, and wonderful if not true. Wonderful in the not true sense because people of Sharp County, some of them, believe the story. At night, so the story goes, the man resembles a moving illumination. His nose is as a taper, and his eyes as red lanterns. Several nights ago he appeared to a party of fishermen. Coming up suddenly, accompanied by a glare and fearfully flickering lights that flared with the wind, he awakened the most augmented terror. He did not speak, but stood glaring at the men, and when they ran away he followed them.

A history of the man, as near as can be obtained, says that several years ago he was a well-to-do farmer. Though a kind-hearted man, he was exceedingly profane, and was never at a loss for an oath. A protracted religious meeting was sprung at a school-house in his neighborhood. His wife, a very religious woman, persisted in attending, and at night, when she came home, her husband would hear nothing else but the bright way in which some neighbour came through, or how devout Brother Perkins had proved himself. The man argued with his wife, and told her that there was no Christ, no God, no devil. "Look," said he, "into the Christ matter. The Testament says that at the crucifixion of Jesus the world grew suddenly dark and the earth shook. The Grecian and Roman astronomers of those days were learned. Why did they not transmit accounts of such a remarkable phenomenon?" His wife, "simple-minded and unread," did not attempt to answer his argument, but with that characteristic faith of an Olintheus, continued to nightly sit within the sound of the Gospel. The man—Hamlin is his name, which fact should have been mentioned before—gradually lost his reason, and vowed that if his wife did not quit attending church, he would burn down the building. One night, after his wife had gone, Hamlin took a chunk of fire from the fire-place, and moved off towards the school-house. When he arrived the minister was painting a glorious picture for the good, and giving to the bad a miserable chromo. Hamlin, unobserved, stole to one corner of the house. He blew the firebrand till it blazed. He laid it down and gathered splinters and dry grass. Then, igniting them, he thrust the blazing fagots and grasses under one corner of the house. He fed the fire with sticks and chips, and when he saw that the fire would "go" he yelled demoniacly and dashed away through the woods. The congregation was startled by an outcry, but, hearing no repetition, again gave way to the influence of the speaker. Suddenly a glare. A flame spear had shot through the floor. The superstitious congregation crowded together like sheep, and the minister, himself frightened, ran from the house, followed by his entire flock. The house burned down, and when Mrs. Hamlin went home she found her husband tossing on the bed. He said he was burning up, and before water could be lifted to his mouth it became boiling hot. Suddenly he sprang out of bed. Every hair on his head seemed a blaze of fire. Currents of fire ran from his ears into his nostrils. With a wild yell he ran from the house, and ever since then he has been burning. There are hundreds who will vouch for this improbable story.

THE DUTY OF AN AUDIENCE.

Surely the obligation of the public toward their entertainers is not discharged by the mere money transaction that secures to the one a seat, and compels the other to perform certain pieces. Society would grumble if our dealings with our fellow creatures were conducted on the hard and fast lines of contracts alone, setting aside all considerations of courtesy and good feeling. We pay our servants, and yet clothe our commands in the dress of politeness. We are not obliged to express in a theatre what we do not feel, but we are obliged, if we admit that courtesy is among the canons of good-breeding to abstain from indifference so pronounced. We go even further, and assert that audiences when pleased should show their approbation frankly. They would be great gainers by affording such cordial encouragement. Artists are proverbially the most sensitive of mortals. They cannot do their best for lymphatic spectators; applause is to them like water to the thirsty; it puts fresh life into them. English audiences are painfully cold, and in fashionable theatres indifference is *chic*. The passionate enthusiasm of an Italian or Viennese house would be voted absurd by our languid youths and insipid maidens of the gilded order, and, therefore, it is to the pit and the gods that the artists look for encouragement. Silent indifference is, however, negative. No one has a right to meddle with people because they are too stupid or too affected to take an interest, or, if they take it, to show it. Talking is positive, and as it is insulting and annoying to both actors and honest play goers, it ought to be put down. Behind the scenes notices are posted up requesting the artists not to speak in the wings during the performance of the play. A notice, "Talking is prohibited," might prove useful in the stalls and boxes, and we think one or two additions could be made. We would suggest the following:—"Gentlemen requiring refreshments are requested to return to their places before the curtain is rung up again, and not begin searching for their hats and coats before the conclusion of the play."—*Emily Faithful, in The Theatre.*

—He said he wanted her to be his help-meet, and she replied that she could never be more than assister to him.

CANADIAN NOTES.

The man Hawkins, who was so seriously injured by the dynamite explosion in Stratford last spring, is at work again, having, with the exception of the loss of an eye, recovered his usual health.

Thomas Ouellette has purchased the south half of lot 2 in the 12th con. of Colchester, part of the Koifage estate, containing one hundred acres, for $1,000.

On Monday last, John Manson sold the north half of lot 10, in the 1st concession of Malden, to Patrick Lafferty. It contains 83 acres, and the price paid was $4,000.

Lot 35, con. 7, Wallace, has been sold to Philip Goebel for $4,500 cash. Jabez Foreman, of Mornington, has bought lot 53 and 54, concession 1, Elma, for $3,500.

A person of the name of Ross, residing in Walkerton, was so badly maltreated by two men from Mildway on Friday night, that it is rumored he has since died. Ross was long a resident in London some years ago.

Simcoe's rate of taxation this year has been fixed at 14 mills in the dollar.

Oxford county fall wheat averaged 20 to 25 bushels to the acre the past season.

The Dominion Telegraph Co. have opened an office at Woodford, Ont.

The druggists of Kingston have decided to close their shops at 8 p. m. from Nov. 1 to April 1.

Mr. Peter McNelly, of North Norwich, has put in over 200 acres of fall wheat this season.

D. O'Neil, of Paris station, is minus a valuable horse. The animal fell into a well and was killed.

The new Presbyterian church in Norwich will be opened for public worship the first Sunday in November.

We learn that the prisoner Wm. Smith, who committed the burglary and robbery at the Lisgar House, St. Thomas, last Tuesday night, was committed for trial by the Police Magistrate in that town on Saturday last.

A short time since, a silver mine was discovered on the old Liverpool Road, 35 miles from Kingston station. The specimens tested tend to show, that the mine will be a valuable one. The quartz on the top of the ground is said to be worth $10 per ton. A prospecting company of 100 members, shares $10 each, has been organized.

Mr. T. G. McMullen, left Truro, N. S., last week *en route* for Brantford, Ontario, to purchase machinery for a steam grist mill which he proposes erecting.

A young man named Scott, a farmer's son near Paisley, met with a painful accident last week. While attending to a threshing machine, his arm was drawn into it, and before it could be extricated was so badly injured as to necessitate amputation above the elbow. The operation was successfully performed, and the patient is progressing favorably.

An insane man was taken in charge by the Chatham police on Monday morning and was committed to jail by the police magistrate. He was found singing hymns and repeating the Lord's prayer. He would sing and pray until utterly exhausted, and then lie down until he had gained strength to begin again. He refused to give his name or say where he came from. He appears to be a German.

Saturday night burglars succeeded in effecting an entrance to the millinery store of Miss Whitson, on Sandwich street, Windsor, and secured a large amount of laces, silks, feathers and fancy goods, valued at about $200. It is believed that the deed was committed by the gang which is at present operating in this city.

George Betts was charged at the St. Thomas Police Court with using insulting language toward and threatening to kill Emma Luke. Mrs. Luke deposed that on the 17th inst. defendant rapped at her door and threatened to cut her heart out. He had an open knife in his hand at the time. Betts, who said he was innocent as the child unborn, was fined $4.50, inclusive of costs, or ten days in jail.

Mr. W. Wadham, of Yarmouth, received $157 in prizes for his sheep at the various fairs throughout Elgin district. He has since disposed of four of the lambs for $70, and a ram for $35.

Mr. E. W. Porter, late purchasing agent of the Canada Southern Railway, was entertained to a complimentary supper at the Canada Southern dining rooms, St. Thomas, on Thursday evening last. An address expressing regret at his departure and well wishes for the future was presented to Mr. Porter on behalf of the citizens of the town and officials of the road. The address was accompanied by a diamond solitaire valued at $400, a tea service worth $200, and a gold chain and seal valued at $65.

Dugald Campbell, of Aldborough, has been committed to the Elgin county jail on the charge of committing an aggravated assault upon his brother Duncan.

It is said that the executioner selected to conduct the final episode in the life of Clark Brown, the Winchester paricide, is the same man who hanged Whalen, the murderer of T. D'Arcy McGee.

There were three incendiary fires in St. Thomas on Sunday, 19th.

Windsor's total indebtedness is $250,000.

The Windsor Infantry Company paraded the streets of that town on Monday, forty-two strong, and was afterwards inspected by Lieut.-Col. Taylor, of London. He congratulated the members of the company on their fine appearance and proficiency in drill.

A farmer named Alexander Sinclair, who lives four miles from Windsor, fell through a hatchway on Main street yesterday morning and broke one of his legs. He was taken home in a hack and his leg was set by Dr. Casgrain.

A man and wife named John and Annie Kirkpatrick were arrested at Fingal on Thursday last, on a charge of horse stealing. It appears they engaged a horse from a Sarnia livery stable keeper to drive round town for an hour, and drove away, turning up in Elgin county.

Last week a man named Killburn, who resides near Belmont, met with a serious accident while engaged in threshing. It seems the belt by some means came off the band wheel—the old fashioned horse power—and the horse started to run away. Killburn picked up a handspike and ran it under the wheel, thinking to stop the machine in that way, but the stick caught in the wheel and flew around, striking him with such force that he was thrown fifteen feet in the air. Some of his ribs were broken, and he received other severe injuries. His recovery is considered doubtful.

A VERY LITTLE BOY, INDEED.

In a small frame building in West Fifty-fourth street, near Ninth avenue, New York, is, perhaps, the tiniest specimen of humanity to be found in any part of the world. Mrs. George Fromm, the mother, says that at the birth of her baby boy, three weeks ago, it weighed only eleven ounces and three-quarters, its height being five inches, and breadth across the shoulders two and a-half. Three weeks have developed the child into larger proportions, especially the head, which was at first not bigger than an apple. On the 4th inst. this wonderful baby was baptized in the German Protestant Episcopal Church, in Forty-second street, his father's name, George, being chosen. Mrs. Fromm is a good natured, pleasant-looking woman of German birth, five feet seven inches in height, weighing 135 pounds. The father of the tiny babe weighs about 160 pounds. Eleven years have elapsed since their marriage, and they have had five other children, all of the ordinary height and weight. The mother is particularly attached to her last mite, who promises to become a sound, healthy child. Regular features and bright clear eyes, with fine delicate skin, are its distinguished characteristics. The fingers and toes are so small that a microscope would be a good thing for a visitor to take in his pocket.

A TERRIBLE SUICIDE.

(From the Frankfurter Zeitung.)

An appalling case of suicide occurred a few days ago at Edmodlham, and which recalls in its features ancient tragedy. A farmer named Hoffinger had two sons. The elder fell in love with the servant-maid, but had to join his regiment as a soldier and serve his three years with the colors. On his return home he discovered that his brother had supplanted him in the affections of the maid. He conjured her to allow old relations to be re-established, but she refused. He threatened to commit suicide, but she laughed at him. Some days after she went so far as to taunt him with cowardice, declaring she did not believe he could muster courage enough to drown himself in the neighboring lake. He answered that he would not drown himself but would take away his life in a manner which would make her hair stand on end. On the morning of Sunday, September 7th, while his parents and sisters were at church, he took a young horse from the stable, fastened a rope securely to him, and bound the end of the rope around his own body. He then put a lighted slow match into the ear of the poor animal, which naturally started off, and mad with pain, dragged the unfortunate Hoffinger after him in all directions, finally plunging into the Seekirchner lake. Later in the day the two bodies were found in the lake still fastened together. Hoffinger was so fearfully shatered and mutilated as to be quite beyond recognition.

AN EMPEROR'S LOST HEART.

A Ghastly Story About Napoleon the Great.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

At Plogastel, in Brittany, there is living an English physician named Thos Cartwell, aged 82 years, who tells travelers a strange story, in which he says he figured as a principal actor.

On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon the Great died at Longwood, St. Helena, after causing Sir Hudson Lowe so much unhappiness that he went crazy, and, returning to England, lost all his fortune in extravagant speculations in stocks. The Emperor's last companions, Bertrand, Montholon, Gourgaud and Las Cases, immediately made a demand for a physician expert in the science of embalming. Sir Hudson Lowe, who shrank from no expense, sent a physician, an Italian named Antomarchi, who had attended the Emperor when he was troubled with a sty on the eye. The doctor hastened to his work, but certain instruments were needed. He required at least two assistants, etc. Sir Hudson Lowe made haste to supply all his demands. He sent a boat to an English frigate at anchor in the offing, with a request for two naval surgeons, supplied with everything required for the embalming process.

One of the two persons sent was a youth of 20 years, well educated and full of ambition, and he was received on the islands as Assistant Surgeon Thomas Cartwell. He and his comrade hastened to assist Dr. Antomarchi. About 4 in the afternoon of May the 5th the work was begun. The corpse of Napoleon I. was lifted from the little bed where he had died and placed on a long marble-topped table, which was still intact when, in 1857, Napoleon III. bought with Government funds the small house in which had died the man whom he persisted in making the public believe to have been his uncle. The process of embalming was not finished when night came and interrupted it. Antomarchi and his assistants agreed that the completion of it must be postponed until the next morning. They determined to go to bed and resume their work at daybreak. First they covered the Emperor's body with a white cloth which they sprinkled and saturated with certain liquids to prevent putrefaction. The various internal organs that had been removed were placed in metal cups on the operating table. Then the three operators went to their rooms and slept profoundly.

They had hardly been asleep an hour when Marchand, the valet of the dead Emperor, knocked at Cartwell's door calling out "Come down, sir, quick! A great misfortune has just happened." "What is it?" said the young surgeon, appearing in his uniform. "Oh, sir, the Emperor's heart has been eaten up by rats!" It was true. The island was infested with rats. They were as thick as the English. While Marchand was out of the room some rats had rushed in and finding the heart of the conqueror of Austerlitz in a basin, had made but a mouthful of it. The valet, on returning to the room, saw them scamper away, and all he could do was to announce the irreparable loss.

What was now to be done? The physicians met and consulted. It was impossible to conceal the absence of the organ that had been eaten up, the operation of embalming having been begun before witnesses who had seen it. To confess the accident was to expose Marchand to severe rebuke, and the poor fellow was already wretched enough. A happy though occurred to Cartwell. "If we could only get a sheep heart," he suggested to Automarchi with excessive caution. All the four persons present looked at one another nervously, hesitated, and then began to laugh together like four Roman augurs. They understood one another. Marchand ran to a neighboring farm, killed a sheep and brought back his heart still warm and palpitating.

On the next day, the 7th of May, Antomarchi and his assistants in the presence of Gen. Bertrand and M. de Montholon, finished the embalming of the Emperor, without any person among his suite in the least suspecting the extraordinary performance of the night before. If the story is true, and if the old retired English ex-surgeon of Plogastel is not a joker, the heart of the sheep of St. Helena has been resting for thirty-three years under the dome of the Invalides.

THE MUNRO HOMICIDE.

How the Commutation Was Received by the Condemned Man.

(Barrie Examiner.)

On Monday last, just three days prior to the time appointed for his execution, the prayer of the petition was more than granted by a commutation of Munro's death sentence to that of seven years' imprisonment in the Provincial Penitentiary. The condemned man had communicated with his wife—as he supposed—for the last time on earth, authorizing her to dispose of whatever property belonged to him, and to straighten up his affairs generally with the world. And it may be opportunely mentioned here that Munro has unbounded and requited confidence in the faithfulness of his wife, and has spoken of and to her, in the jail, in the most endearing terms, public report to the contrary notwithstanding. He expresses himself as being desirous to live only on account of his wife, and he said it was hard to face death under this circumstance. He had given up all hope of a reprieve, however, and was preparing for death, when the glad tidings of a commutation of his sentence was conveyed to him by Sheriff McConkey on Monday last. His manner at first would indicate that he hadn't fully realized the intelligence, but he gradually brightened up, and expressed with deep emotion his feelings of gratitude for the great consideration shown him. From this time forward until his departure for Kingston, yesterday, he was a changed man and appeared to feel that he had crossed the threshold of another and brighter sphere of natural existence. Captain Lyon, accompanied by his father, conducted the prisoner to Kingston.

NEW CANADIAN LIGHTHOUSES.

Wm. Smith, Deputy Minister of Marine at Ottawa, has issued the following:

Notice is hereby given that a lighthouse, erected by the Government of Canada on Fish Fluke Point, on the eastern side of Grand Harbor, Island of Grand Manan, county of Charlotte, in the Province of New Brunswick, will be put in operation on the 10th of October, 1879. Lat. N. 44 deg. 40 min. 2 sec., long. W. 66 deg. 48 min. 5 sec. The light will be fixed white catoptric forty feet above high water mark, and in clear weather should be seen eleven miles, from south around by west to northeast. The building is of wood, painted white, and consists of a square tower thirty-two feet high from base of building to base of lantern, with keeper's dwelling attached.

Notice is hereby given that a lighthouse, erected by the Government of Canada on the east side of Long Point, Lake Erie, in the county of Norfolk, in the Province of Ontario, will be put in operation about the middle of this month. Lat. N. 42 deg. 35 min., long. W. 80 deg. 26 min. 42 sec. The light will be a revolving red catoptric, attending its greatest brilliancy every minute. It is elevated fifty two feet above high water mark, and in clear weather should be seen twelve miles from east around by the northward to south southwest. Whenever the life boat is required, but at no other time, the light will be shown towards Port Rowan. The building is of wood, painted white, and consists of a square tower fifty-six feet high from the base to the vane of the lantern, with keeper's dwelling attached.

The agitation against vivisection has taken a deep hold in both Germany and Switzerland. Numerous anti-vivisection leagues have been formed, and the countries have been flooded with pamphlets on the subject. So intense a degree of feeling has been roused against the vivisectionists and their names have been so covered with opprobrium that they have found it necessary to defend themselves earnestly in public addresses. One of the leaders in the movement against them is Ernest von Weber, the South American explorer, who wrote a book in which he portrayed experimentation upon living animals in such forcible colors that a thrill of horror ran through the reading public of Germany, and thousands were straightway ready to take up arms in behalf of the tormented brute creation. As Ernest von Weber is one of the most prominent members of the anti-vivisection movement, so the distinguished physiologist, Prof. Ludwig, of the the University of Leipsic, is the head and front of the fraternity against whom the execration is directed. He and his associates disclaim unnecessary cruelty, argue that vivisection is necessary to progress in medical science, and endeavor to show that the discoveries made by it have saved enough of human life and suffering to more than compensate for the pain inflicted upon brutes.

—The skin of a boiled egg is said to be the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours. Simple, but efficacious.

COMIC BUDGET.

—Important, if true—A wife.

—Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand.

—The eyes of other folks are the eyes that ruin us.

—A cuff on the ear is worse than two on the wrists.

—What lady would not wear a *sversingle* two feet wide?

—It's a wise railroad stock that knows its own par nowadays.

—There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.

—The leading club in the country is the one which knocks the chestnuts down.

—Everything is "too sweet for anything" with some folks, except boarding-house coffee.

—When a corner loafer dies in Tennessee the newspaper says: "Another old landmark gone."

—The boarding house steak is tough in proportion to the diaphonous delicacy of the porcelain.

—Only now and then a juvenile still sings: "My Grandfather's Clock." She's pretty nigh run down.

—The *Oil City Derrick* defines a free-thinker—"One who disregards the laws of marriage."

—The lady who smiled over a plate of ice cream at the seaside last summer will shortly use her smiles to garnish roast pork.

—The under dog in a fight deserves no pity. He will pitch into a smaller dog than himself the moment he gets a chance.

—No matter how often a young lady's hat is lost, it is almost certain to turn up—either behind or at the side.

—The biggest fool in this country is the man who looks for an honest boat race, walking match or horse race.

—A Missouri doctor paid a patient 402 visits and then squared the bill for a barrel of cider and a load of bricks.

—Good advice is always worth heeding. The only trouble is to tell when a man is giving you taffy and when advice.

—Life is short, of course, but how can any reasonable man expect to feed on mince pie and snow apples and live forever.

—The button on the back of a man's shirt collar probable needs talking to as much as any other inanimate thing in this world.

—Perhaps it is true that "the guilty flee when no man pursue," but they carry along a right smart lot of plunder when they flee.

—The horseshoe has been an emblem of luck for the last 300 years, and it has brought just as much luck as a clothes-line would.

—An advertisement of cheap shoes in a down east paper adds, "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will need to call soon, as they will not last long.

—To naturalists: Yes, the fact that every tree has its own bark may account for the fact that the wilderness is commonly spoken of as howling.

—This is favorable weather for tornadoes, but that's no excuse for barbers using mucilage by mistake for hair oil. Most hair is firmly clinched.

—When you begin to praise a man for any thing he has done you should tell him before hand that you don't want to borrow any money from him.

—While many individuals have served their country and laid up nothing, hundreds of men have served the devil and drawn the first prize in lotteries.

—It is announced that there are only 1,782 men in Brantford between 21 and 60 years of age. We always did think the majority of people in Brantford were infants.

—Bright, yellow, red and orange,
 The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes—
 But soon they'll turn to ghosts.

—It's a poor man that hasn't at least one good opinion of himself. A man as deaf as a stone and having only one leg has applied for a position on the Detroit police force.

—"It isn't the thinness of the milk I object to," said Job Shuttle as he pulled out a small frog from the creamer, "it's the thickness of the water that it's mixed with."

—There was a young man called Ignatius,
Who lived in an attic quite spacious;
 When he went with the beaux,
 He wore plenty of clothes.
But up in his attic—good gracious!

—A German proverb says: "Ein Weib verschweigt nur was sie nicht weiss," which shows that male Deutschers have little faith in the ability of female Teutons to keep a secret.

—Why don't the express companies carry a torpedo in their money chests—one which will go off just when it will do the most good? The best way to identify a train-robber is by the splinters.

—A San Francisco man was caught altering the figures on his mother's tombstone, his object being to make the date suit his purpose in a lawsuit. Query—Did he do it on the advice of his lawyers?

—Scene: Recitation room in natural history. Instructor—Mr. X., have your ever put your head down on any one's breast and listened to the heart beats as Huxley describes them? Mr. X. (blushing)—Yes, sir.

—When you think you have got possession of the oldest and quaintest book in the country you have only to advertise that you will give $100 for another just like it to discover that you can fill a two-horse wagon in a week.

—A woman has been discovered out west who honestly believes that her husband thinks as much of her as on the day they were married. He had to marry her or go to jail.

—A Jerseyman who had a very sick wife went one dark night for a physician three miles away. When the physician sent in his bill the Jerseyman put in an offset, charging him for conveying him to the house.

—We all change as we grow old. Douglas Jerrold once said: "Women are all alike. When they are maids they are mild as milk; once make 'em wives and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates and defy you."

—Two little children were playing in the sand together. The small boy said to the little girl: "Do you wish to be my little wife?" The little girl after reflecting: "Yes——" The small boy: "Then take off my boots!"

—When a druggist at Grayson, Ky., wouldn't cease selling liquor to a drunkard the drunkard's son thought the whole matter over and concluded to and did shoot said druggist. Some druggists don't know when to stop.

—Lady: "Why did you leave your last place?" Servant: "Well, yer see, mum, I had to pay for all my breakages, and as they came to more than my wages, yer see, mum, it was a kind of impogission that I couldn't stand."

—Come out into my garden, love,
 Where perfume fills the air;
I'll gather the fairest blossoms, love,
 To deck your sunny hair.
Oh, no, dear George, she sadly sighed,
 I can't enjoy such bliss;
Ma says I must stay in the house
 And wash the supper dishes.

—One of the great mysteries of nature is the hole in the heel of a stocking. How it gets there no one knows; the need of it no one sees; the philosophy of it no one can explain; the logic is "darn it."

Now hues of tender cardinal
 The forest are illuming,
And in the little fellow's mind
 Is rapturously blooming
  The forthcoming buckwheat cake.

—A lady sends her laundress a washing list, among which is the following: I frilled white petticoat (no starch). On Saturday the washing came home, and with it the bill, among the items in which are the following: I frilled petticoat 20 cents, no starch 10 cents.

—M. Prudhomme reads in his newspaper the details of a horrible crime committed by a policeman, who cut his victim into sixty-five pieces; "And yet," he murmurs to himself, "they dare say that this republican system is the one which divides us the least."

—"Great snakes!" Philadelphia has just added eighteen boa constrictors to its Zoological Garden. These sweet pets will require 27,000 rats a year. If rats have any sense at all they will leave Philadelphia quicker than they would a sinking ship.

—Detroit has an individual in its midst entitled Isaac Virgil Green, and this is all we are told regarding him:

He ran away with his spouse's aunt
 And never again was seen,
Thus proving anew what a rare old plant
 Is the Michigan I. V. Green.

—A little girl was puzzling herself about her transference from heaven to this mundane sphere, and questioned her mother: "Did God and the angels have a funeral when I came away?" "I presume there was no funeral," replied the mother. "Well," said the child, "I presume they felt bad."

—The tenor shrieks like greaseless wheel,
 Loud twangs the tuneless fiddle,
Your tortured nerves distinctly squirm
 Like live eels in a griddle;
While horrid voices pitched in alt,
 Through hackneyed ballads wading,
Convulse the fibers of your brain.
 An this is Serenading.

—They were courting—"What makes the stars shine so dim to-night?" she said softly. "Your eyes are so much brighter," he whispered, pressing her little hand. They are married now. "I wonder how many telegraph poles it would take to reach from here to the stars?" she said musingly. "One, if it was long enough," he growled. "Why don't you talk common sense?"

—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says that an eminent physician here told him that there is no profession in New York in which it is so easy to lay up a competency for the future as the ministerial. The average pay is larger than in any other profession, for while the lawyer and doctor are struggling the minister takes his position with a bound, but he is apt to spend in trips to Europe the money which he should lay up.

—M. Galtier, a learned professor at Lyons, has been inoculating rabbits with the virus of mad dogs, in order to find whether the malady will yield to any treatment he can devise, but has not been successful. The madness shows itself in the rabbit in about three weeks. M. Galtier finds that the virus of a mad dog will be as powerful, when preserved in water, twenty-four hours afterward, as it was at first.

—The French Forestry Department is satisfied that forests directly increase the supply of water in their neighborhood. From careful observations at Senlis and Nancy they have decided that it rains more abundantly in wooded tracts, and that while the leaves and branches give back the water quickly to the air, they prevent evaporation from the ground, and are most favorable to the formation of springs.

—In confirmation of the statement that the agricultural classes in Ireland have learned to drink more tea, it may be mentioned that the Board of Trade returns show a large increase in the consumption of tea, coffee, and cocoa. On the other hand, the consumption of spirits and beer has considerably decreased; although it did not decrease, but rather increased largely, during the famine years, 1845, 1846, and 1847.

—Joe Howard, a negro, played the banjo for pennies in the saloons, stores and streets of Jeffersonville, Ind. He was frequently allowed to perform in the millinery establishment of Mrs. Martin, a young white woman. His music won her, and one day they were united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. Miller, a negro. Miller and Howard are in jail awaiting trial, such wedlock being a crime in Indiana.

—There was a young student in chapel
Said—"I think that a snug little nap'll
 Do me more good
 Than a sermon could."
And his snores softly rose in the chapel.
There was a young tutor behind him,
For ten seconds glared wildly to find him;
 Then he took out a book
 With his happiest look,
And seventeen marks he assigned him.

—Lovers of the grape will be sorry to learn that the wine crop in France this year will be a bad one, as regards both quality and quantity. From nearly all parts the reports are unfavorable. In the Bordelais, Charentes, Maconnais, Bourgogne, Touraine, and Champagne the prospect of a bad crop is general. It is estimated that the total produce of wine in *France* this year will be about fifty millions of hectolitres.

—Charles Young whipped his wife, at New Philadelphia, O., within a week after their marriage. She had been a popular belle, and a party of young men, probably including disappointed suitors, decided to avenge her wrongs. They seized Young in the street on a dark night, carried him to the gas works and pumped warm coal tar on him until, the substance cooling, he was coated several inches deep. They then took him home, placed him against the door-post, and rang the bell.

—In a new budget of anecdotes about Bismarck. Dr. Moritz Busch says that one evening the Prince complained that his political achievements had given him but little joy or satisfaction. "They did not make any one happy," he continued; "either myself my family, or any one else; and they made many unhappy. Without me three great wars would not have taken place, eighty thousand men would not have perished, and parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not have mourned."

—'Tis midnight—on the garden wall,
 "See that dark object! what is that?"
But when there rose a fiendish yawl,
 They knew at once it was a cat.
When disappears the yellow cream
 From off the milk within the vat,
You hear an angry woman scream,
 "It was the cat! It was the cat!
When Romeo, in his bare head,
 Gave Juliet "taffy" and all that,
He thought he heard the old man's tread,
 But Juliet said it was the cat.

—Some of the newspapers publish a "useful recipe" every day. The other day in place of the recipe, one of the papers published the following notice: "We sincerely trust that our readers will forgive us. Yesterday in giving a recipe for the chilblains we inadvertently stated that the remedy was to be taken internally. It is, on the contrary, for external use. We hope that Providence has restrained the hands of our beloved subscribers, for every one who drank of this compound is dead by this time. We present in advance our condolences to the bereaved families."

—Several of the society journals of London state, on the authority of the Duke of Beaufort, that a misunderstanding occurred between him and Mr. Sothern, previous to his departure from New York, which has occasioned a temporary severance of their friendship, and may prevent Mr. Sothern's contemplated visit to Badminton next year. It arose, it is said, from Mr. Sothern, at a party at Kester and Bial's beer garden one evening, hit the Duke on his rather prominent nose with a piece of cake which was thrown in playfulness at the handsome young actress, Miss Maud Granger, but missed its aim. This unpleasant feeling does not extend to Mr. and Mrs. Florence, Mrs. Florence having received an autograph letter from the Duchess inviting her to her seat.

HE WANTED HALF-FARE TICKETS.

A new married man on his wedding trip from Milverton to Clifford the other day astonished the conductor of the Port Dover train by asking for a reduction of fare as he had been told that this railway always gave half-fare to newly-married couples on their wedding trip. He was informed that the half fare could only be obtained after the first child was born. He accepted this explanation at the time, but has since written to the railway authorities demanding the return of half of his fare upon the pain of his "severe displeasure," and requesting the dismissal of the agent who sold him a full fare ticket. A doubt, however, still seems to exist in his mind as to the exact nature of the arrangements which the Port Dover railway has made for the promotion of matrimony, and he further inquires if it is really true that he has to wait so long to get his money returned. The poor fellow, who is in dead earnest, seems to have been "crammed" by some wag.—*Exchange.*

THE INHOSPITABLE FAMILY.

The other day a genuine tramp with a stomach yearning for a picked-up meal undertook to enter a yard on Windsor street. A large, fierce dog stood at the gate to give him a hostile welcome, and after vainly trying to propitiate the animal the tramp called to a lad of ten who was making a kite on the veranda:

"Hey sonny!"

"Yes, I'm hey," was the reply.

"Say, bub, call off yer dog."

"No use—no use," replied the lad. "Even if you got in here ma's waiting at the kitchen door with a kettle of hot water, Sarah's working the telephone to git the police, and I'm here to holler 'murder' and wake up the whole street!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

GAMBETTA, President Grevy and the French Ministry are said to be very anxious that the colossal undertaking of a third tunnel under the Alps shall be proceeded with without delay, and it is intended soon to ask the Chambers for a grant of $9,600,000 to carry on the work. The Simplon Tunnel will be longer than either the Mont Cenis or the St. Gothard, but its construction, it is thought, will not be more difficult. The entrance to the St. Gothard lies 1,152 metres above the sea level, and that to the Mont Cenis about 1,150 metres, while the Simplon's entrance will be comparatively low with a straight road leading to it, and an incline of only one in one hundred. Owing to its low position there will be less interruption of work by the snow, and rivers will furnish the power necessary for boring. In the winter season operations will not need to be suspended, owing to the warmth of the climate. Geologists are of opinion that the stone of the Simplon is less harder than that of either the Mont Cenis or the St. Gothard, and it is calculated that the boring can be proceeded with at the rate of nine or ten metres a day, so that the tunnel will probably be completed in six, or at the most seven years from the date of beginning it. The estimated cost of the enterprise is $16,000,000.

—Children do have feelings. A lad in Vermont threw himself down a well because his father wouldn't let him saw the leg off a chair.